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AL MICHAELS INTERVIEW

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the big 12

flaunts its wild side

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Playbill

WHILE THE SUMMER crush has its moments, the rites of autumn offer more to savor: a nip of scotch on a breezy fairway, the first whiff of woodsmoke and weekends spent rutting at home. Fall means football—and PLAYBOY's annual college issue. This year we've invited broadcaster **Al Michaels** into the booth with us. Michaels is used to hosting parties with millions of guests. He's announced *Monday Night Football* for longer than original *MNF* mouth Howard Cosell. Now, with John Madden joining Michaels at the mike, the new season promises to be *MNF*'s best in years. In this month's *Playboy Interview* with **Kevin Cook,** Al shows why he's as sly as his pickled mentor Cosell and funnier than Dennis Miller. When it comes to college ball, we have our own ace of an analyst—five-tool editor **Gary Cole.** Envied for his day job as Photo Director, Cole is famous as our Sports Editor for his uncanny knack at predicting. Last year he pegged Miami as national champion (despite having a rookie coach), and in this year's *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* he hones in on the return of a national powerhouse. The individual guys to watch are on *Playboy's All-America Team*, photographed this year by **Richard Izui.** At the same time, a merry band of photographers went tailbaiting across the Midwest for our other all-America team, *Girls of the Big 12*. True harbingers of autumn, their panties have flown south for the winter.

The need for organ donors is high, supply is low—and that's where you come in. Under intense pressure to feed enough livers and kidneys into the pipeline, the organ donation industry's campaign to sign up young donors glosses over disturbing facts. *The Heart-Stopping Truth About Organ Donation* by **Steve Salerno** (art by **Richard Borge**) is a reality bed check.

Enough premed philosophy—on to the electives. For men, acquiring pansophy with regard to women is a lifelong pursuit. Seduction is a science, and this month we provide the only textbook you'll ever need. *How to Talk a Woman Into Sex* by **Dean Kuipers** is required reading for a bachelor of arts in babeology. The artwork is by **Istvan Banyai.** You'll also be interested in the advice from our *Centerfolds on Sex* page. Each month the aptly named **Brenda Venus** provides cleft notes on correct techniques from your favorite Playmates. Venus' role as the erotic muse of Henry Miller—and now millions of our readers—is the subject of a new play, *Venus*, starring Olympic gold medalist Svetlana Khorkina. We hope it features a floor routine. For a proper degree in the dark arts, you must not neglect the kitchen. Witness the success of **Jamie Oliver,** host of the Food Network's top-rated show, *The Naked Chef*. In *20Q* by **Warren Kalbacker,** Oliver proves he's a "hard bastard in the kitchen," defends his spotted dick and says that he leaves the Hoovering to his wife. So, you've talked a woman into coming over. The roast is in the oven. You rip off the apron—what are you going to wear? The answer is in our *Back to Campus* fashion feature by **Joseph De Acetis,** whether your dinner date is fond of french fries or foie gras.

A refresher course from rock-and-roll high school: This year marks the 25th anniversary of Elvis Presley's death, and a CD of his number one hits will be out this month. We celebrate the event with a look at the King's things, *Elvis 1*, by Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis.** Elvis achieved many firsts—a look at his collectibles reminds us that his was the original rocking crib. While your imagination is soaring, turn to *Que-Linda Takes the Rite Aid*, by this year's college fiction contest winner, **Morgan Akins.** It's a worker's revenge story—part character study, part caper. It's as fun as our pictorial with Playmate **Teri Harrison.** Her photos will turn you into a trapdoor man.

COOK

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IZUI

SALERNO

BORGE

KUIPERS

BANYAI

VENUS

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AKINS

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cover story

The Big 12 is a conference of passionate football rivalries. But for PLAYBOY, the beautiful women of the conference show more than their school colors. Team up with cover model Teri Harrison, our Playmate of the Month, for an unforgettable road trip. Teri was shot by Arny Freytag. Our Rabbit can't get enough of her.

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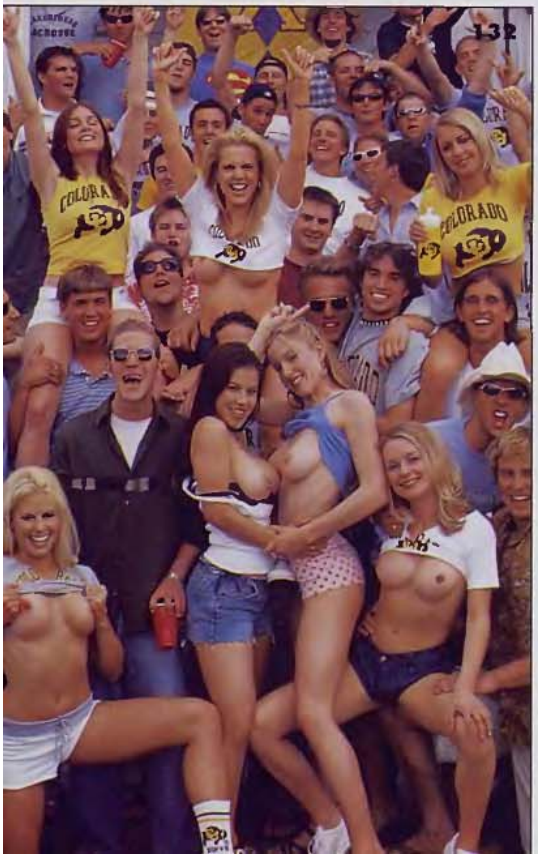

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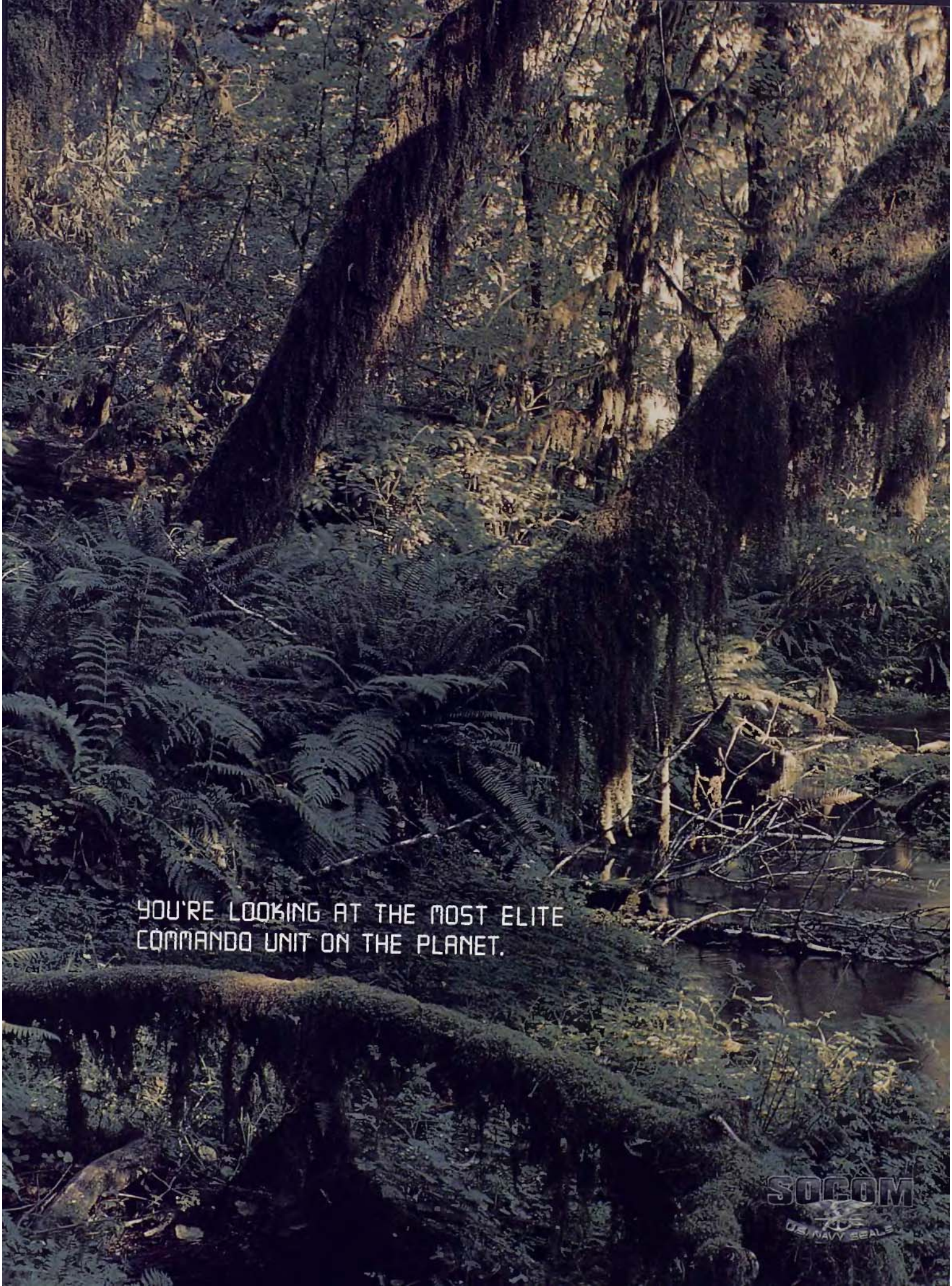
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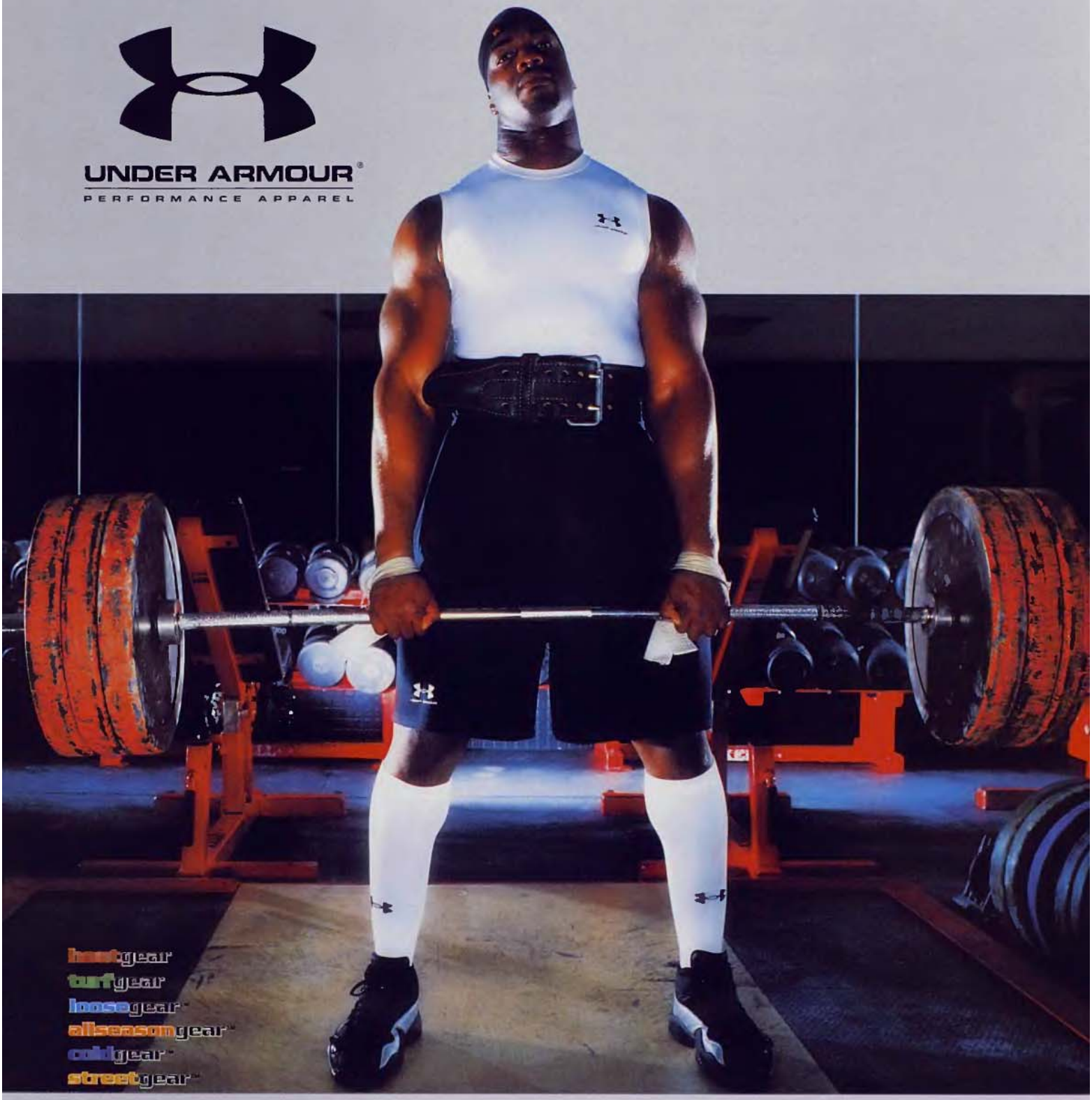

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Out and about with the Man: (1) With rockers Poison on *The Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn*. (2) Chilling with Gene Simmons and Shannon Tweed on MTV's *Cribs*. (3) Matthew Perry catching a flick at Hef's. (4) Marilyn Manson, Hef and Holly digging the Pussycat Dolls at the Roxy. (5) Scott Baio and Martin Landau at Hef's for the Lewis–Tyson fight. (6) Brooke Burke at Barfly. (7) Bill Maher and Thora Birch. (8) Congratulating team owner Jerry Buss on the Lakers' third championship victory. (9) Verne Troyer and Lisa Dergan. (10) It girls Nicky and Paris Hilton. (11) *South Park* co-creator Matt Stone filming a segment at the Mansion for the series' fifth anniversary. (12) Kevin Eubanks, Hef, Arsenio Hall and Stacy Burke. (13) Michael Feinstein and Betty White on a Mansion tour for the Los Angeles Zoo. (14) Holly and Hef wishing Diana Ross a happy birthday. (15) With James Caan and his wife, Linda, at a party for music producer Richard Perry. (16) Jaime Pressley and Tara Reid feeling no pain at Las Palmas. (17) Hef and his girls poolside on a Sunday afternoon.

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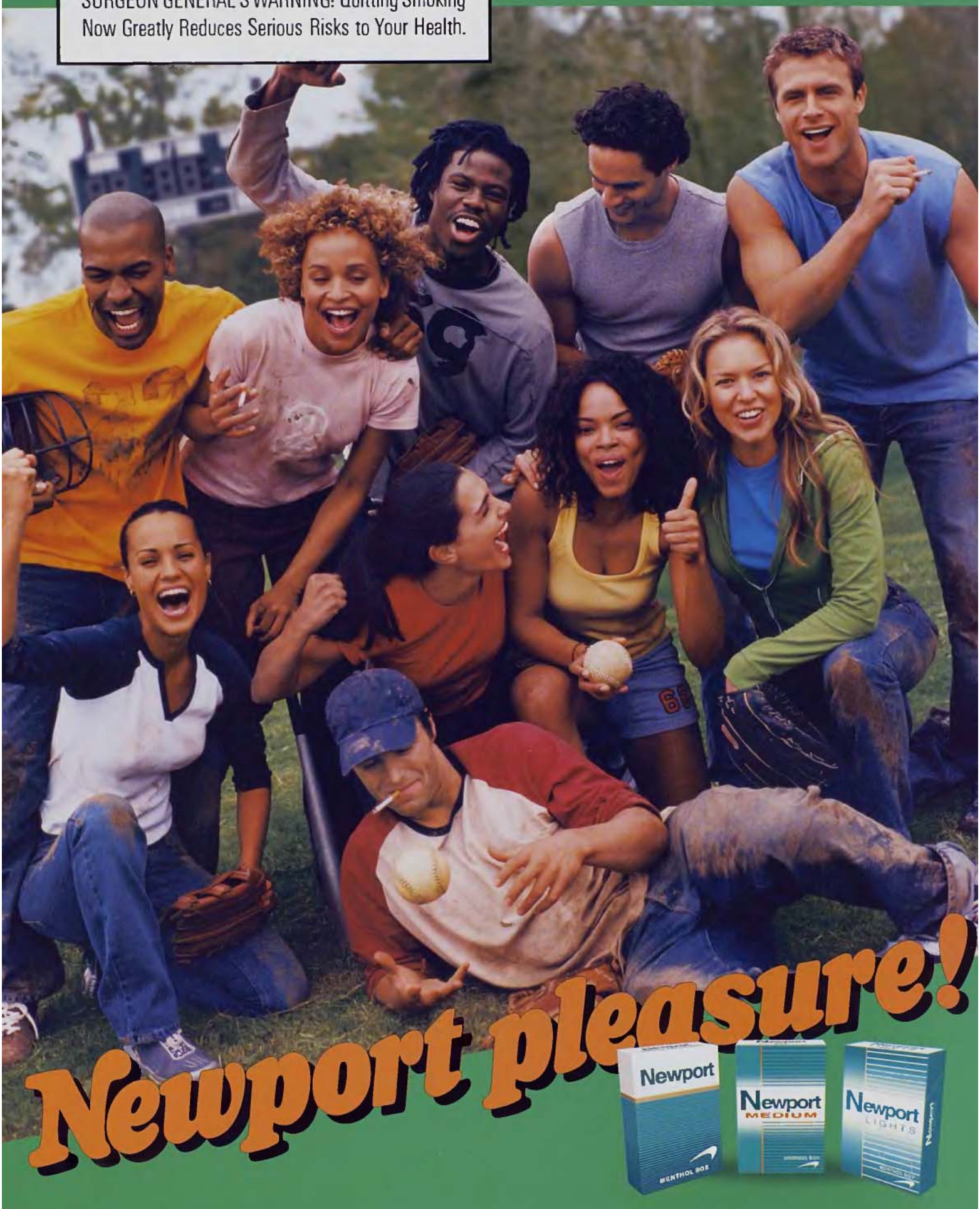

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Dear Playboy

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WAR—WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

Thank you for Geoffrey Norman's informative article on the most shameful display of government corruption—the drug war (*Put These Guys in Rehab*, July). In one of his preelection interviews, George W. Bush said the war on drugs is a waste of money and that if elected president, he would do something about those who were wrongly imprisoned. So listen up, Dubya: Not another penny should be spent on the drug war.

Matt Roberts
Phoenix, Arizona

It's a travesty that so much time, effort and revenue has been wasted on a war against Americans.

Tony Bueno
Sausalito, California

Though I agree with the absurdity of our war on drugs, Norman is inaccurate in one of his assessments and out of context in another. First, the Postal Service has not received government subsidies since the early Seventies, when it became self-sufficient. And as for the phrase "war on drugs," it's true that it was coined during Richard Nixon's administration. However, most of the money was designated for rehabilitation, not incarceration. Despite his many flaws, Nixon did not believe in the viability of a police war on addicts. This policy was reversed under Ronald Reagan.

Joseph Warda
Eureka, California

Norman's piece is brilliant. The war on drugs has been successful on one level—the relentless propaganda. The government has brainwashed Americans into believing that drugs are as immoral as they are illegal.

John Sepanic
Des Moines, Iowa

Norman talks about the war on drugs as though it's just another blundering government program whose sole existence is to propagate itself. He rants about how pitiful it is while suggesting no alternatives.

Sterling Hardin
Kennett Square, Pennsylvania

Even though some people are able to use drugs and live normal, productive lives, I have to agree with Norman that the drug war will never be won. Having said that, the war can't stop, either. Fred Durst says in his *Playboy Interview* that he doesn't do drugs because he doesn't want to lose control. The problem is that millions of other people don't care anything about that.

Vic Green
Hacienda Heights, California

Gunning for drugs.

FOXY LADY

Do angels look like this? I have subscribed to PLAYBOY for years, and there have been more beautiful Playmates than I can count. But Lauren Anderson (*Search for a Playboy Centerfold*, July)

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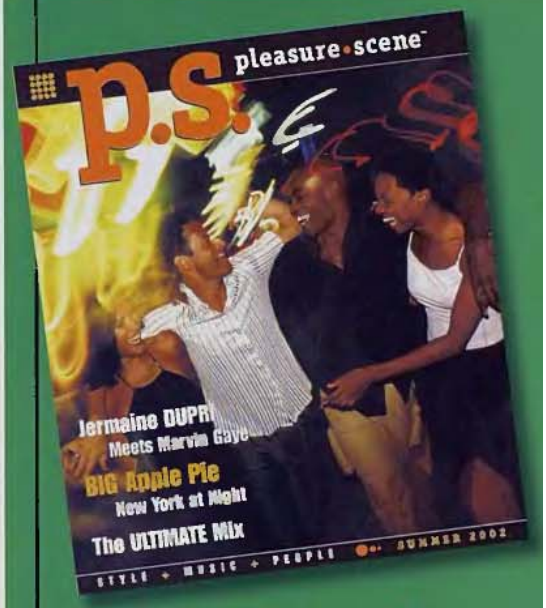

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Nou Nou Sayasithsena
Colorado Springs, Colorado

I'm a bagpiper in North Texas who's certain that you chose the right lass for Miss July. Lauren Anderson is breathtaking in her minikilt and Celtic stock-

Lauren: Search completed.

ings. She'll be on my mind for a long time whenever I pick up the pipes to play.

Don Casey
Dallas, Texas

You're damn right Lauren is the winner. The other candidates are beautiful, but Lauren is awesome.

Jason Kirk
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Lauren first caught my eye in the October 2001 pictorial *Girls of the SEC*, and I had a feeling we'd see her again. All the women in the *Search for a Playboy Centerfold* pictorial are beautiful, but Lauren is perfect.

Andy Bracken
Columbus, Ohio

TOO LIMP FOR WORDS

Fred Durst (*Playboy Interview*, July) has as much artistic merit as a watercolor painting printed on a box of tissues. His saving grace is that he admits he's more like a salesman wielding fake Rolexes than a true artist, and that it's all about the money.

Jon Edwards
Tallahassee, Florida

As a graduate of Hunter Huss High School in Gastonia, North Carolina, I was happy to see fellow Huskie Fred Durst in PLAYBOY. I wish him continued success. Keep on kicking ass and taking names, Fred.

Jim Lee
Charlotte, North Carolina

I've always enjoyed the *Playboy Interview*, but I can't figure out what insights Fred Durst has to share with your readers. Even Durst is up front about how disposable Limp Bizkit's music is.

Tom Chapman
Boston, Massachusetts

Durst will soon enough, God willing, be a footnote in rock music history while Andrew W.K. will be heralded as the Axl Rose of the 21st century.

Andrew Small
West Allis, Wisconsin

MUSIC MAN

Chris Isaak (*20 Questions*, July) is wise beyond his years. His is one of the funniest and most interesting interviews you have published.

Joe Engelhardt Jr.
Hermosa Beach, California

FATHERS DON'T KNOW BEST

Bravo once again to Asa Baber. I always look forward to his *Men* column, and July's "Fondling Fathers" was particularly moving. Baber's willingness to tell his tale of abuse at the hands of a trusted priest speaks of his strength and sensitivity. He continues to impress me by tackling tough subjects with humility and grace.

Katie Funk
Walla Walla, Washington

MERRITT BADGE

July Cyber Girl of the Month Merritt Cabal is sultry, sexy and just plain gorgeous. Please don't pass over this Mississippi queen for the honor of being Playmate of the Month.

Philip Reiss
Winnetka, California

Merritt says she wants a man who can make her laugh. It seems a lot of women feel that way, so I've decided to show up at my next date's door dressed as Bozo. If that's what it takes to make a woman happy, I'm there.

Tim Broeker
Schaumburg, Illinois

Hef must have many difficult choices to make when narrowing down his selections for Playmate of the Month. With Cyber Girl Merritt Cabal, his job just got easier. She is the perfect woman. I look forward to her Centerfold in an upcoming issue.

Bill Foster
Speedway, Indiana

EVERYTHING NICE

It's no surprise that *Nice Girls Do* (July). They always have. They just don't make such a big fuss about it. In fact, before the onset of AIDS, they did it all the time.

Laurie Moss
Washington, D.C.

HAIR APPARENT

Your photo of hirsute Samantha Arts ("When Hairy Met Sally," *After Hours*, July) makes this old hippie's heart sing. It's great to see a beautiful, unshaven woman in PLAYBOY. Please give us a full pictorial of voluptuous Samantha in her natural glory.

Michael Conway
Memphis, Tennessee

I've been a PLAYBOY subscriber since the Seventies and I thought I would never see natural women again. I hope Samantha's photo marks the beginning of a new era.

Jim Basaker
Rosamond, California

Hirsute Samantha is lovely, but she isn't a first in PLAYBOY. How could you forget the photos of Madonna in the September 1985 issue?

Steve Rovnyak
Ruston, Louisiana

All natural.

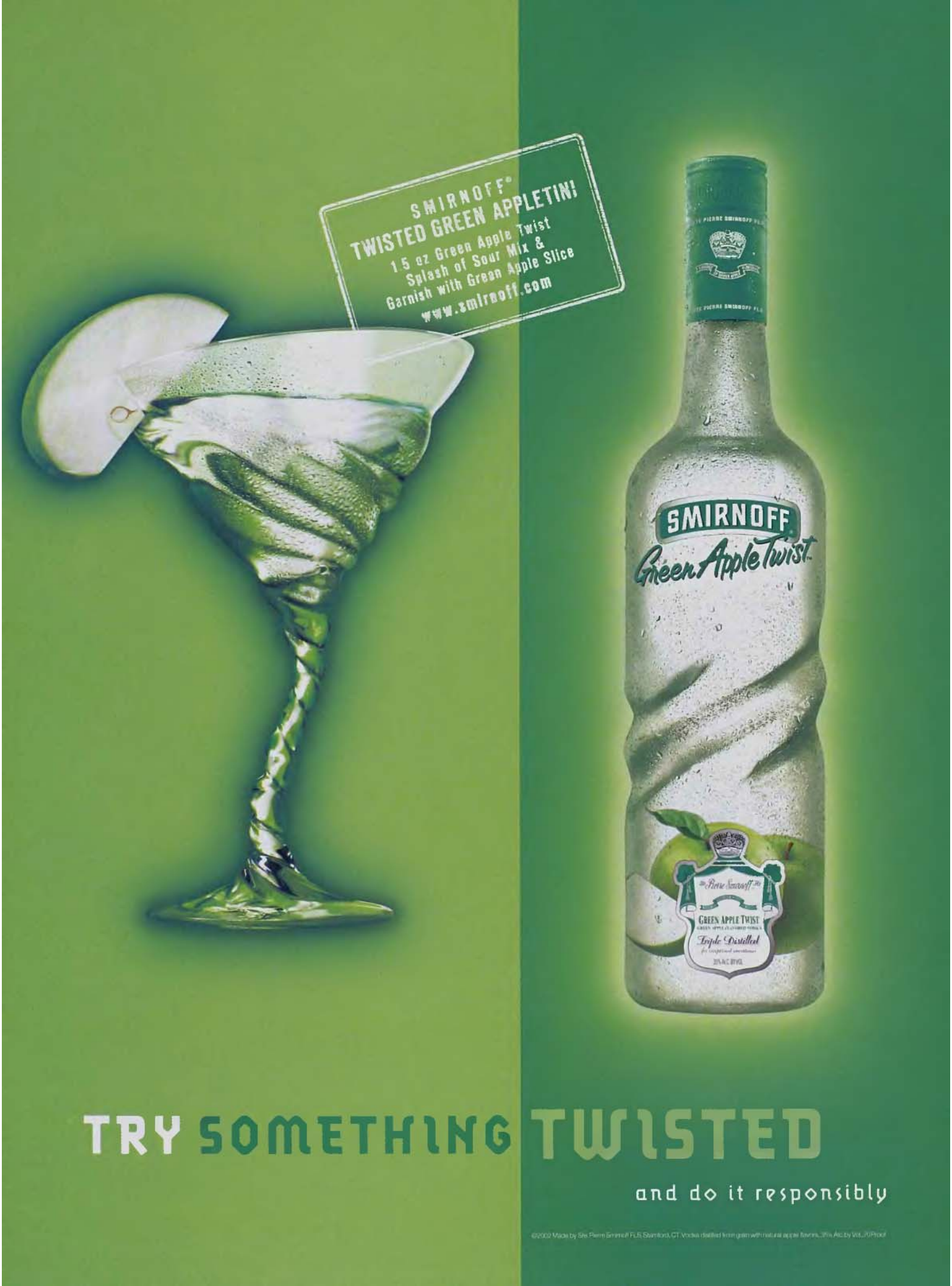
It's a pleasure to see a natural woman in PLAYBOY. I don't shave my underarms or private parts, either. Being natural makes me feel sexier.

Gail Alberts
Montgomery, Ohio

SWEET AND SOUR

Like others before him, Kevin Cook calls boxing the "sweet science" (*Bloody Good Show*, July). What a crock. There's nothing sweet about trying to beat a fellow human being into unconsciousness or worse. If you ask me, the brutal sport of boxing should have been banished decades ago.

Charles Davey
Pacifica, California



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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

A WEEZER PLEASER

By parodying *Happy Days* in the *Buddy Holly* video, Weezer updated the geeks-who-rock concept for the Nineties. The band rides a new wave of popularity with the success of its fourth album, *Maladroit*. We asked lead singer Rivers Cuomo a few questions while he was working on his fifth official release.

You released tracks from Maladroit to radio stations without your label's consent. How pissed were the suits at Interscope?

We were in a big fight with them, so we made the record by ourselves. We funded it and sent it to radio stations, and *Dope Nose* became a hit. At that point, Interscope called and said, "What's this song? What's this record? Why aren't we in possession of it?" I said, "You can have the record, but first you have to meet our demands." We wanted complete control of everything. It's a philosophical thing. I told them, "I want to be the boss. I want you to work for me, not the other way around."

Why did you give the OK to the Olsen twins to cover a Weezer song?

I have a sick sense of humor. I think it's hilarious. I enjoy a lot of things that seem to piss off our fans. Rice Krispies called and asked me to write a commercial. That's great. I totally want to write

GIVING BOBBLE HEAD

Jenna Jameson has gone completely plastic. Video Age now offers limited-edition Jenna Bobble Head dolls (800-279-1555). Give a shake and watch her head bob up and down—just like in the movies.

ARCHITECT OF THE SOUL

Carlo Mollino led a sweet life. An architect who also designed Le Mans race cars, Mollino lived in Turin. When he died in 1973, 2000 erotic Poloroids were found in his home. Though Mollino apparently kept his collection for personal enjoyment, Arena Editions recently published *Carlo Mollino: Polaroids*, with 260 portraits of prostitutes and other women of Torino. As the book confirms, Mollino's exquisite taste in architecture was exceeded by his taste in women.

a Rice Krispies song. I'm stoked. I turn down huge offers all the time. Then something wacky will come up, like the Olsen twins.

How many recorded songs haven't you released?

We do 75 to 100 songs a year. We release everything on our website.

After your second record, Pinkerton, you quit the music business and went to Harvard. You gave up rock stardom. What were you thinking?

It wasn't the stardom aspect that bothered me. It's just that things happened quickly. A lot of people leeched on to us who were confusing me and telling me what to do. I was frustrated. I didn't know what the hell was going on. I needed to get away from music and figure out what I wanted to do. I wanted to shake everything loose and start over.

"I'm a little commitment-phobic. I just want the movie version of a boyfriend—someone to hold hands with at a party."
—Rosario Dawson

I was excited about going to school and learning and meeting chicks. My mother bitched at me for dropping out of my rock band and going back to college. She was like, "What are you doing? Think of your future!" It was ironic. I was in school for all of three days before I realized, "School sucks. I want to go back and be a rock star."

What's your favorite kind of venue?

I like the huge outdoor festivals in Europe. My favorites are in Sweden and Finland and other weird Scandinavian countries. We have had epic shows over there—a hundred thousand blonde people fucked up out of their minds, puking and having sex all over the place. It's a religious experience.

EASY COME, EASY GO

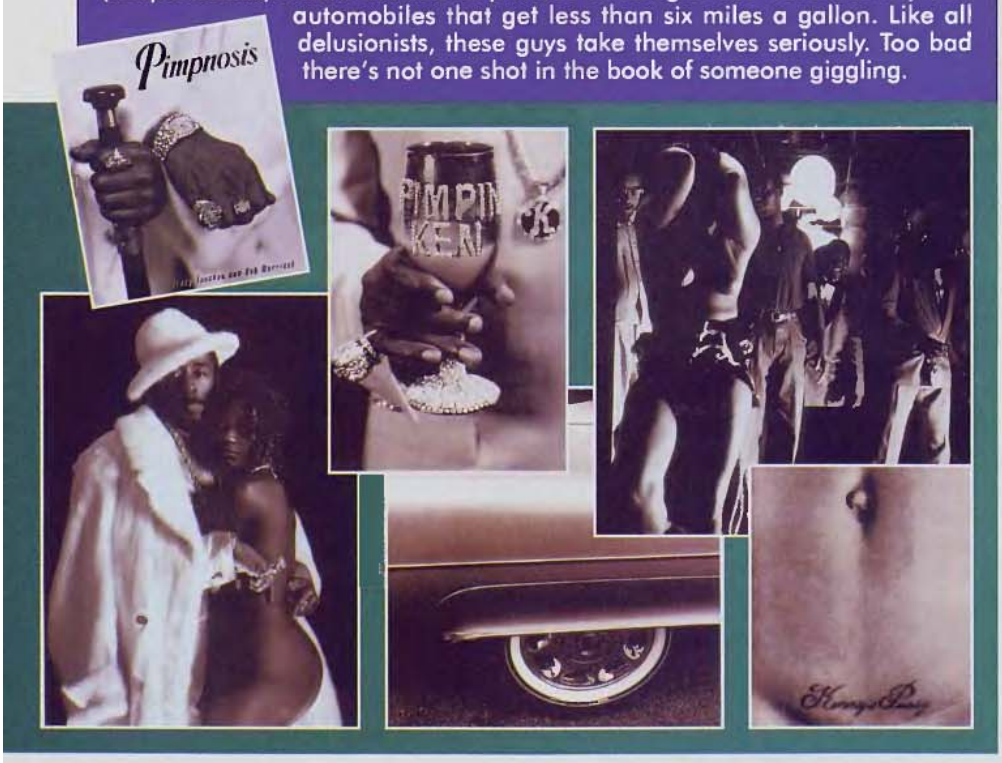
Semen makes women happy. Really happy. That's the conclusion of research comparing women whose partners wear condoms with those whose partners don't. The study appeared in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior* and was conducted by Gordon Gallup, a psychiatrist at the State University of New York at Albany. Using a standard questionnaire, Gallup's team polled 300 female students and found that women whose partners never wore condoms were significantly happier than women whose partners sometimes or always used condoms or who weren't having sex at all. In fact, the longer the interval between exposure to semen among women who rode bareback, the more depressed they got. The researchers looked at other factors (use of oral contraceptives, the sex itself, the type of relationships), but none affected

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #22

Because he was poetic: "He was writing a poem in a jazz club and I was intrigued. 'What are you writing?' He smiled. 'Um . . . it's a poem, actually.' As I read his work, my hand went instinctively under the table and squeezed his leg. 'That's beautiful,' I said. Realizing where my hand was, I blushed. 'I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was touching you.' He put his hand over mine. 'No offense taken. Do you like poetry?' 'I like yours. Any man who writes like that is a man I want to know better. Would you read to me?' I continued to stroke his inner thigh. His hips were starting to move. 'I think you're reading me already.' We spent the rest of the evening at my place, but he never did read to me."—*B.B., Glendale, California*

MEN IN BLACK AND WHITE

How can someone become a pimp? "It cannot be learned through osmosis, or hypnosis, or even mytosis. It can only be learned one way: through pimpnosis." Or so claim Tracy Funches and Rob Marriott in their book *Pimpnosis* (HarperCollins). There are lots of pictures of vainglorious hoberdoshery and automobiles that get less than six miles a gallon. Like all delusionists, these guys take themselves seriously. Too bad there's not one shot in the book of someone giggling.



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NEW LINE HOME ENTERTAINMENT

the findings. Gallup says that semen contains several mood-altering hormones, including testosterone, estrogen, follicle-stimulating hormone, luteinizing hormone and several different prostaglandins, and some of them have been detected in women's bloodstreams hours after contact (it's possible for some of the hormones to survive the digestion process following oral sex, too). The result is what can be thought of as a chemical addiction. Gallup has postulated that semen withdrawal might also contribute to the mood swings associated with such syndromes as PMS, postpartum depression and menopause—conditions associated with low sexual activity.

WAIST KNOT, WANT NOT

Valerie Steele, the author of *Shoes: A Lexicon of Style*, has now written *The Corset: A Cultural History* (Yole). While the corset has been derided as an instrument of phallocratic hegemony, Steele says that it bestowed sociol status, self-discipline and erotic allure—qualities that are gained today by the muscular corset of diet, exercise and elective surgery.

DOWN UNDER BLUNDERS

While American football fans must content themselves with the occasional blindside sack or cheap shot out of bounds, Australian sports fans are treated to uniquely colorful interactions. For example, a player for Port Melbourne in the Victorian Football League received a 10-match suspension for biting an opponent's scrotum during a melee. His victim immediately screamed, "He bit me on the fucking nuts!" and was taken to the hospital. The most popular sport in Australia, Australian Rules football can feature punching, fighting and even a move called squirrel gripping—grabbing an opponent's balls. But not biting. And the Australian National Rugby League, somewhat stricter by comparison, handed down a 12-week suspension to a player who illegally jammed his finger up an opponent's ass. While it's hard for us to imagine our superstar athletes committing such penalties, it does remind us of what the XFL did to NBC.

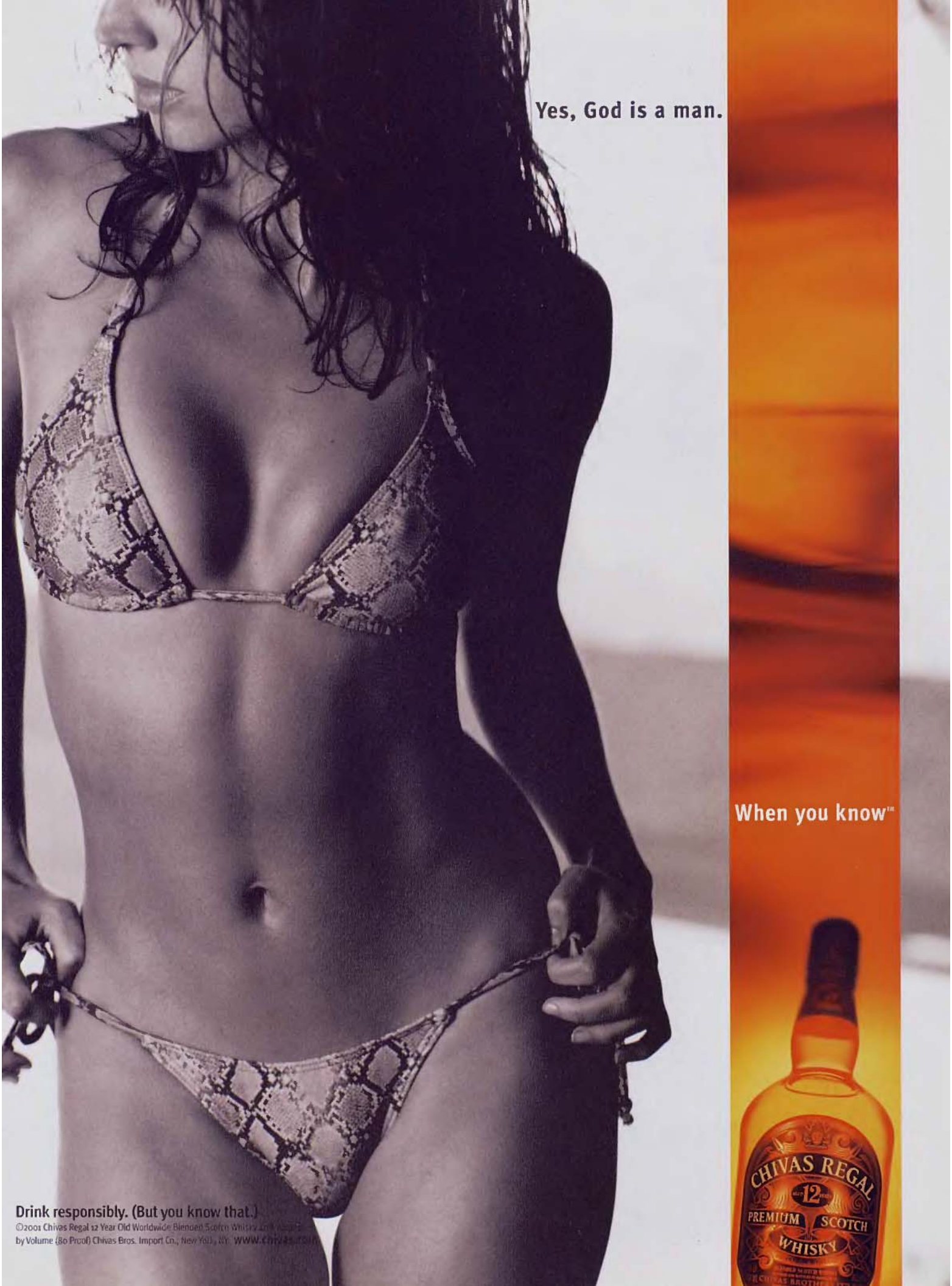
ANOTHER BOB TALE

In the early Sixties, Bob Dylan made it a habit to play his new compositions for folksinger Dave Van Ronk. "Bobby, that is the dumbest fucking song I've ever heard in my life," Van Ronk said about one of them, according to Paul Colby's new book, *The Bitter End: Hanging Out at*

THE WOMEN OF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The 11th track on Bruce Springsteen's latest album, *The Rising*, is called *Mary's Place*. Her appearance means we have another Mary to go with Mary from *Thunder Road*, who danced across the porch and onto America's airwaves in 1975, preggers Mary from *The River*, redneck-royal Mary from *Mary Queen of Arkansas* and the ex-con-loving Mary from *Straight Time*. But that's not to say all of the Boss' Jersey girls are Marys. Hell, he's sung about Sherry, Terry, Candy, Sandy and a host of others. To help you keep it straight, here's a look at Springsteen's memorable leading ladies.

GIRL	SONG	DEFINING CHARACTERISTIC(S)	BOSS' TERM OF ENDEARMENT	SUPPORTING CHARACTER(S)	HIGHLIGHT
Rosie	*Rosalita*	soft, sweet little girl's tongue	"my stone desire"	Sloppy Sue, Big Bones Billy	ploy some pool, skip some school
Wendy	*Born to Run*	legs that wrop oround velvet rims	"tromp"	the kids on the beoch in the mist	walking in the sun
Janey	*Spirit in the Night*	keeps fingers in the coke	"a lonely angel"	Hozy Dovy and Killer Joe	doing the deed in the dirt next to Greosy Loke
Mary (I)	*Thunder Road*	donces to Roy Orbison	"you oin't a beauty, but, hey, you're oll right"	all the boys you sent oway	busting out of o town full of losers
Mory (II)	*The River*	ton and wet body	"my boby"	the marrying judge	shotgun wedding to unemployed worker
Terry	*Backstreets*	sleeps in obandoned beach houses	"an angel on my chest"	Duke Street Kings	getting wosted in the heat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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If my son was to sit around doing nothing and popping pills all day, then I'd give him a smack. But if he was taking drugs and really achieving something with his life, then that would be OK."—OASIS SINGER LIAM GALLAGHER

ARMORED TRUCKIN'

Amount paid at auction for two of Jerry Garcia's favorite guitars, Tiger and Wolf: $1.5 million.

BUYING HAPPINESS

Amount pharmaceutical firm Eli Lilly expected to profit from its antidepressant Prozac when it was developed: $70 million per year. Amount Lilly actually made during peak Prozac years: $3 billion per year. Annual amount now spent by drug manufacturers to market antidepressants to consumers: $200 million. Annual amount spent marketing them to doctors: $1.5 billion.

WAVES OF GUILT

Number of editions of the Bible published in Australia specifically for surfers: 2.

CUTTING CREW

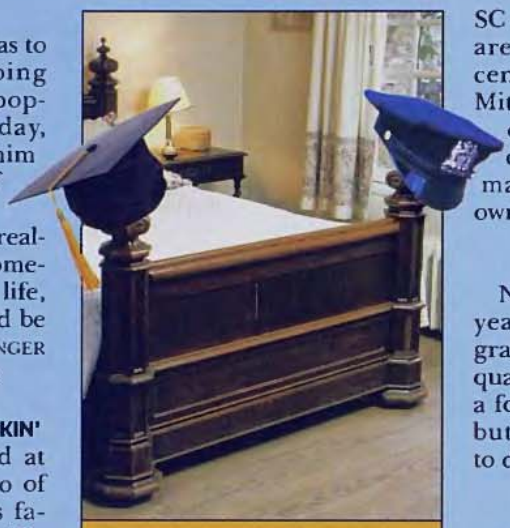
Number of plastic surgery procedures undertaken in 1997: 2.1 million. Number of procedures conducted in 2001: 8.5 million.

SELF-REGULATION

In a poll of top business executives who play golf, percentage who said they hated golf cheaters: 82. Percentage who admitted cheating: 82.

SOFT BOYS AND TOPLESS GIRLS

Among American convertible owners, percentage of ragtop Corvette owners who are male: 86. Percentage of Porsche Boxster owners who are male: 83. Percentage of Lexus SC 430 owners who are male: 81. Percentage of female Mitsubishi Eclipse owners: 55. Percentage of female VW Cabrio owners: 75.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a spokesman for the Lifestyles Organization, a national swingers society, the two most common professions among self-described play couples are police officer and teacher.

NO CLASS

Number of this year's high school graduates who are qualified to attend a four-year college but cannot afford to do so: 406,000.

TUBE TIES

Amount of revenue that is expected to be generated by *Osbournes* merchandise this year: $200 million. Amount that is expected to be generated by *SpongeBob SquarePants* merchandise this year: $500 million.

SPANKING HIS MONKEY

Amount that French rap star Joey Starr was fined for publicly slapping his pet Barbary ape on TV: $9100.

GUTTED

Number of Americans who underwent stomach-reducing bypass surgery in order to lose weight in 2001: 47,200. Estimated number who will have done so this year: 62,400.

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

Percentage increase in applications to Pennsylvania's Beaver College since it changed its name to Arcadia University: 38.

BOWLING FOR DOLLARS

Number of football bowl games to be played this winter: 28. Percentage of NCAA Division 1A schools that will participate in a bowl: 48.

DIAMOND DOGS

Current average annual household income in the U.S.: $57,045. Number of days it takes an average major league baseball player to make that amount: 4. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

America's Nightclub (Cooper Square). "What wind? What answer? Let's get a little specific here." The singer paid no heed. Reports Colby: "You could always say anything to Dylan because he'd never listen anyway."

GET CLEAN TO GET DIRTY

We won't make the case for the growing trend of anal sex among heterosexual couples in the U.S.—we'll just observe it. Now there are some companies that are positioned to make money off it. We're talking about manufacturers who are addressing the appalling lack of bidets in American bathrooms. Although a regular bidet can be expensive to put in your bathroom, several companies now offer smaller, cheaper units that can be installed relatively easily to an existing toilet. Sole Convenience has several electric models, ranging from $400 to $1000, that replace the toilet seat and offer added features such as a heated seat, massaging spray nozzles, a warm air drier and remote-controlled operation. It also offers a line of portable bidets for $100. In addition, some of the do-it-yourself bidets provide handheld wands. A California company called Sanicare sells several handheld bidet sprays (about $50) that attach directly to a toilet's fresh water line (unlike the electric models, however, these operate with cold water). These companies can readily handle the bottom of the market.

TEN QUESTIONABLE MOVES

(1) Tying a sweater around your hips.
(2) Lining up your bottles of shampoo

WOWIE OWIE

Female fashion victims can go even further in their public displays of trendiness with Boo Boos—stylish new bandage strips that can either hide bruises or highlight curves. From Fashion Aid, they can be found at Nordstrom and Henri Bendel. Makes us want to go out on a hickey-giving spree.

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JIFFY HEF

In Los Angeles, billboards are the sincerest form of flattery, but we take exception with this ad on Sunset Boulevard. While the numbers are comparable, Hef doesn't rush his models out of the house in 10 minutes.

and conditioner on the bath edge with the labels facing out.

(3) Missing the point when she asks you to walk her home.

(4) Asking a bartender for his-and-hers cosmopolitans.

(5) Knowing all the plot lines on *Dawson's Creek*.

(6) Wearing white pants. Especially tight ones—with loafers.

(7) Throwing an Academy Awards party and serving your guests chocolate-dipped strawberries.

(8) Knowing the personality traits of zodiac signs.

(9) Saying "Oh, shit!" whenever the cast of *Friends* threatens to quit.

(10) That subscription to *Details*.

A HO IN ONE

"I'm like this wiry freak they pulled out of a bar two months ago and said, 'Let's throw it on the wall and see if it sticks.'" —Paget Brewster

Adding new meaning to the 19th hole, police in Norco, California raided a golf tournament at Hidden Valley Golf Club. They questioned more than 100 golfers and a score of women who had set up shop here and there along the course, and they busted half a dozen for a variety of charges. According to the police, "Sex acts were offered to participants for a fee. There were tents set up around the course where people could pay for sex." Undercover cops noted that duffers and muffers were doing it right on the fairways. Which makes sense—it's always a good idea to keep your balls out of the sand.

THE TIP SHEET

Cold pills, lighter fluid, lithium batteries: The purchase of these items is now under police scrutiny in some areas because these ingredients can be used to produce methamphetamine.

Ebitda: Earnings Before I Tricked the Dumb Auditor.

Wazzu: The traditional nickname of Washington State University, called derogatory and associated with drunkenness by WSU's president. He ordered it stricken from school T-shirts—sales of which immediately doubled.

A Noble Book of Royal Feasts: Recently discovered, it dates from 1500 and is the oldest-known English-language cookbook, with recipes for such entrees as chopped sparrow and conger eel. Explains a lot about English cooking.

Gutbusters: Endermologie, a new technology from France available at the Humble Abode Day Spa and Salon in West Hollywood, is a deep mechanical massage assisted by suction and rollers that breaks down fat cells, which explains a great deal about French cooking.

Pussy piñatas: Sweden's H&M now sells a disposable G-string for traveling women who are caught without a change of underwear. In a pinch, it also doubles as a surgical mask.

BABE OF THE MONTH

On January 8, 1977 in the town of Latina, just outside Rome, a girl was born who would grow up to be MANUELA ARCURI. Her beginnings were humble, but her flowering maturity—as you can see—is not. An Italian friend writes: "She has for a couple of years been the most famous and sexy actress in Italy and also Spain. She is 25 years old. Her calendar this year sold 1.2 million copies. She is the most wanted and the most downloaded from Internet sites by Italians in offices. More than 70 percent use Manuela as a screensaver on their personal computers at home." So here she is, in most of her Italian glory, the one who causes such heavy downloads. We hope she gives Italy the boot and comes our way real soon.

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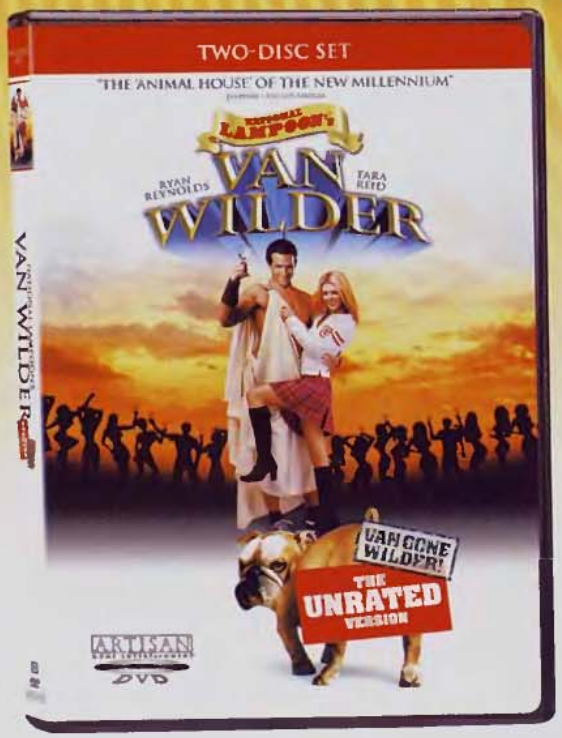

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By LEONARD MALTIN

BIG SCREEN, SMALL SCREEN

No one has figured out why some actors succeed on television but fail in movies, and vice versa. No one was hotter than Tom Selleck when he achieved stardom on *Magnum, P.I.*, but his first two starring films were duds. James Garner is one of the few performers who have managed to maintain a high profile in both formats.

When *Friends* became a hit a decade ago, one cast member after another was awarded a movie vehicle, and most of them failed. (Anybody remember David Schwimmer's *Pallbearer* or Matt LeBlanc's *Ed*?) Lisa Kudrow fared best by taking supporting roles in such films as Albert Brooks' *Mother* and Don Roos' *The Opposite of Sex*.

Now it appears that the stars of *Friends* have realized they have nothing to prove. We like them, we really like them. That knowledge, along with the realization that their sitcom salaries have made them wealthy for the rest of their lives, seems to have freed the actors to try a variety of interesting, even daring, movie projects. Jennifer Aniston has received kudos for her performance in the small-scale drama *The Good Girl*, while Matt LeBlanc appears in drag in the British import *All the Queen's Men*.

TV stars in movies—stay tuned.

The star of *Dawson's Creek*, James Van Der Beek, felt liberated enough to play a character that is the opposite of his television persona in *The Rules of Attraction*, the companion to *American Psycho*. His co-star, Katie Holmes, has made a handful of creditable film appearances and is poised to become a bona fide leading lady opposite Benjamin Bratt in the thriller *Abandon*. Other players whose faces are easily recognizable to fans of demographic-conscious WB shows turn up in all sorts of films. This is well and good from a moviegoer's point of view. What the princes of Hollywood are looking for, however, is a television performer who does not yet command a $20 million paycheck but who can still draw a crowd. Not just an actor, but a star. Who might this be? Check your local listings.

CURRENT FILMS

Robin Williams has been exploring his dark side. Now comes his best performance yet, as a quietly creepy photo technician who has developed an obsession with some of his regular customers. Credit director Mark Romanek—a music video veteran who is making his feature debut—for fashioning a story that's credible but told in a kind of heightened reality. The regally beautiful Connie Nielsen hits just the right note as the wife and mom whose relationship with her husband (Michael

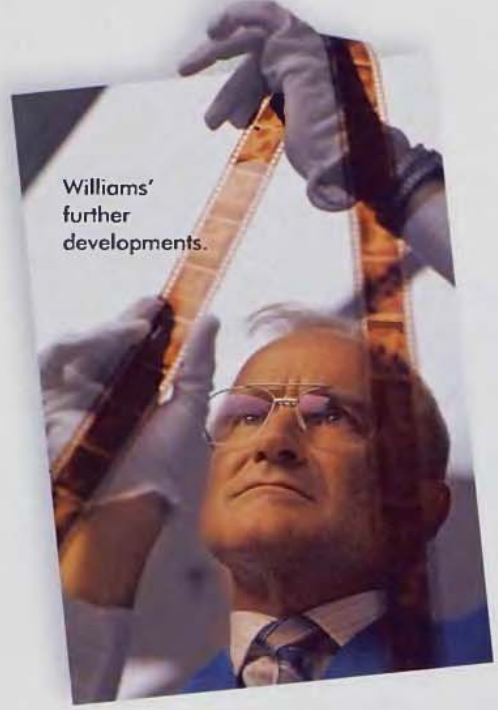
GUY FILMS VERSUS CHICK FLICKS

When *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood* was first advertised earlier this summer, its fate was determined instantly: To most male observers, this was a chick flick. It boasted a large female cast and promised to deal with emotions that grow from relationships with family and friends. No car chases, no explosions, no monsters, no gratuitous nudity. (You can check with Joe Bob Briggs for a more extensive list of macho movie ingredients.) Another movie, opening this month, dares to call itself *A Guy Thing*. Whether or not this romantic comedy, which co-stars two of the most attractive young women in film, Julia Stiles and Selma Blair, lives up to its name remains to be seen. I have a hunch that because the movie has romance at its core, it will have great appeal to women. On the other hand, *51st State* features the lissome British actor Emily Mortimer in an uncharacteristic action mode opposite Samuel L. Jackson. So, should women dodge this film?

I object to this pigeonholing of movies. It does the films and their audiences a disservice. When *Fight Club* was released, several women told me they liked it much more than they thought they would. It wasn't a mindless film about bare-knuckle boxing, as they'd been led to believe. A handful of men complained about it for the same reason.

Movie studios usually stumble when they try to direct a film toward one gender by emphasizing, or deemphasizing, one facet of a movie. *Hart's War* foundered earlier this year because the studio tried to sell it to guys as a wartime action film, which it wasn't.

A better role model would be *The Bourne Identity*, which has appeal for men and women, with action as well as human interaction. If more films were cast in that mold (or were simply as good), we wouldn't have to worry about labels—and people on dates wouldn't have to feel as if they were being dragged to see something they'd rather not see.


Williams' further developments.

Vartan) has gone sour and whose son thinks of Williams as a kind of friend. From the moment its clever title graphics appear on the screen, ***One Hour Photo*** commands our attention, even if the movie isn't able to solve the societal problem it depicts so well. Robin Williams is pitch-perfect in this fascinating character study.

Possession is a schizophrenic movie, based on the Booker Prize–winning novel by A.S. Byatt, about two modern-day academics who stumble onto a mystery about a revered 19th century British poet's clandestine affair. The period story is lushly filmed and beautifully acted, by Jeremy Northam and the luminous Jennifer Ehle (daughter of the brilliant Rosemary Harris, now best known as Peter Parker's aunt in *Spider-Man*). But the contemporary story, enacted by Aaron Eckhart and Gwyneth Paltrow, is ludicrous. The stars are forced to breathe life into a terrible script, while the surrounding actors give arch and artificial performances. Dialogue runs along the lines of Paltrow's "I suppose I can be a bit empirical at times." Mark this film as a change of pace for its director, Neil LaBute—but not a good one.

Burr Steers' ***Igby Goes Down*** is a somber comedy about a screwed-up rich kid (Kieran Culkin) with a nutty mother (Susan Sarandon) and a crazy father (Bill Pullman). Igby refuses to stay in school and won't listen to anyone, least of all his preppie older brother (Ryan Phillippe). The result: He's kicked around by life and by most of the people he meets. Culkin is good, as always, and he's surrounded by an imposing cast. But the parts remain greater than the whole: a series of striking vignettes in search of a cohesive movie.

SCENE STEALER

BEBE NEUWIRTH. THE ROLE OF A SEDUCTIVE OLDER WOMAN IN *TADPOLE* FITS YOU PERFECTLY. "It's funny and gratifying to hear you say that, because when I read the part and talked to the director, I had absolutely no idea who this woman was. It was helpful when I saw the clothes, when I knew how my hair and makeup were going to be. And I just tried to do what my acting teacher said, and put my attention on the other people, say the words, and just trust it." **YOU ALWAYS PROJECT A FEELING OF CONFIDENCE. DO YOU SEE YOURSELF THAT WAY?** "No, I don't. I think people who have a sense of humor, people with low voices and high foreheads [*laughs*], all these things evoke a certain feeling." **DOES THAT TYPECAST YOU?** "The only problem is that rarely do you see those female characters in a classic romantic situation in a film." **HAVE YOU EVER REGRETTED TURNING DOWN A PART?** "I don't think so. I've certainly turned down some things that I thought were hellacious, and I have thrown scripts across the room! A lot of them made a whole lot of money, but I didn't regret my decision." **SPEAKING OF GREAT FEMALE ROLES, DID YOU ENJOY DOING *TAMING OF THE SHREW*?** "It was absolutely fantastic. That's what I want to do!" **HAVING STARRED IN *KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN* IN LONDON, SHOULDN'T YOU BE CAPITALIZING ON THIS SUMMER'S *SPIDER-MAN* MOVIE?** "Oh, like *Spider Woman, the Torture Musical*? I'd love to play a superhero. I'm not a high-fashion model, so I can't be a Bond woman, but I would love to be a bad woman like Lotte Lenya in *From Russia With Love*."

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Austin Powers in Goldmember Mike Myers is a funny guy, but the best ingredients in this series have been wrung dry by now. All that's left are product placements and a hilarious opening sequence that's impossible to top. ¥¥

The Château A threadbare film about two American brothers—one white, one black—who inherit a French castle, but also take on its hostile staff. Paul Rudd's obnoxious character makes this a trial to get through. ¥

City by the Sea Robert De Niro plays an NYC homicide detective whose estranged son is the chief suspect in a murder in the seaside community where De Niro grew up. Although based on a true story, this film grows dreary and derivative all too soon. ¥¥

Igby Goes Down Kieran Culkin is always worth watching, and he's surrounded by a formidable cast, but this story of a lost soul gets lost itself. ¥¥

One Hour Photo Robin Williams is perfect in one of the best roles of his career: a fascinating character study of a creepy photo technician who becomes too attached to one family of customers. ¥¥¥½

Possession Gwyneth Paltrow and Aaron Eckhart are modern-day academics who delve into a mystery surrounding a 19th century British poet in this film from Neil LaBute. The flashbacks are compelling, but the contemporary story is ludicrous. ¥¥

The Road to Perdition Hanks, Newman, Law, Mendes. It's captivating, believable and unfolds as beautifully as a series of Rembrandts. See it twice. ¥¥¥¥

Slap Her, She's French Piper Perabo and newcomer Jane McGregor give likable performances in this featherweight—and featherbrained—comedy about a popular Texas teen who welcomes a French exchange student into her home. ¥¥

24 Hour Party People An evocative and amusing look at the music scene in Manchester, told in an appropriately unconventional style. Steve Coogan plays the lead—and you won't soon forget him. ¥¥¥

Welcome to Collinwood William H. Macy, Michael Jeter, Luis Guzman and other favorite character actors join for this remake of the classic Italian comedy *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, reset in a grimy Cleveland neighborhood. It's the kind of film you really want to like; too bad it doesn't quite work. Co-producer George Clooney has a small role. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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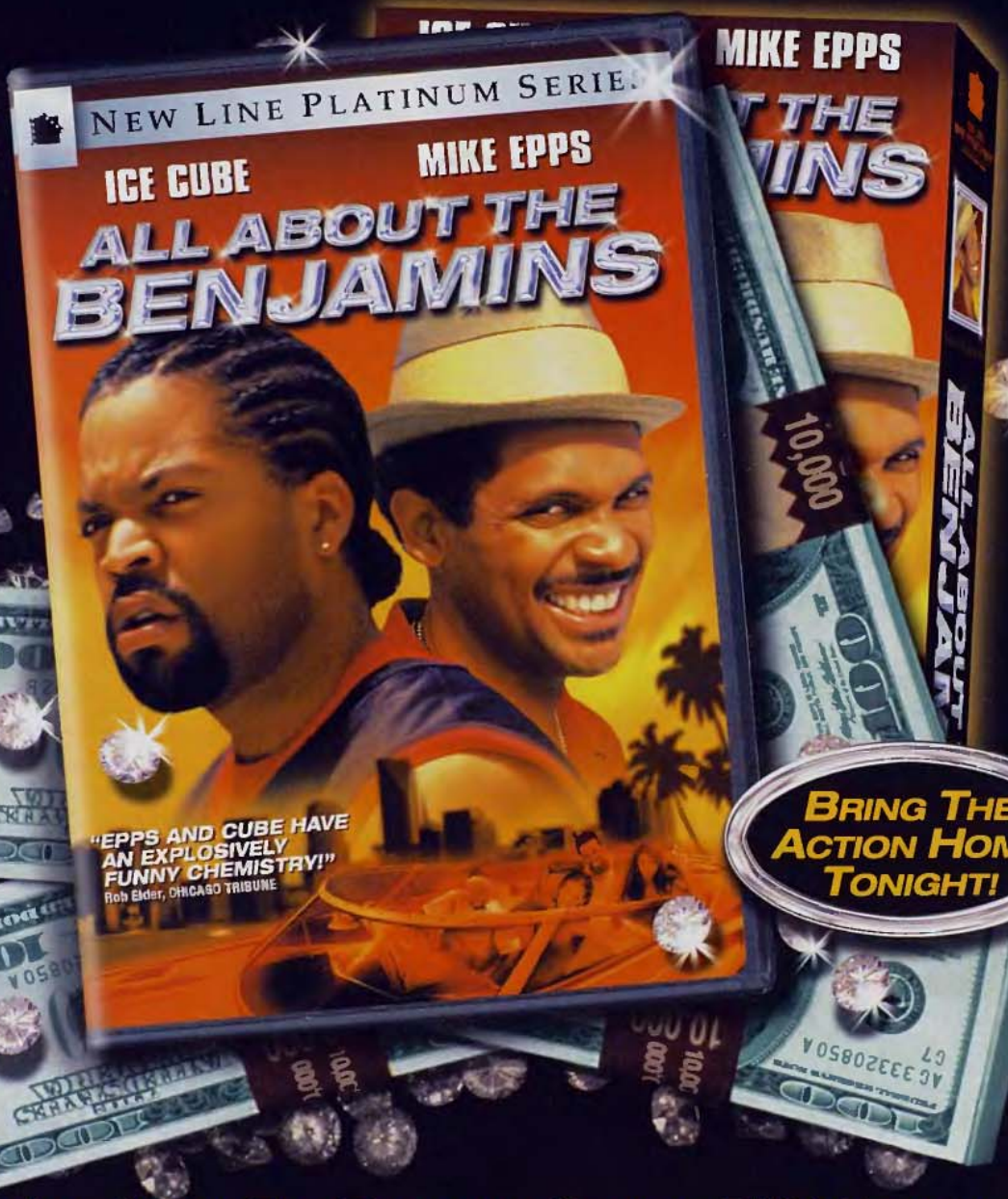

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video

GUEST SHOT

"I love the 1939 French movie *La Règle du Jeu* (*Rules of the Game*), which is like *Gosford Park* set in an old château," says actor **Michael York**. "It's a wonderful observation of human society, with Jean Renoir as the cool center. I regularly see François Truffaut's *La Nuit Américaine* (*Day for Night*). It's told with such heart and empathy. One of the first films I saw was Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*. It mesmerized me—a patriotic epic told in golden language with glorious images of knights charging into battle to a great William Walton score, itself as famous as the film."
—SUSAN KARLIN

SEXY BEASTS

It's October and our thoughts turn to Halloween horror heroes. But not the usual kind of movie monsters—no, the feature creatures we have in mind are hot and female. You wouldn't mind getting eaten by one of these.

Species (1995): Model turned actress Natasha Henstridge set the standard as titillating Sil, the luscious shape-shifting creature created by mixing alien DNA with the life juice of a woman. And all she wants to do is mate! That, and take over the world.

Eve of Destruction (1991): Eve is a robot that looks just like Renée Soutendijk, which is an excellent start. But she's outfitted with a nuclear bomb, and she shows signs of a particularly nasty bout of menopause. Not a good combination.

From Dusk Till Dawn (1996): Not since Nastassja Kinski posed nude with a boa constrictor have we found snakes so sexy. Salma Hayek's naughty dance at the Titty Twister as a viper-laced vampiress named Santanico Pandemonium has us begging to be bitten. Anywhere.

Alraune (1952): Mad scientist Erich von Stroheim artificially inseminates a hooker with the semen of a hanged murderer; the baby grows to be lovely but loopy Hildegarde Knef. Incestuous overtures by her "father" lead to, um, difficulties.

Femalien (1996): Venesa Talor is Kara, the alien beam of light that transforms into a bisexual human female in an Earth-bound quest for pleasure. She finally loses her temper following a lesbian lingerie show when she takes on an evil massage parlor developer. Of course.

An American Werewolf in Paris (1997): Tom Everett Scott goes to bed with French beauty Julie Delpy and wakes up with teeth marks on his legs.

The Leech Woman (1960): Sexual symbolism runs rampant in this tale of a woman, exquisite Coleen Gray, who needs the hormone secreted by the human male's pineal gland to keep from turning into a wrinkled old crone.

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935): That lightning-bolt hair, those bee-stung lips, those firm breasts—she's a 10,000-watt original, capable of bringing out the monster in any man. Elsa Lanchester has all the right parts in just the right order.

Attack of the 50 Foot Woman (1958): Wouldn't you like to be that bra? Allison Hayes, garbed in an oversize towel, sets a new world record for bust size as she terrorizes the town, looking for her unfaithful husband. Drop the towel and give yourself up! —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Video wallpaper fans, rejoice! ***Koyaanisqatsi,*** director Godfrey Reggio's 1982 collaboration with cinematographer Ron Fricke and composer Philip Glass, can now be savored in all its hyperkinetic glory on DVD (MGM, $20). A narrative-free 87-minute New Age trip movie, *Koyaanisqatsi* takes its name from the Hopi word that means "life out of balance" and, as video wallpaper, it's perfect. Time-lapse images of natural phenomena—clouds, waterfalls, desertscapes—contrast strikingly with images of production lines churning out products, all tuned perfectly to Glass' minimalism. The message could not be more clear: Will you look at what we're doing to the planet with all our technology, for goodness' sake? If you can overlook all the know-how involved in delivering this message to your high-definition screen, you're probably ready for ***Powaqqatsi,*** Reggio's 1988 sequel, also freshly available on DVD (MGM, $20). Another collaboration with Glass, working this time with cinematographers Graham Berry and Leonidas Zourdoumis, the Hopi phrase at the core of this navel-gazer's delight means "life in transformation." Timed for the October 2002 release of Reggio's next film in the trilogy, ***Naqoyqatsi,*** the first two films are available packaged together (MGM, $30). If you are more repulsed by globalization after viewing the films, splendid. We just like to look at the pictures. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

Baz Luhrmann does not inspire neutrality—people either love or hate his work. *Moulin Rouge*, for example, was so rich in detail and so operatically over the top that many viewers' eyeballs gave out after the first 45 minutes. On the other hand, he is a whip-smart filmmaker with a deep knowledge of movie history. The **Red Curtain Trilogy** DVD boxed set contains *Moulin Rouge*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Strictly Ballroom*, plus a slew of extras. It shows off Luhrmann's playful agility with an art form for which he has enormous respect. —JOHN REZEK

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Changing Lanes*** (a fender bender ignites a daylong battle between hotheads Affleck and Jackson; unexpectedly great), ***Shiner*** (bottom-rung boxing promoter Michael Caine traces clues after a fatal double-cross; a sleeper from the UK).
ACTION	***The Scorpian King*** (the Rock does the Conan thing with just enough irony to feel fresh; it's fair, but he'll do better), ***Monsters, Inc.*** (more wizardry from the *Toy Story* folks; John Goodman and Billy Crystal get their best lines in years).
THRILLER	***Blade II*** (Snipes returns as the hybrid vampire-human hero; director Guillermo del Toro makes it a scary, gory ride), ***Queen of the Damned*** (ill-fated Aaliyah's titular turn makes this Anne Rice–fired outing a cheesy must-see).
SEX	***40 Days and 40 Nights*** (Josh Hartnett's vow of Lenten celibacy hits hot, horny, hard-body resistance; better than expected), ***New Best Friend*** (a cop unravels a coed's sad trail from naif to coma victim; Dominique Swain makes it worth a rent).

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music

A QUARTER CENTURY after emerging from Cleveland to alter the course of rock and roll, Pere Ubu still cranks out incredible records. ***St. Arkansas*** (Spin Art) is anchored by a relentless rhythm section, and David Thomas has never sounded better.—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Reindeer Section is a band of Glasgow all-stars from Snow Patrol, Belle and Sebastian, and Mogwai. But ***Son of Evil Reindeer*** (PIAS) isn't an overblown side project. The arrangements are complex, but the songs are short and sweet. —TIM MOHR

Aging rockers can become parodies of themselves, or they can follow the example of the Mekons, whose work only gets wiser. Now 25 years old, the Mekons have released **Oooh!** (Quarterstick), a beautiful, moody record that examines big themes—heaven and hell, redemption and damnation. —ANAHEED ALANI

On its third CD, ***The Way I Feel Today*** (Mantra), Six by Seven broods over huge guitar riffs and simmering electronics. The mood is despondent one minute and angry the next. We've never felt this bad, but we love listening to them describe it. —JASON BUHRMESTER

In January 2001 Pierre Boulez rerecorded his 1989 masterpiece, ***Pli selon Pli*** (Deutsche Grammophon). As soprano Christine Schäfer demonstrates, this is high modernism with passion. —L.F.

Perhaps inspired by hundreds of Led Zeppelin tribute bands, Robert Plant stocks ***Dreamland*** (Universal)—his first solo work in years—with cover tunes. There are brilliant originals, too, but his version of Dylan's *One More Cup of Coffee* rocks.—ALISON PRATO

fast tracks

STANDING IN THE SHADOWS DEPARTMENT: Their music is famous though their names are not: The **Funk Brothers** put the backbeat into countless hits. Look for the film *Standing in the Shadows of Motown*, in which the musicians return to Studio A at Hitsville to reenact and reminisce. **REELING AND ROCKING: Paul Oakenfold** is scoring *Psychoville*, the **Jude Law** movie. . . . **Jennifer Lopez** will play a psychiatrist to superheroes in a comedy called *Shrink*. . . . The BBC aired a documentary on the Mathers family, and we don't mean that kid who played the Beaver. **Eminem's** mother, grandmother and little brother were all interviewed. . . . **Britney's** next movie casts her as the daughter of a Nascar team owner, though she won't drive the cars. **NEWSBREAKS:** A study last summer claims sales of pirated music CDs amounted to $4.3 billion. The International Federation of the Phonographic Industry found that illegitimate sales outnumbered legitimate ones in 25 countries. . . . Will there be a Prince of Darkness doll? Retailers anticipate a $200 million bonanza from licensing **Osbourne** stuff. —BARBARA NELLIS

The new film ***24 Hour Party People*** (ffrr) revisits the heyday of Manchester's Hacienda Club and Factory Records. Naturally, the soundtrack is fantastic—Joy Division, New Order and Happy Mondays are all on it. —T.M.

Guitarist John Reis serves as front man for the adrenalized band Rocket From the Crypt and still has the stamina to arrange the jagged guitars and bottom-heavy rhythms of the Hot Snakes. The Snakes' ***Suicide Invoice*** (Swami) is noisy rock without pretense. —J.B.

Just when you think Doves' ***The Last Broadcast*** (Capitol) is a slit-your-wrists soundtrack, the Brits stick it to you with an upbeat ditty such as *N.Y.* They've been dubbed the next Radiohead, but with ethereal lullabies and anthems, they're more like U2. —A.P.

With X, Exene Cervenka pioneered the cross-pollination of country and punk. Her latest project, ***Original Sinners,*** twangs in the same vein. On its self-titled debut album (Nitro), OS swaggers through hard drinking and hard loving —J.B.

Great Jamaican music from the Seventies and Eighties is finally out on CD. Junior Delahaye's ***Reggae*** (Basic Channel) is the latest—and best—in a series of excellent reissues of Bronx riddims. ***Rootical Vibrations*** (Victory World) is a tough anthology of roots rockers. Any release on Brit label Blood and Fire is worth buying. But Dennis Brown's ***Promised Land*** is exceptional, pure ganja music. ***Diwali*** (Greensleeves) is a perfect compendium of current sounds from Kingston. —L.F.

Like the Hives, Division of Laura Lee plays guitar-based punk. The driving bass and shouted vocals recall Fugazi. But ***Black City*** (Burning Heart) also touches on Sixties psychedelia by adding toy organs and reverb. It's a joyous and noisy update of *Nuggets*-era rock. —T. M.

A isn't afraid to break out of the keyboard samples and guitar grooves on ***Hi-Fi Serious*** (Mammoth), making this album a must-have party collection. —A.P.

Apologists call ***The Eminem Show*** (Aftermath) a worthy follow-up to *The Marshall Mathers LP*; the cultural police damn it as misogynist propaganda. Neither group changed its mind. But he has changed. The criticism seems to have gotten to him. Explaining himself to a fault, he's neutralized the ambiguities that made *Marshall Mathers* a masterpiece. —A.A.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
Laura Lee *Black City*	8	8	7	8	6
Eminem *The Eminem Show*	8	7	8	5	8
Pere Ubu *St. Arkansas*	8	7	8	3	5
Robert Plant *Dreamland*	2	6	2	1	8
Six by Seven *The Way I Feel Today*	3	9	5	6	6

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

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CAR NARC

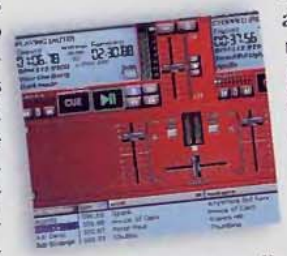
For years, cops and lead-footed drivers have been fighting each other in a high-tech arms race. Radar guns led to radar detectors, which prompted better radar guns, including current models that use laser bursts. When some cities installed speed-enforcement cameras to automatically generate tickets (and revenue), consumer electronics companies came up with a GPS device that warned drivers when they were about to be taped. Now researchers at Texas Christian University have developed a tiny device that analyzes the chemical composition of the air inside a car. The device, which can be mounted on the steering wheel or visor, detects ethanol vapor concentrations, indicating a driver's blood alcohol level. If that level exceeds the legal limit, a wireless transmitter sends a signal alerting police cars in the area. The detector is calibrated to detect only drunk drivers, not drunk passengers. Similar technology is already in use

CHARLIE POWELL

for those convicted of a DWI. The driver must provide a breath sample before the car will start. In fact, TCU engineers recently met with General Motors to discuss installing their device in all new cars. Supporters believe that police, auto manufacturers and insurance agencies will welcome the detectors. Consumers could benefit, too. After all, if you can get a discount on your insurance for installing a car alarm, why not for having a device that notifies police if you've had too much to drink? The technology is easy to install and inexpensive, approximately $100 bucks. —LAZLOW

PCS IN THE DJ BOOTH

New mixable music CDs could have DJs lugging discs, not LPs, to their next gig. Set to debut early this fall, these CDs will enable users to mix music on a Windows-based PC using PCDJ software by Visiosonic (which can be downloaded free at PCDJ.com). The intuitive software resembles a pair of side-by-side turntables and a mixer, complete with a cross-fader, pitch and volume control and a beats-per-minute readout. Users can add drums and bass, generate extended mixes or strip vocals entirely to create a cappella or karaoke versions of favorite tunes. Some CDs contain extra tracks, including rap sections and instrumental tracks recorded and saved when the song was produced. Using the hard drive as a buffer, two tracks from the same CD can be mixed simultaneously. Remixed songs can then be saved in MP3 format on the computer or burned onto a CD for personal use. Visiosonic's PCDJ software is already available in the UK and Australia on CDs such as the *Rush Hour 2* movie soundtrack and a *Club Mix 2002* dance compilation. These discs are identified with a "Mixable CD" sticker on the case. Visiosonic claims that there are more than a dozen record labels committed to using this technology on upcoming releases in the States. Universal Music Group has contractually agreed to release a minimum of six mixable CDs (allegedly, Limp Bizkit and Foxy Brown are being considered), while Verve has just released *Verve Remixed* in mixable CD format. Madonna's Maverick Records and Warner Music have also expressed interest. —MARC SALTZMAN



GAME OF THE MONTH

Dead to Rights has all the grit of a Hong Kong action flick and some of the goriest gameplay we've seen. As cop Jack Slate you're trained to use enemies as human shields or disarm them with one of 30 brutal maneuvers. The slow-motion option offers a better look at the whirling bullets and splattering blood. A break in the gunplay comes in a strip club where players guide Slate's girlfriend in an erotic dance while he slips into the club. With surround sound and a wide-screen view, it's a John Woo movie you can play. (For Xbox by Namco.) —JASON BUHRMESTER

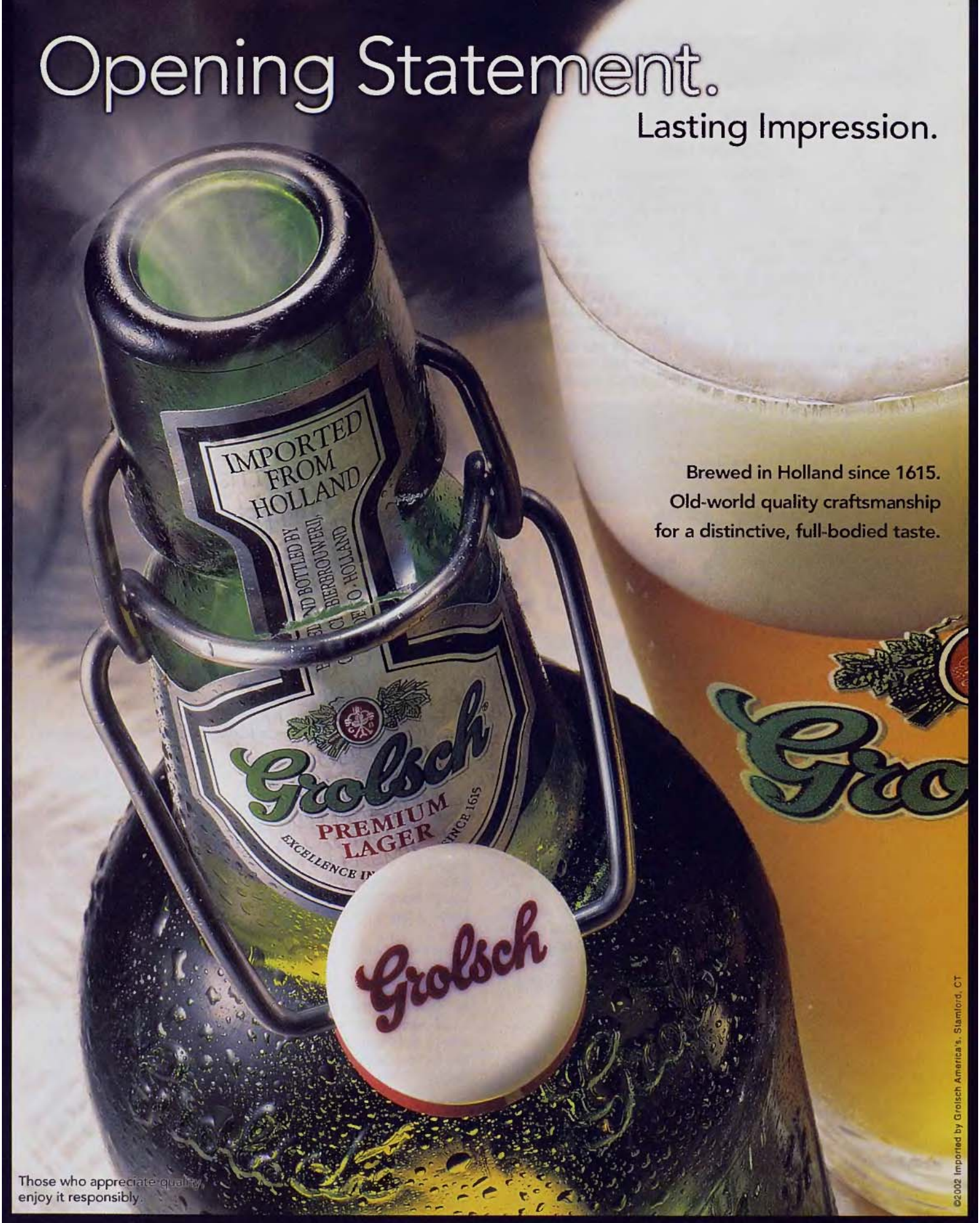
WILD THING

Your PDA is a wimpy PC wannabe compared to the processing muscle of OQO's Ultra-Personal Computer (pictured below). The device is a full-fledged Windows XP–powered laptop (10GB hard drive and 256MB RAM) with dimensions slightly larger than a deck of cards. How did developers create a complete computer roughly a quarter of the size of your laptop? It's built around Transmeta's compact 1GHz Crusoe processor, a chip set that promises to shrink PCs and laptops. The tiny processor left developers enough room to stuff the Ultra-Personal with a color touch screen, microphone, Firewire and USB ports and wireless networking connections for Bluetooth and 802.11b. The smaller size also means better battery life. Expect to get eight hours of usage. So you don't juggle multiple systems, a cradle connects the Ultra-Personal to a keyboard and monitor to create a full-feature desktop machine. Unfortunately the price hasn't been miniaturized; expect to pay about $1500. —JAMES OLIVER CURY

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

Opening Statement.

Lasting Impression.



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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

GOOGLE LABS

Google is the world's greatest search engine. Everyone uses Google—even other search engines and directories such as Yahoo, which license Google's services to provide search results. But the scientists at Google aren't resting on their laurels. They have new services in the works, and you can take a peek at some of them at **labs.google.com.** For example, Google Voice Search lets you call a telephone number and pronounce your search query. Then click on a link to get your results. When I asked for "Maui vacations," I got links to sites that had the words vacation and Mallory in them. Whoops! (Remember, the services on Google Labs are not fully baked and are for demonstration purposes only. Still, they're an indication of things to come.) Imagine having a wireless handheld computer with a built-in microphone. You could just ask it for information, and Google would deliver it. I had better luck with Google Glossary, a search engine that hunts down definitions of words, phrases and acronyms.

FOR PROFESSIONAL COUCH POTATOES ONLY

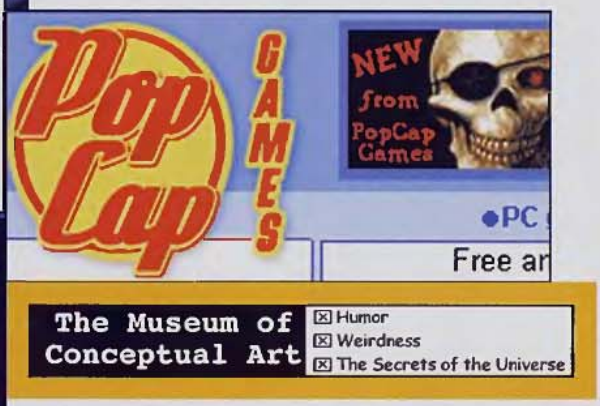
Remote controls multiply when your back is turned, and they're impossible to find when you want them. I have one for the TV, VCR and DVD, plus a universal one that's supposed to take the place of all of them. I succeeded in making the universal work with the TV and VCR, but I couldn't solve the DVD. **Remotecentral.com** provides news about remotes for sale and a section where guys swap tips on how to program them. When I showed my wife how I was able to get the universal remote to control everything, she was underwhelmed. I guess it's a guy thing.

RELIEF FOR MP3-INDUCED GUILT

A couple of hundred years ago, musicians depended on patrons to support them. The system changed when recorded music came along. Now, artists make their money by collecting royalties on CD sales. For every $12 CD you buy, your favorite artist gets about 75 cents. The problem is, CD sales are going down while MP3 downloading is going up. Record companies try to put a stop to MP3 trading by lobbying Congress to pass ridiculous and draconian laws. There's a proposal that would ban analog-to-digital microchips (a common component that shows up in digital thermometers and computer mice) unless they have Hollywood-approved antipiracy technology built into them. **Musiclink.com** thinks it has a better idea: a return to the patronage model. You can go to Musiclink and donate money to your favorite artists (presumably, the ones who have recorded songs you've downloaded from AudioGalaxy.com or Morpheus). So far, Musiclink says it has collected more than $22,000, and has sent checks to hundreds of artists. This fall Musiclink launched a campaign targeted at getting college students to cough up cash for the songs that grace their MP3 players. Musiclink keeps 30 percent of the money that it collects, which, as the company points out, means artists keep more than 10 times as much money compared with CD sales. I happily donated $10 to one of my favorite guitar virtuosos, and I'll be sending more money to other artists as I download their tunes. If the idea takes off, the record companies will have to invent new reasons why anybody needs them.

PIXEL CRACK

I like the idea of epic-length computer games, full of intrigue and three-dimensional action, but I don't have the patience to learn the rules and intricacies you need to play them. Show me a game that's as basic, yet as challenging, as Tetris, and I'll be hooked faster than a lab rat. My latest addiction is Atomica, a deceptively simple diversion from **popcap.com.** I like to think of it as Go for Dummies. The object of Atomica is to drag colored dots ("atoms") around a checkerboard to form four-atom "molecules." Every time you complete a molecule, you earn points. Once your screen becomes clogged with dots, the game is over. But a new game is just a click away.



WASTED YOUTH

Know anyone who's in need of a little ego deflation? Send 'em to "Things Other People Accomplished When They Were Your Age" (**museumofconceptualart.com/accomplished**), where they can enter their age and learn how pathetic they are in comparison with historical figures. By the time Franz Schubert was 18 he had written close to 200 songs, including two of his most famous. And when he was just seven years old, John Stuart Mill had already mastered Greek. When I was that age, I could barely remember the lyrics to *Rubber Duckie*.

QUICK HITS

Underground film is a click away at **rubbergash.com.** . . . Rate her implants at **ratemyimplants.com.** . . . Who knew balancing a checkbook could be so much fun? Try the Orgasmic Calculator at **crazyhorsemen.com/secret/org-calc/org-calc.swf.** . . . Retro magazine ads: **scriptorium.lib.duke.edu/adaccess.**

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books

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY

What happened in Tokyo on the eve of Pearl Harbor? Martin Cruz Smith's ***December 6*** (Simon and Schuster) paints a vivid picture in broad and subtle strokes. At its center is American expat Harry Niles, a hustler with heart (think Bogart in *Casablanca*) who tries to con his way out of Japan before war breaks out. His problem is that he has spent most of his life there, and he is torn between two worlds and two women—a fiercely romantic Asian beauty and the cool, sexy wife of a British ambassador. Smith's story shifts from Harry's peril-packed day to his coming-of-age under the tutelage of a jaded Japanese artist and a beautiful actress-courtesan. Niles is one of fiction's most fascinating anti-heroes (described by the painter as "a fish that could live in a tree if it had to") and *December 6* is the author's richest and most entertaining tale since *Gorky Park*.

—DICK LOCHTE

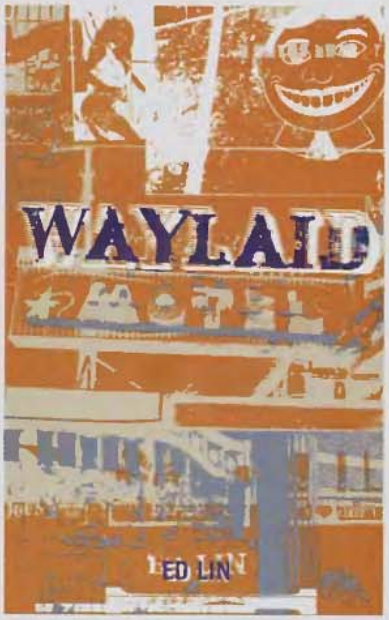
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

First, man invented the wheel. A couple of millennia later, he invented the engine—and the world has never been the same. Stephen Wright, scholar and restarer of motorcycles (he worked on Steve McQueen's Indian Braad Track Racers), has written a history of the birth af an obsession. ***The American Motorcycle*** (americanmotorcyclebaok.com) contains patent drawings, photas, posters, ads and anecdotes to capture the era of invention (1869–1914) when the world fell in lave with self-prapelled cycles. Yau'll encounter long-forgotten names—DeDian, Roper, Curtiss, Merkel, Thor—as well as a few familiar ones. At one time there were literally hundreds af brands competing in the marketplace. Now there's only ane deserving the title of the American motorcycle. Who better than Willie G. Davidsan ta tell the story of ***100 Years of Harley-Davidson*** (Bulfinch Press)? Part family album, part centennial, this gorgeous book provides the inside story on the creation of a myth. Forget the coffee table. Keep these books on your workbench.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

GETTING LAID

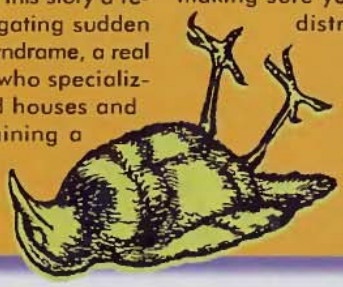
Ed Lin is a new writer, but he has the eye and wit of a pro. The opening sentences of ***Waylaid*** (Kaya) confirm that his first novel isn't a usual boyhood story: "I was about 12 years old when I knew I had to get laid soon. No more of this jerking off. That was for fags." The book also isn't typical of Asian American literature, because the narrator's mother and father are working-class immigrants, not the kind of Chinese parents who are doctors, or want their children to be doctors. This family runs a crumbling hotel on the Jersey Shore that rents rooms by the hour to hookers. The hotel's other customers are true-to-life East Coasters: Bennys (blue-collar tourists from Bayonne, Elizabeth, Newark or New York) fuck in the algae-infested swimming pool, intellectual bums rent rooms during the off-season and burnouts waste away the summer playing Atari in the hotel office. *Waylaid* will make you laugh and cringe. It will also remind you of your own manic determination to have sex at whatever the cost.



—PATTY LAMBERTI

NO BEDTIME STORY

More twisted than a sack of pretzels and edgier than an octagon, Chuck (*Fight Club*) Palahniuk has pumped out another memorable read, ***Lullaby*** (Daubleday). It seems narmal that in this story a reparter investigating sudden infant death syndrame, a real estate agent who specializes in haunted houses and a boak containing a deadly African chant all somehow fit together. Palahniuk's humor weaves in his sacial commentary: "Big Brother isn't watching," he writes. "He's singing and dancing. He's pulling rabbits aut of a hat. He's making sure you're always distracted." We like being distracted by Palahniuk—this is his best yet.

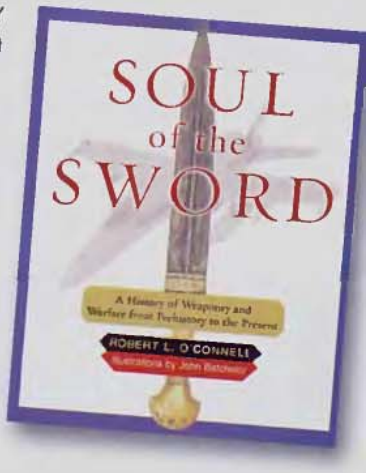


—ALISON PRATO

SWORDPLAY

Leanardo da Vinci called war "the mast bestial madness." Yet war and its instruments fascinate us. Even da Vinci couldn't resist sketching rocket launchers and chemical weapons. ***Soul of the Sword*** (Free Press) by Robert O'Connell traces the evolution of weaponry fram the stirrup (which allawed archers ta stand while shaating) ta the B-17 bambsight that enabled men to "put a bomb in a pickle barrel" from three miles up. It's an exhilarating and terrifying read.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



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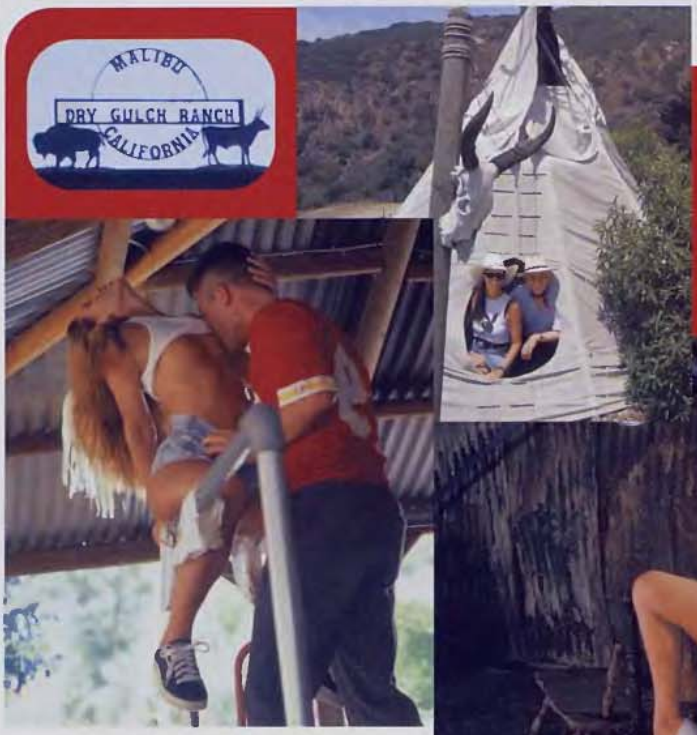
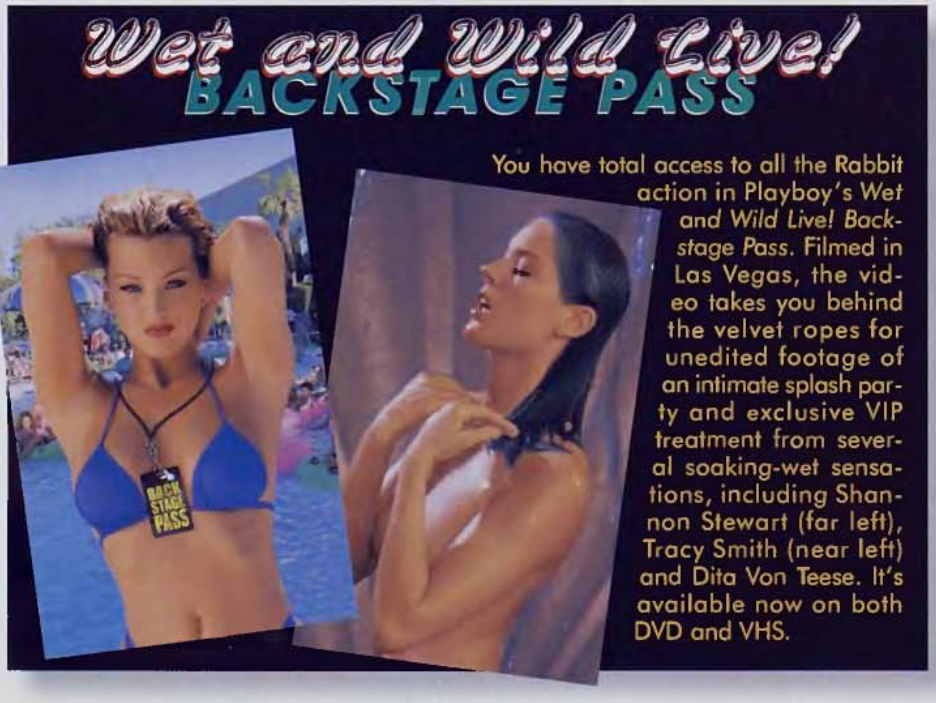
THE RAUNCHIEST RANCH

The Dry Gulch Ranch in Malibu, California is the place where wet dreams are made. Since the early Nineties, moviemakers have flocked to the 27-acre fantasyland—which boasts Western settings (horse corrals, a saloon and a tepee), hot tubs, a lagoon with straw huts and spectacular ocean views—to shoot adult films. The owners of the Dry Gulch Ranch, Carter Ward, 58, and his wife, Maureen, 49, are nudists who bought the property in 1979. We asked them how they like having their property used for making porn. "I've always been the wild one in the family," says Carter. "I got my Ivy League degree and did the good things you are supposed to do for your parents. Then I began to live the way I wanted." Carter was a research engineer in the Navy until 1990, when an opportunity to change careers arose. "We found a note in the mailbox from a photographer who wanted to use the ranch for a photo shoot," he says. "I thought, Great idea! Linda Evangelista was the first person to be photographed here." Soon after, Dry Gulch was used as the setting for several erotic movies; today the ranch averages several adult video productions each year. With all this bumping and grinding, have the two free-spirited owners ever been tempted to shoot a sex scene together? "In any business, you should know how to do everything, from sweeping the floor to being a manager," Carter says. "We acted out one scene to get an idea of what the actors go through. It's not easy to maintain an erection for so long." Problems can also arise when two films are being shot at once. "One day we had a gay shoot and a straight shoot on different parts of the ranch," Carter says. "Everything was fine until it rained, and the only place big enough to keep the equipment dry was the saloon." In other words, it was the day porn worlds collided. "The straight group was fucking all over the place, and I suggested the gay group set up, too," he says. "It was tense for a while, but soon they realized that everyone's in the same business." Adds Maureen: "They all got off watching each other's productions. One girl was so loud you could hear her clear across the canyon. We called her Nympho Nancy. We nicknamed another actor Cactus Rick because of a scene he did in our garden. He never lost his hard-on, even when he rolled onto a cactus!" Have the neighbors ever complained about the raunchy ranch behavior? Yes, but as soon as the Wards invite the neighbors to come over and watch, everybody is tremendously supportive. "I warned a few guys who wanted to watch an amateur shoot that they would be horny all day," says Carter. "Ten minutes after the shoot ended, they showed up with hard-ons and said, 'You're right.'" Want to see the Dry Gulch Ranch in action? Tune in to Playboy TV's *Director's Cut* (every evening at 11 P.M. ET/12 A.M. PT), which features Dry Gulch Ranch productions such as *Boiling Point* and *Debbie Does Iowa* (shown above). You can learn more about *Director's Cut* movies by logging on to playboytv.com and clicking on Director's Cut.



Clockwise from top left: Welcome to the Dry Gulch Ranch in Malibu, where a multitude of adult films have been shot since 1990; owners ond nudists Maureen and Carter Word chill out in the tepee; a scene from Vivid's *Boiling Point*; one of our favorite moments from *Debbie Does Iowa*, filmed ot Dry Gulch and produced by Vivid.


Wet and Wild Live!
BACKSTAGE PASS
You have total access to all the Rabbit action in Playboy's *Wet and Wild Live! Backstage Pass*. Filmed in Las Vegas, the video takes you behind the velvet ropes for unedited footage of an intimate splash party and exclusive VIP treatment from several soaking-wet sensations, including Shannon Stewart (far left), Tracy Smith (near left) and Dita Von Teese. It's available now on both DVD and VHS.

Winston

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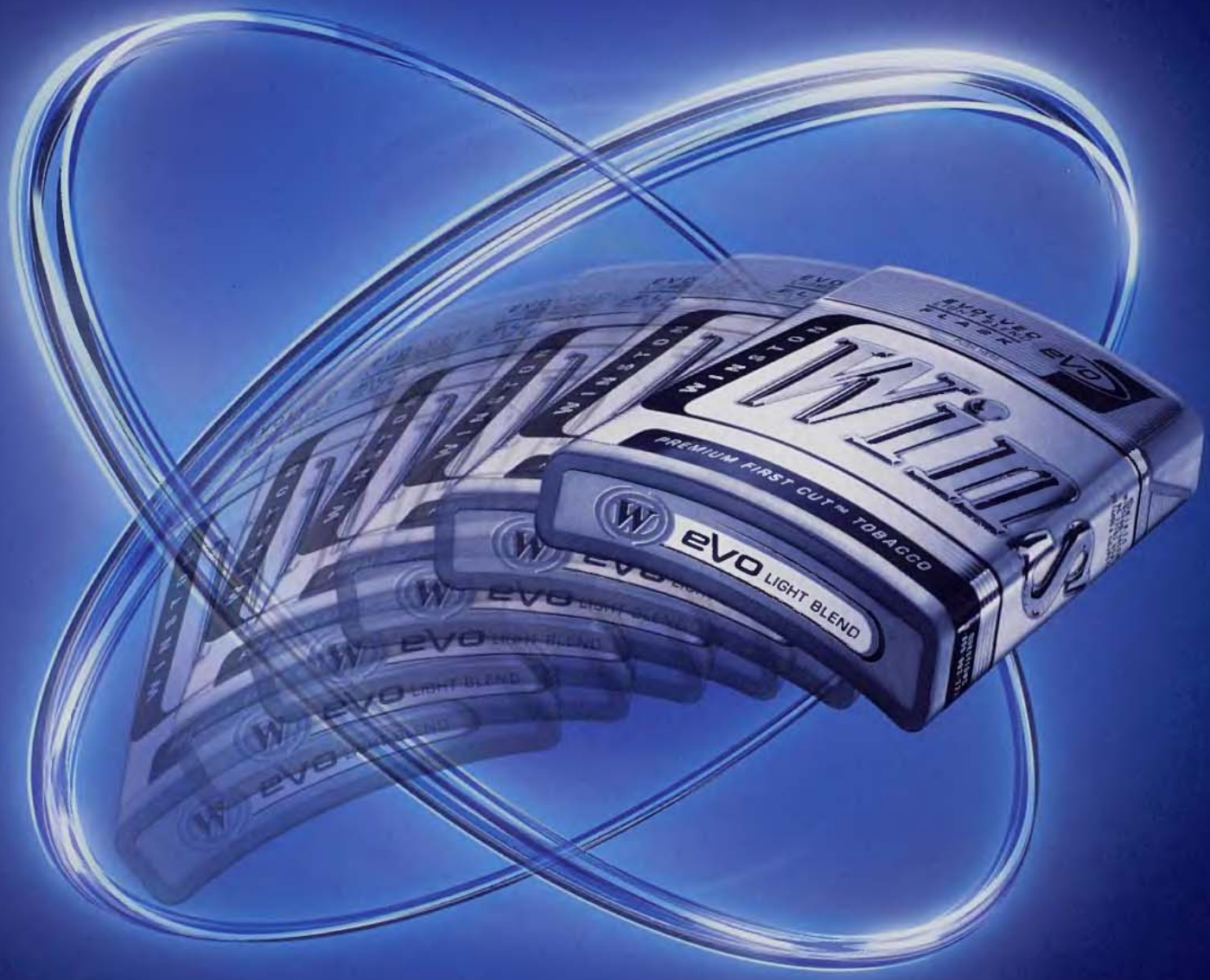

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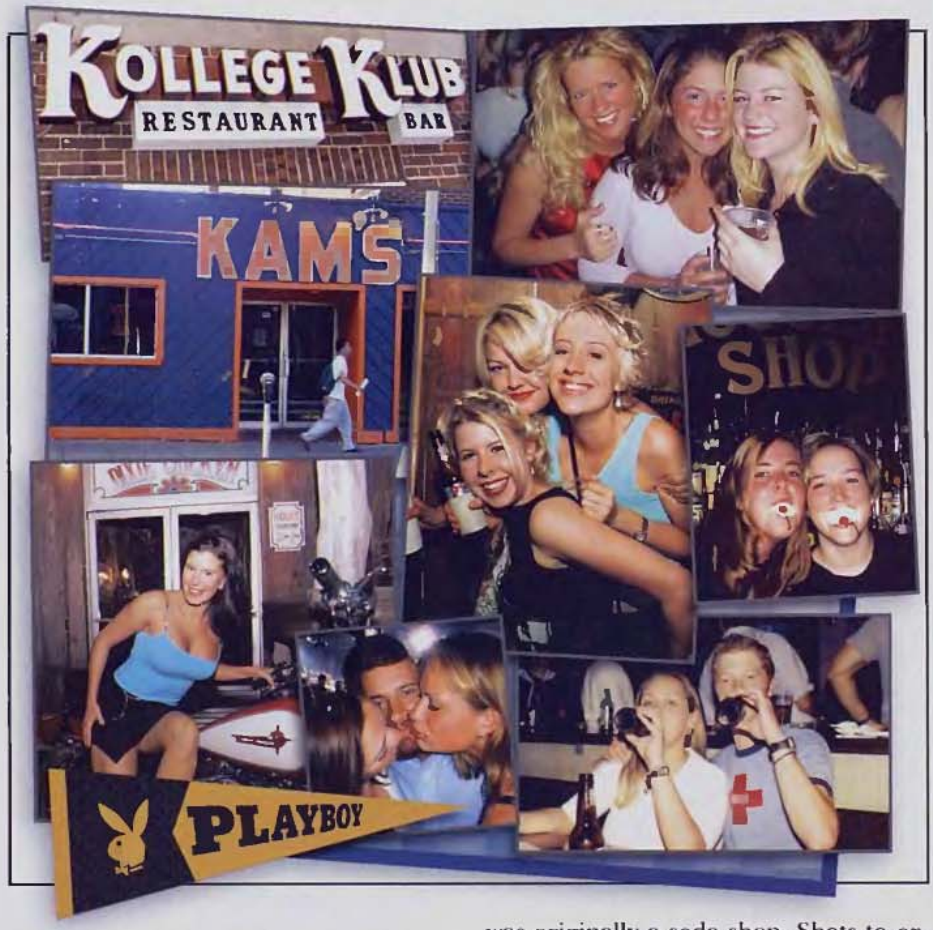
RAISING THE BAR

You remember the place, that dive in your college town where you got your real education: how to pick up chicks, how to play pool and how many nickel beers you can buy for a buck. In our never-ending quest for booze and babes, Playboy.com gave readers a homework assignment: Tell us about the best college bars in America. Here's a toast to the top five. You can drink to the rest at playboy.com/on-campus.



(1) The Dixie Chicken, Texas A&M
Best asset: cheap brew. Claim to fame: According to staffers, the Dixie Chicken sells more beer per square foot than any other bar in the country. Highlights: pool tables, live rattlesnakes, live music and wild, intoxicated Texan girls. Fun fact: When an Aggie gets a class ring, tradition requires that he drop it in a pitcher of beer and chug until only the jewelry remains.

(2) Toad's Place, Yale University
Motto: All Roads Lead to Toad's. Best asset: a phenomenal sound system. Big shots who've played there: U2, R.E.M., David Bowie, Bon Jovi and the Rolling Stones. Highlight: the "booty cam" at the front of the dance floor, where scantily clad college girls exhibit. When to go: Wednesdays and Saturdays for the thong contests.

(3) The Kollege Klub, University of Wisconsin
Motto: Where Kollegians Kongregate. Who hangs out there: Greeks galore. Favorite pastime: watching the Badgers whoop ass on TV. Bonus: Players often show up for postgame cocktails. Name for athlete groupies: jersey chasers.

(4) Harry's Chocolate Shop, Purdue University
Serving college kids since 1919. Motto: Go Ugly Early. Why the name? Harry's was originally a soda shop. Shots to order: Harry's hummer, silk panties, the muff dive and the screaming orgasm.

(5) Kam's, University of Illinois
In a nutshell: part smoky sports bar, part grinding dance club. Motto: Home of the Drinking Illini. Nickname: Skam's, because of the underdressed, oversexed coeds and hormone-fueled atmosphere. When to go: on Cat Fight night, when campus knockouts don oversize gloves and go at it. —ANTONIA SIMIGIS

Q&A

PLAYBOY has hundreds of campus representatives throughout the country who get to brag about hanging out with Playmates, throwing PLAYBOY-themed parties and, if they're lucky, mingling with Hef. We asked campus rep Joe Campanaro of Tulane for his wildest Bunny tales.

Q: What has been the biggest PLAYBOY blowout at your school?
A: I'm in New Orleans, so it was PLAYBOY's Super Bowl bash. There were tons of celebrities and pro athletes. I had an all-access pass and I hung with Nicolas Cage and Tara Reid in the VIP room.
Q: What were your official duties for that event?
A: Before the gig, my job was to round up college girls and models. That night, I walked in with 10 gorgeous women in lingerie who ended up following me around all night. I felt like Hef!
Q: Have you been to the Mansion?
A: Being a rep helped me land a summer internship at Playboy Studio West. That was awesome. I even got to chauffeur model Jordan to the Mansion.
Q: Have you met Mr. Rabbit?
A: Yes. Lindsey Vuolo introduced me to Hef. When he shook my hand it was like the Pope blessing me.

Tempted yet? Apply to be a rep at playboy.com/on-campus.

If you want to score with our September Cyber Girl, **Jessica Lauren,** keep your legs closed. For five years Jessica was on a soccer team, and her goals are lethal. She likes men who have stellar hands. "It's a fetish," she says. "I love strong hands. I like to imagine nice hands on my body." To see more of Jess, visit cyber.playboy.com.

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By ASA BABER

MARSHALL ARISMAN

LIPSTICK, PIGS AND CROOKS

WELCOME TO Stolen Money, U.S.A., home of our supposedly honest and transparent stock markets, where Mr. and Ms. America have seen the value of their portfolios shrink by $7 trillion in less than three years in an orgy of hype, fraud and theft. The fix was in, orchestrated by more than a handful of our nation's corporate leaders, CPAs, stockbrokers, financial analysts, investment bankers, media cheerleaders and toothless government watchdogs (as well as scores of other well-dressed, smooth-talking executives on parade). To make matters worse, those market insiders pumped a universe of hot air into the stock market bubble every day for several years until the bubble finally burst. But it didn't burst before the slicksters walked away with humongous profits, while the little guys saw their pension plans and jobs and savings disappear like the snows of yesteryear.

To put the losses in market value in perspective, $7 trillion is $1 trillion more than our $6 trillion national debt. I find that sum astonishing, almost incomprehensible. Seven trillion bucks gone from Mr. and Ms. America's portfolios in less than three years? If you glued 7 trillion $1 bills end to end and then stretched them into space, where would that paper chain end? Mars? Outer space?

I call what has just happened to us the Big Con, second only to the lies and shenanigans of the late Twenties. For example, one of my favorite TV ads shows an investment manager ordering his troops to push his chosen stock-of-the-day to their unwitting clients. He admits that the fundamentals for the stock are lousy, so he tells his people to avoid that tender subject. "Let's put some lipstick on this pig," he concludes as he sends off his underlings to woo investors. How often in the past several years did those kinds of solicitations and cold calls occur across this nation?

Five years ago this month, I wrote a *Men* column ("Real Men Hedge Their Bets," November 1997) in which I tried to warn readers that the shit was about to hit the fan in the equities markets. My doom-and-gloom prognosis was dismissed by many in the financial community, but it turned out to be directionally correct. "I'm no fortune-teller," I wrote, "but I know when a market is overripe with risk and should be treated with deference, even cowardice. I suggest that the time has come for you to start controlling your risks by taking at least some of your stock market winnings off the table. Because the stock market seems to have acquired a certain white-powder quality to it these days, ask yourself how much more action you need to snort before you're satiated."

I pointed out that if the Dow maintained its momentum, it would reach 16,000 by the end of 1998, and I added: "A lot of guys are betting the ranch that the good times will continue unabated. But I say those guys are dreamers. They forget that, in the long run, markets are not warm and fuzzy places. Markets can kill. It may come as news to some of my coked-up buddies, but the toughest fact to face is this: In every predepression economy, the working public's liquidity is sucked into an exciting spiral of rising valuations and expectations that seem to be headed straight to the halls of heaven. And only after his worldly wealth has been collected does John Q. Public come to realize that heaven has no place on earth—and neither does he."

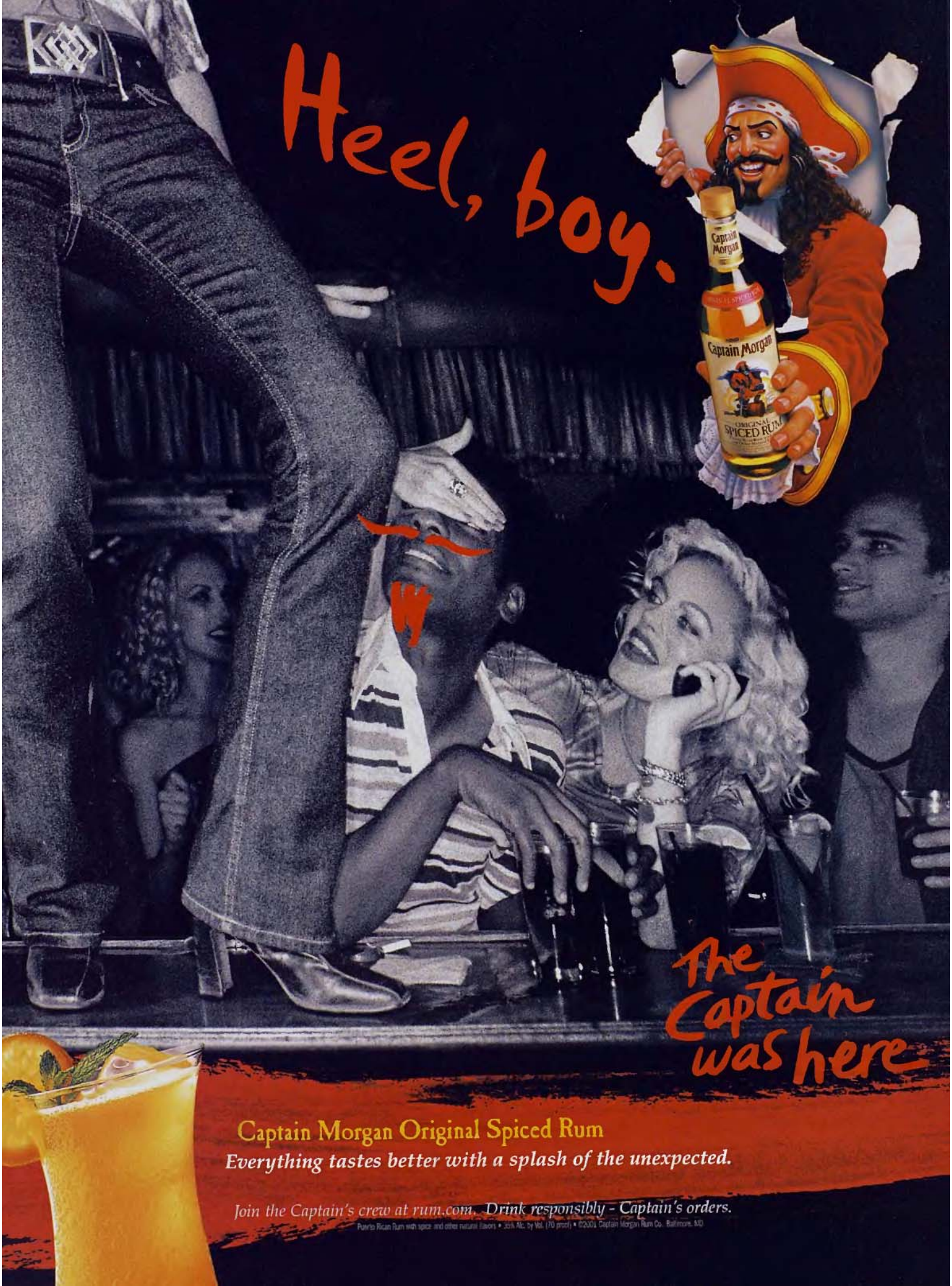
What do we do now? How do we prevent the crooks and hustlers from taking over our markets again? There will be many laws and regulations passed and much lip service paid to the idea that we have a brand-new set of standards, pristine and incorruptible, that will protect us when we next invest our hard-earned money. I hope those changes really happen and we can return to an economic system where justice and fairness reign and the rich and the poor function under the same set of rules. But I'm not betting on it. Mostly for laughs, I have come up with four laws I believe must be instituted before we can trust the markets to be straight with us again. (Before you assume I am only joking here, think again):

The Little Guy Reparations Law: Basic idea? If they cheat us, they have to pay us back first. When capitalism morphs into crapitalism (as it seems to do every few decades) and the markets have no more credibility than three-card monte, the bad guys will be placed under citizen's arrest and will be immediately stripped of all their net worth. The proceeds will be distributed not to the banks and brokerage houses and fat-cat investors with high-priced lawyers but to the small investors who lost most of their net worth in a Ponzi scheme. (The markets may be more ethically operated under this law, because to the bad guys the threat of jail pales in comparison to the threat of financial wipeout. Taking away their money is the only thing they understand.)

The Balanced Business Reporting Law: The media, especially the business channels on TV, were the principal hypemeisters who shilled the public and helped inflate the stock market bubble. In general, TV networks of the CNBC variety allowed almost no stock market contrarians much face time on the tube. (Any instinct toward hard-nosed investigative journalism took a dive, too.) From now on, every hour of TV business chatter must present both sides of expert prognostications, *bulls and bears*. Yes, it could make the public take a second look at the optimism of the buy-side advocates, and it may slow down the market's momentum—but that's the idea.

The Pardon Our Bloopers Law: Great comedy arises from the foibles and mistakes of real people in the real world. Under this law, every investment analyst and talking head and opinion shaper must publish (on a monthly basis) his or her worst calls for stocks that turned out to be stinkers. They must provide charts and graphs that show how their stocks fared at the time they were pimping them. And the jerks who made the biggest bloopers must attend an annual dinner and receive the Asa Baber Crapitalism Award for incompetence.

The Limited Executive Compensation Law: The Greed Is Good for American Business mantra has poisoned our culture as it has distorted our priorities. We tolerate an insane executive compensation system where the top dogs receive grossly inflated salaries and benefits. Under this law, no chief executive or chief financial officer (or any of their cronies) can make more than 10 times the salaries of the people in the mailroom. And all senior executives who cook the books to their advantage must allow employees to rub their spoiled-ass butts with sandpaper and cayenne pepper—because if you can make them squirm, they might finally learn.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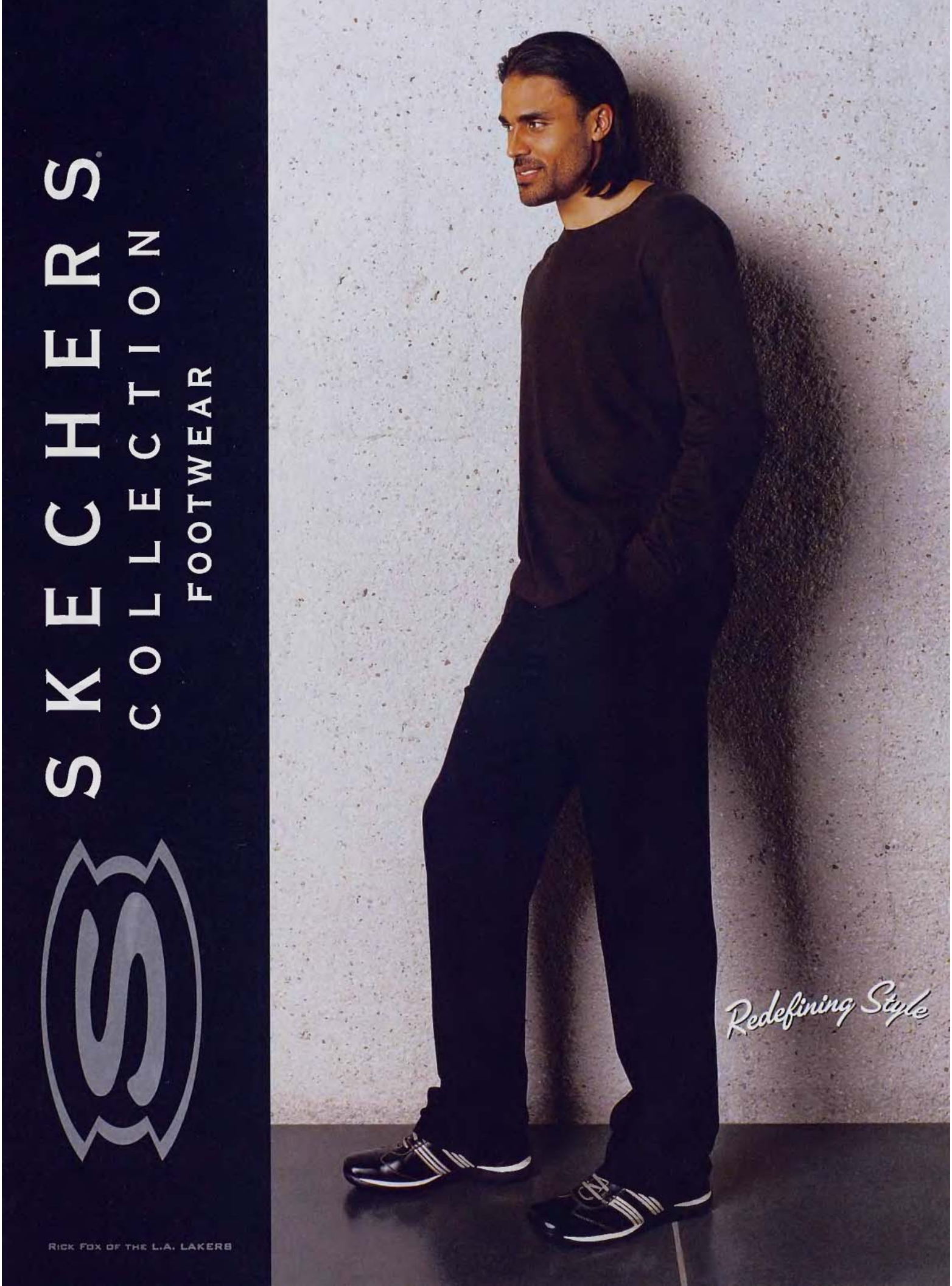
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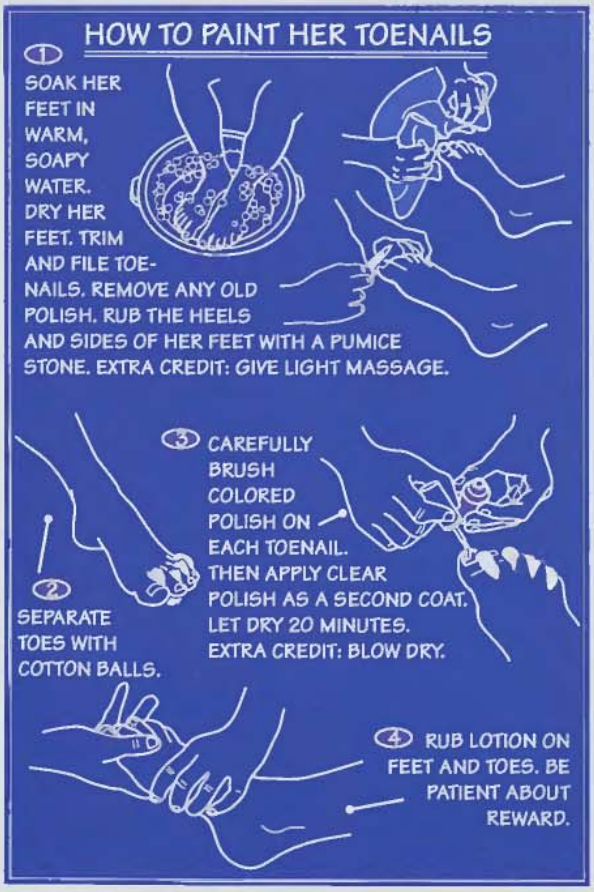
Phat City

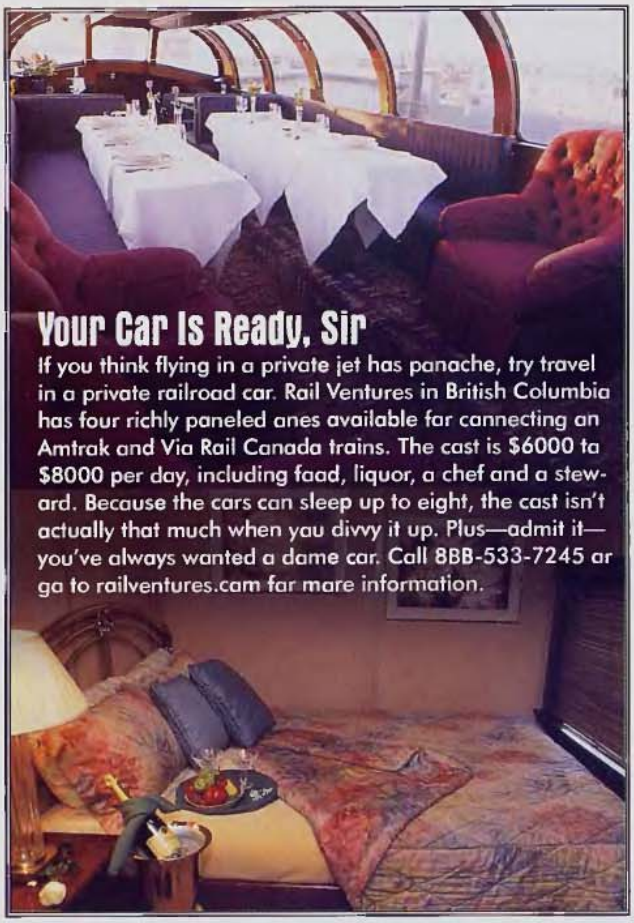
If Hollywood ever does a new version of *Easy Rider*, Phat Cycles' Recumbent Chopper (above) would be the perfect bike for whoever plays Peter Fonda's role. It isn't for introverts. Price: $2550. Custom colors are available. Wonder if it comes in red, white and blue? Phat Cycles also sells the Whopper Chopper, a bike with ape-hanger handlebars. The company says riding it is as easy as sitting in a La-Z-Boy, but you get more attention. Price: $995, in red or black. Other models to check out on phatcycles.com include Urban Assault and Urban Commando (aggressive city bikes that have a messenger-from-hell look), Ocean Drive and Main Street cruisers, plus Limo, a two-seater that's a "testament to the fact that tandems don't all have to look like suspension bridges." It's available in orange.


HOW TO PAINT HER TOENAILS
1
SOAK HER FEET IN WARM, SOAPY WATER. DRY HER FEET. TRIM AND FILE TOENAILS. REMOVE ANY OLD POLISH. RUB THE HEELS AND SIDES OF HER FEET WITH A PUMICE STONE. EXTRA CREDIT: GIVE LIGHT MASSAGE.
2
SEPARATE TOES WITH COTTON BALLS.
3
CAREFULLY BRUSH COLORED POLISH ON EACH TOENAIL. THEN APPLY CLEAR POLISH AS A SECOND COAT. LET DRY 20 MINUTES. EXTRA CREDIT: BLOW DRY.
4
RUB LOTION ON FEET AND TOES. BE PATIENT ABOUT REWARD.

California Dream Cooking

The star of two PBS series, *Michael Chiarello's Napa* and *Seasan by Season*, lives in Napa Valley, where he founded Tra Vigne restaurant in St. Helena. Naw he's authored (with Janet Fletcher) *Michael Chiarello's Casual Cooking*, featuring "wine country recipes for family and friends." Some af the dishes Chiarello includes, such as grilled tuna (pictured here) and baby back ribs served with espresso barbecue sauce, can be prepared in advance. (Yau do want ta be a guest at your own party, right?) Many of the recipes include additional tips in the form of notes at the bottom af the page. The sauce that accampanies the grilled tuna, for example, is also excellent "as a dip for crudités. I've even tassed it with pasta." Our advice: Capy yaur favorite recipes. *Casual Cooking* is too handsome a book to leave near the stove. Price: $35. Chronicle is the publisher.

MANTRACK



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If you think flying in a private jet has panache, try travel in a private railroad car. Rail Ventures in British Columbia has four richly paneled ones available for connecting an Amtrak and Via Rail Canada trains. The cost is $6000 to $8000 per day, including food, liquor, a chef and a steward. Because the cars can sleep up to eight, the cost isn't actually that much when you divvy it up. Plus—admit it—you've always wanted a dome car. Call 888-533-7245 or go to railventures.com for more information.

Clothesline: Bobby Slayton

When asked about his wardrobe, the stand-up comic who stars in HBO's *Mind of the Married Man* says, "Favorite designers? Next thing, you'll be asking me about facial products and hair gel. You got the wrong guy. I hate shopping. I wait until the holidays so my wife can pick up stuff for me. Last Christmas she bought me a suit from Brooks Brothers, even though I've always dressed more like Barnum and Bailey. I wear T-shirts until there are more holes in them than cotton. It's a Keith Richards, Johnny Rotten kind of look. I also wear fatigues. I get stopped a lot when I go to the airport because I dress like a terrorist. Plus, I'm fidgety. I have a big nose and I never shave. If anyone fits the profile of a terrorist, I'd say it's me."

Bold New Concept

Nespresso's new Concept Machine looks more sculptural than functional, but it isn't just another pretty coffeemaker. The Concept Machine brews a great cup of espresso in three easy steps: (1) Place an espresso capsule into the machine's mouth. (2) Press a lever and espresso flows into a waiting cup. (3) Open the machine's mouth. The used espresso capsule is automatically ejected into the unit's body for disposal. Nine brews are available. The Concept Machine also has a steam function for making cappuccino. Price: $349, including two espresso cups and 20 capsules.

Guys Are Talking About...

Getting head. The bald look, of course, and the easiest way to make like Patrick Stewart is with the Headblade, pictured here. This clever little cutter fits over one finger, and when used with Headslick shave cream, it will leave your pate as smooth as Cupid's derriere. Maybe smoother. Price: $15, in yellow. A Signature Series silver Headblade signed by noteworthy chrome domes, including boxer Jesse James Leija and Syrus from MTV's *Real World*, is $18. Replacement blades are available from Gillette and Schick. • ***Renting a Mini Cooper.*** Budget in Los Angeles is the only company to offer Mini Coopers for rent. The rate is $125 per day, including 50 free miles. Drive more than 50—we bet you will—and there's an additional charge of 54 cents per mile. Other hot wheels offered by Budget in the same area include the new Ford Thunderbird, the Maserati Spyder and the Plymouth Prowler. The Maserati will set you back $750 per day, but you do get 50 free miles.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

You Could Spend New Year's Eve At The Playboy Mansion...

Enter Michelob Light's "Triple Platinum Sweepstakes" For A Chance To Win!

Enter Michelob Light's "Triple Platinum Sweepstakes," and you could win a trip to the New Year's Eve party at the Playboy Mansion, with a real Playmate as your personal escort! Just go to www.Michelob.com for details and entry forms. You may be in for a really happy New Year!

- No purchase necessary.
- Must be 21 or older to enter.
- Open to U.S. residents only.
- Entries must be received by November 30, 2002.
- See Official Rules on page 164 for complete details.

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ON SEPTEMBER 11TH TWO BROTHERS SET OUT TO MAKE A DOCUMENTARY– THEY WOUND UP MAKING HISTORY

9/11: THE FILMMAKERS' COMMEMORATIVE DVD & VHS EDITION

A special edition of the extraordinary eyewitness account that aired on CBS.

The unforgettably powerful documentary of the 9/11 historical event, available for the first time on DVD & VHS.

Featuring additional footage and interviews by the film's creators, award-winning French filmmakers Jules & Gedeon Naudet.

A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this program will benefit the Uniformed Firefighters' Association Scholarship Fund.

This program contains some strong language and subject matter that may not be suitable for all audiences. Viewer discretion is advised.

Available in September on DVD & VHS.

GOLDFISH PICTURES & SILVERSTAR PRODUCTIONS IN ASSOCIATION WITH REVEILLE PRESENT A FILM BY JULES NAUDET GEDEON NAUDET JAMES HANLON "9/11"
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SUSAN ZIRINSKY GRAYDON CARTER DAVID FRIEND PRODUCERS/EDITORS RICHARD BARBER MIKE MALOY BRUCE SPIEGEL MEAD STONE
EDITOR JASON SCHMIDT DIRECTED BY JULES NAUDET GEDEON NAUDET JAMES HANLON

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The Playboy Advisor

How long does it take for the average 26-year-old to regain an erection after he comes? I'd like to have multiple orgasms, but it seems like it takes forever for my cock to get hard again.—C.C., Lincoln, Nebraska

Define forever. An enthusiastic woman can have a hell of an effect on how quickly you're hard again. While every guy rebounds at his own pace, the refractory period grows longer as you age. In one study, nine guys in their mid-20s who masturbated to orgasm needed an average of 19 minutes to get hard again. A guy in his 50s may need a day. A hormone called prolactin appears to regulate the refractory period. Scientists are testing what could be a Viagra chaser—a drug known as cabergoline that blocks prolactin and allows for rapid-fire climaxes. If the pill pans out, it could end the world orgasm shortage.

A reader wrote in July saying he was having doubts about getting married. An elderly friend once told me a simple way to make this decision: Ask yourself if the thought of living without her is worse than the thought of living with her.—R.C., Boyertown, Pennsylvania

You never stop asking that question.

I would like to store my 1971 Chevy Nova for the winter. What should I do before parking it for six months?—B.D., Lakewood, Ohio

We always cry a little. Here are some basic tips: If you're storing the car outside, park it on cement covered with plastic to prevent moisture from reaching the undercarriage. Leave the windows open a quarter inch. Change the filter, oil (use a synthetic), brake fluid and antifreeze. Top off the tank and add a gas stabilizer, then run the engine long enough for the stabilizer to reach the carburetor. Remove the battery (store it on plywood) and use a trickle or solar battery charger. To keep varmints out, close the vents, cover the tailpipe and place mothballs or camphor crystals in and around the vehicle. Inflate the tires to 35 pounds and put the car on jacks. Some people suggest starting it periodically, but that's a bad idea because it leaves moisture in the crankcase and exhaust. Before you revive the car, give it a thorough visual inspection. Then crank the engine with the coil disconnected until the oil light goes off.

I thought I was a clean freak until I met my boyfriend. If I ask him to go down on me, he acts like it's going to make him sick because it's "dirty down there" (of course, his penis is never dirty when he wants a blow job). He'll engage in foreplay only when we're in the shower and

I've been scrubbed for 15 minutes. This is affecting my ability to climax because he makes me feel dirty with all his complaining. What should I do?—K.J., Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dirty? Is he nuts? We think your pussy is adorable, and you haven't even blown us. In fact, a woman's vagina is more sanitary than her mouth. We don't see much of a future with this guy. Make a clean break—and don't forget to kiss him goodbye.

Where does the Advisor draw the line on public displays of affection?—T.R., Des Moines, Iowa

No tongues. We also prohibit baby talk and sliding a hand into your lover's back pocket. Frantic groping in the bushes is OK.

What's the best way to treat a sprained ankle so I can get back to my running?—G.B., Toronto, Ontario

For years trainers recommended a course of treatment known as RICE—rest, ice, compression and elevation. But reformers now encourage gentle movement, or MICE. "Immobilizing an injury, unless it's fractured or shredded, shuts down the muscle," explains Jim Wharton, who runs Maximum Performance International, a New York–based sports rehab clinic. "Even the tiniest range of motion helps blood flow to the injury and repatterns the neurological firing." If you're injured, apply ice and visit a doctor immediately for X rays. To rehab, move ice over the area for five or 10 minutes every hour (you also should compress and elevate the injury to reduce swelling). Begin gentle stretching—point your toes up and down and turn the foot in and out enough that you feel discomfort but not pain. You'll see steady improvement in your range of motion. Within hours or days (depending on the severity of the sprain), add light resistance by holding the ankle with your hand as you flex. The muscle should return to form within a few weeks, but it usually takes six weeks for it to heal enough for sports.

Is it OK to cheat if your girlfriend denies you sex out of spite for an extended period of time?—K.E., Seattle, Washington

We'll check the manual, which says . . . no. Work it out or leave.

A reader wrote in June to say that no woman would go out with him because good-looking = healthy = good mate. Bullshit. When I was a teenager I broke my neck and ended up a quadriplegic. Twenty years later, I've had many lovers and am now happily married. I have little upper-body movement and no feeling below my nipples. According to this guy's flawed theory, I should be sitting home watching *Baywatch* reruns.—D.D., Winnipeg, Manitoba

It's amazing what a guy with sensitive nipples can accomplish. Thanks for writing.

A word to the wise for losers, dorks and single old guys: Writing to the Advisor about your problems with women is like a chicken asking a fox about getting on with the wolves. What you need are tips from the trenches. They can be found everywhere, even in PLAYBOY. Reread *Havana Heartbreak* in the June issue. Take your butt offshore and leave the local beauties to feed on themselves. An old guy also can do well in the Dominican Republic. Or try Asia. I have traveled there for years and can tell you that the nicest women in the world are waiting to welcome you into their hearts. Being a dork is not something you can do much about. Your local psychiatrist, with his eyes on your wallet, may disagree, but for now, genetics are beyond your control. Behavior patterns are formed early in life and personality disorders are largely untreatable. Stay in the game. You become a loser only if you stop playing.—N.B., St. George, Utah

You make some good points, but let's not kid ourselves about why impoverished women in Cuba, the Dominican Republic or Asia might "open their hearts" to relatively rich but dorky Americans.

In June a reader explained how it is cheaper to hire an escort than waste money on a girl who may not take you to bed. That doesn't compute. When you invest your time and money in a potential relationship and it leads to sex, you're going

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

to get a lot of it. Escorts charge by the hour, but with my girlfriend I get sex as many as six times a day. How much would that cost with an escort?—S.J., Los Angeles, California

We haven't a clue, but don't bring this up with your girlfriend.

I love porn that spoofs mainstream films and TV shows, but I haven't been able to find many videos. Can you help?—R.E., Cleveland, Ohio

Most of what passes for parody in porn are cookie-cutter fuck films with clever titles. We demand better. A proper spoof should follow the basic plot of the original—but with more sex and a few laughs. You'll find a list of popular parodies at adultdvdempire.com/content/spoofs.asp. Our favorite spoof title is Gilligan's Bi-land, but we've never had the courage to watch it.

In May PLAYBOY listed the "best beach drink" as the Goldeneye, available at the Jamaican resort of the same name that once was the home of James Bond creator Ian Fleming. Can you share the recipe?—M.R., Tallahassee, Florida

Happy to. Chris Blackwell, who owns the resort (he's better known for founding Island Records), and Goldeneye barman Clayton Hinds created the drink. Combine one measure lime juice, three measures clear syrup, one measure Appleton Estate Jamaica Rum (21 years old), four measures Appleton Special Rum and two measures Myers's Dark Rum. It should fill about half the blender. Add ice to fill to the top and blend at high speed until the drink is firm. Serve in a traditional cocktail glass. Garnish with a fresh flower from an orchid. If an orchid isn't available, use another small tropical flower, a wedge of pineapple or a cherry.

When I'm chatting online and it starts to get sexual, I ask the person if she's an adult. How can I be certain she's telling the truth?—R.B., Cleveland, Ohio

You can't.

I'm preparing to hire a dominatrix for a role-playing session: captured secret agent. She seems legit and has an excellent website. I've never done anything like this before. How should I expect it to start and end? Should I enter with only the cash I need, and no ID or car keys?—M.I., Washington, D.C.

You seem to have control issues. The dominatrix isn't going to hold you upside down to shake out change, and she won't steal your car. It's a business transaction. You describe what you want, she describes what you get, you agree on a price and soon you're happily incapacitated. Try to hold out for a few minutes before you give up the mission, OK?

In July you answered a question about which side of the bed men most often sleep on. Most guys are right-handed. If they want to reach with their dominant hand to touch their partner, they should claim the left side of the bed.—M.T., Los Angeles, California

Good point.

Should a man under any circumstances admit he has paid for sex with an escort? I paid for sex about three months before meeting my girlfriend, and I'm afraid she might ask me out of curiosity. My friends say I should never tell her, even if she asks. What do you think?—B.B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Why would this come up? If your girlfriend asks, she already knows the answer. If you lie, she'll know you're lying. If you get stuck, tell her the escort was having a sale.

I've noticed that some strippers have erect nipples when they give me a lap dance. The club isn't cold. Does this signify sexual arousal, or could there be other factors at work? My ex-girlfriend, who used to be a stripper, says that the dancer is probably nervous. What does the Advisor think?—M.M., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

We think you shouldn't have broken up with your girlfriend.

My husband's anal techniques are beyond wonderful; the sensations he provides me are becoming an addiction. There's one problem: I think my sphincter is getting loose. After intercourse it feels relaxed for about an hour. I don't feel pain, but the sensation is uncomfortable and makes me self-conscious. My husband says he doesn't notice a thing, but I hate to think it's the beginning of a chronic situation. This never happened in my early anal days (I can't believe I just wrote that). Can you help?—N.A., Tucson, Arizona

No need. What you're feeling is normal. You've had enough experience with anal sex that you've learned to release the tension we carry around in our butts. Tristan Taormino, author of The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women, says an hour sounds about right for your anus to return to its naturally puckered state. If you've seen any raunchy adult videos, the actresses often display their anuses after extended anal intercourse. Their sphincters have relaxed enough that the viewer is staring into a tube. The sight can be disconcerting, but "if you meet that actress in the grocery store the next day, her ass will not look like that," says Taormino. "You're seeing her ass at play."

Whenever I go on a date with a woman, I open doors, pull out chairs, etc. I also bow to her. What is the correct way to bow, and when is it appropriate?—D.A., Hartford, Connecticut

The answer to the second question is never, which is why we didn't answer the first.

My fiancée has been hinting at a lesbian encounter. She says things like, "What would you do if you caught me and some girl in bed?" or "I was with my lesbo lover today." What should I do? Should I wait until we get married and then push the idea of a threesome?—T.C., San Francisco, California

Take her to a strip club. Buy her lap dances. Watch closely. Discuss. If it looks promising, why wait?

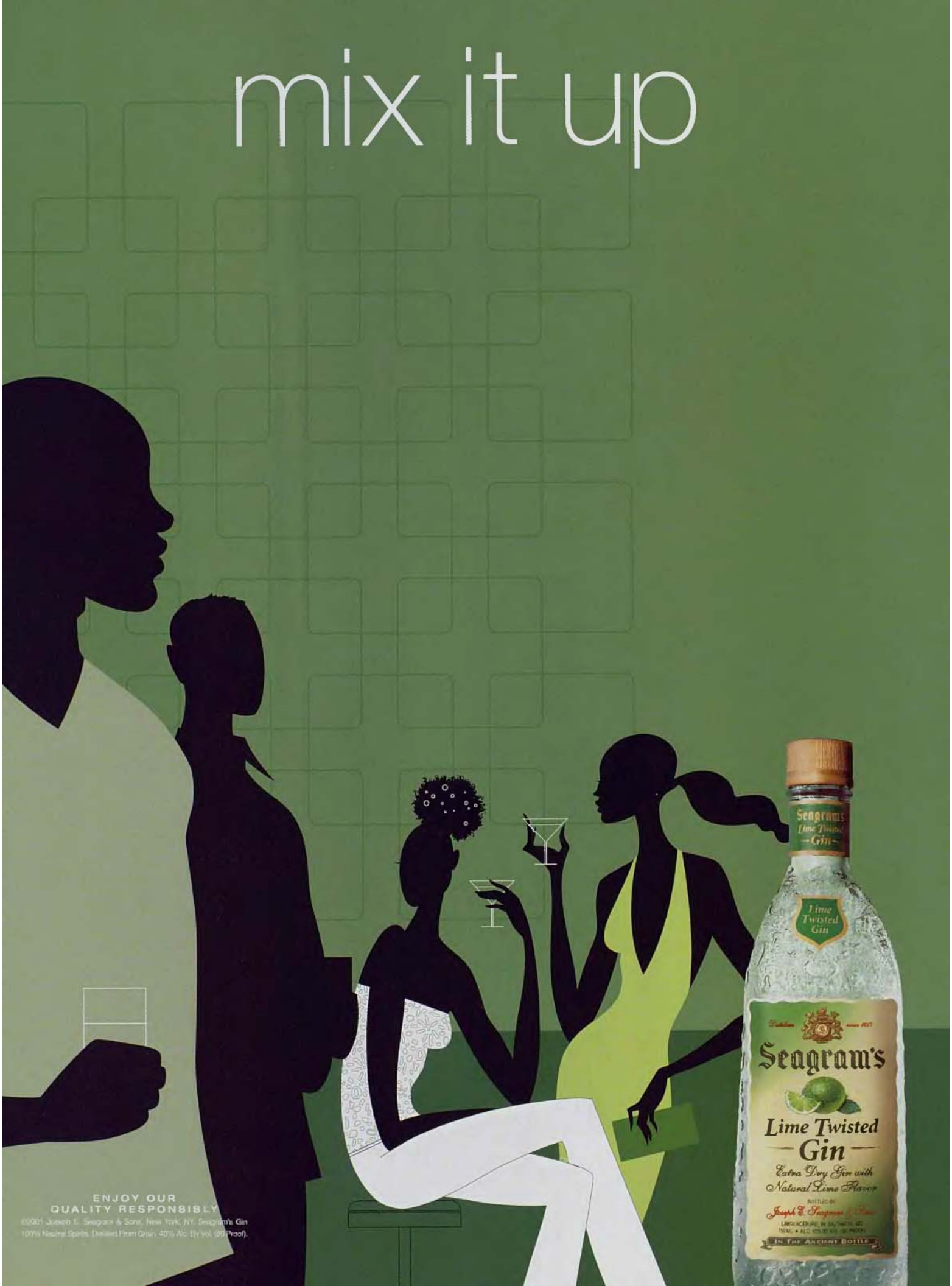
Why is it that you can buy a music CD in Europe and play it in the U.S., but you can't do the same with DVDs? It's too bad, because there are many movies released in other countries that you can't get here.—S.A., Burbank, California

Major studios have divided the world into eight markets, and they work hard to keep each one isolated to maximize profits. They do this by adding a code to each DVD that prevents it from being played anywhere but on a machine coded for the same region. (The exception is porn, which rarely has codes.) Because films are released in the U.S. months before their debuts overseas, the system prevents foreign consumers from buying mail-order DVDs prior to a movie's showing at their local theaters. It also prevents consumers in the U.S. from buying foreign films on DVD before their Stateside debuts. For example, among the DVDs available in the UK but not yet in the U.S. are the Hong Kong Legends movie series, an unedited version of Eyes Wide Shut and the first seasons of The West Wing and Futurama. Movie buffs get around the codes by buying universal players from online retailers such as HKFlix.com. In response, a few studios experimented with a code that prevents discs from being played on zone-free machines but gave it up after about 20 titles (see dvdtalk.com/rce.html).

When I was a kid I lived next door to a beautiful blonde. That was 12 years ago. Earlier this year I Googled her and we exchanged e-mail for a few months before I flew to Florida to visit her. She showed me pleasures I had never imagined. One night she held some hot water in her mouth and then spit it out and sucked my cock for a few minutes. Then she took a gulp of ice water, swished it around and sucked my cock for a few more minutes. She alternated this way until I came. It felt incredible. You may want to encourage your readers to try it.—J.M., Chattanooga, Tennessee

We have, but we'll remind them.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.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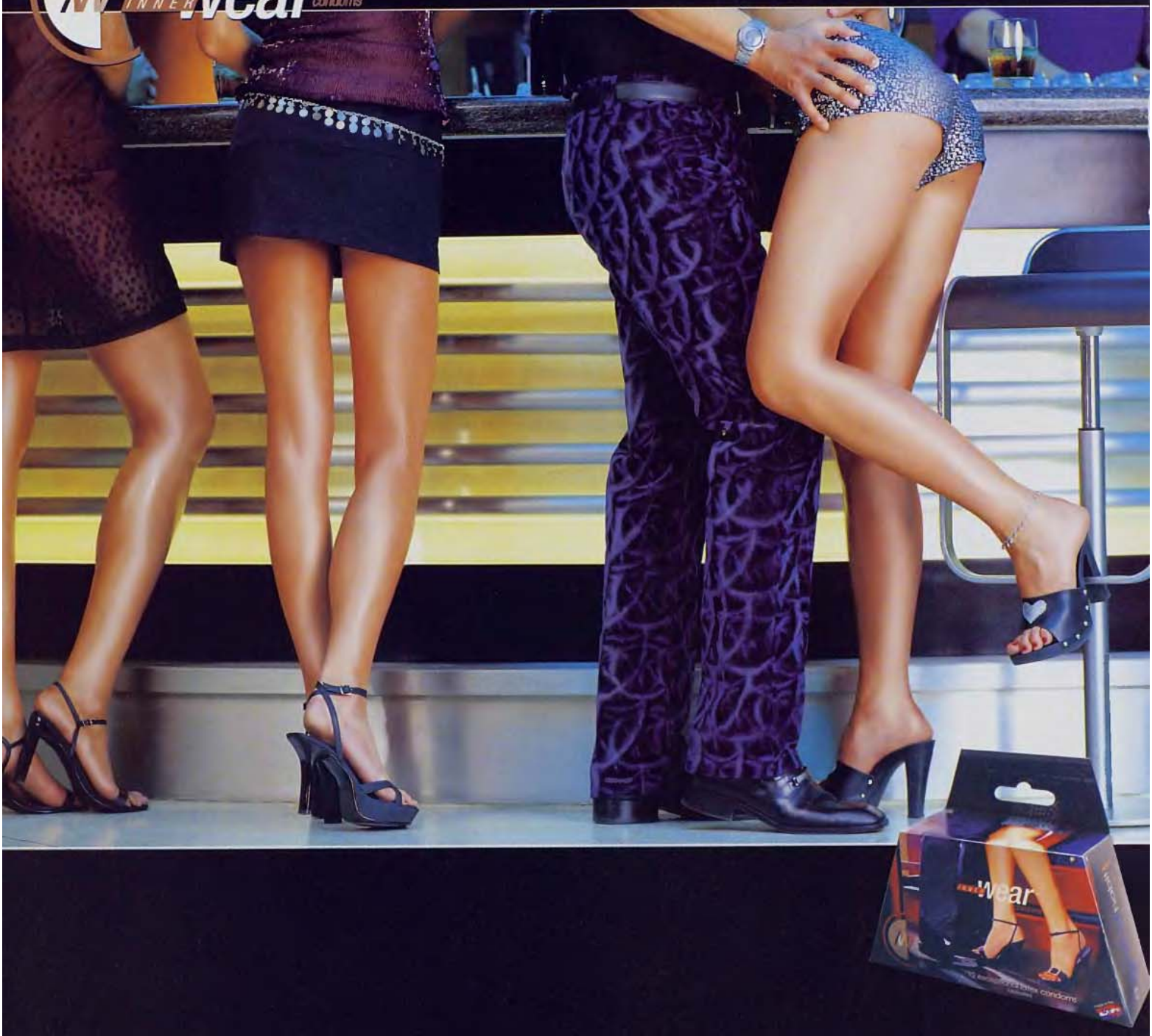

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SELLING SEX?

the religious right rediscovers the obvious

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Alert! The American Family Association is "livid about lingerie." According to a recent news story, it has launched two new websites, OneMillionMoms.com and OneMillionDads.com (in no way related to the marchers of the same name, nor it seems, to a couple of million actual humans), and declared war on Madison Avenue.

The Reverend Donald Wildmon, who as head of the AFA has made a career of heavy breathing, warns his flock: "So you thought TV filth was just limited to the programs. Well, if you haven't noticed, the advertisers have decided to sell sex, not quality." Among his examples:

"A Reebok commercial features a tableful of women in a reverse-Hooters-type restaurant. The well-built waiter wears a tight shirt and short shorts. The women begin dropping their spoons, forcing him to bend over so they can leer at his rear end.

"A commercial for Thomasville furniture features a man and a woman. The woman begins to remove her clothing, leading the viewer to assume that the couple is about to engage in sexual activity.

"A Levi's commercial starts with the full-screen view of a woman's midriff—just above her bare belly button down to midthigh. The viewer sees a bare stomach and a pair of low-riding jeans. Then two female hands appear and unbutton, unzip and pull down the pants. The woman is wearing a pair of skimpy silk underwear. This scene repeats itself with other female models turning around to reveal their rear ends, jumping up and down, laughing and frolicking for the camera."

Wildmon made his name scolding the networks for risqué programming (he once counted the number of jiggles in an episode of *Charlie's Angels*). Then he went after companies that sponsored shows such as *The Golden Girls* and *NYPD Blue* or that advertised their products in magazines such as PLAYBOY.

He blasted ABC for its broadcast of *Saving Private Ryan* ("using the F-word 21 times" during the family hour). He asked supporters to send cut-and-paste e-mails to the sponsors of *Boston Public* (because of its frequent sexual themes). He applauds advertisers who appear to cave in to moral pressure—Kellogg's, Southwest Airlines, Merrill Lynch, Wendy's, Qwest, Papa John's, Hallmark, Marriott, Warner Lambert, Home Depot, Kmart, Campbell's—and condemns those who do not. A few don't take kindly to his tactics. Volkswagen, for one, told Wildmon to take a hike: "We hope people will use their best judgment when viewing entertainment. If they find a program's content offensive, they have a choice of not viewing any further." Way to go, VW.

Wildmon's latest target is a spot for Dannon yogurt. A French maid spoon-feeds a middle-aged man while purring, "Mmm. Sweet and creamy. Very creamy. Yes?"

Next you hear : "My parents are so weird." Cut to two teens, then to the maid and client, immediately transformed into Mom and Dad. "You're home early," she says, disappointed.

The ad assumes a shared knowledge of things sexual. Is Wildmon the only man in America who hasn't fantasized about an afternoon of delight with a French maid? Probably.

Madison Avenue is doing exactly what it has always done. It practices its own form of commentary on sexual politics, one that is often politically incorrect but essentially affirming. We recall a billboard that featured a well-dressed woman staring down at a group of onlookers. The ad's tag line: Think my clothes off. With its challenge to exercise the male gaze, the ad was pure attitude. Is there anyone who did not get the meaning of the ad that began: "Uh, you know that special video we made the other night? I think we just returned it"?

Half the planet saw the Super Bowl commercial for a soft drink that featured Britney Spears' midriff and Bob Dole, Viagra pitchman, telling man's best friend, "Easy, boy." It's good to know that someone still has a sense of humor about sex.

The irony of all this is that the sex in programming and the sex in ads may cancel each other out. A study published in the *Journal of Applied Psychology* found that watching shows with strong sexual innuendo, characters in revealing outfits or sex scenes makes it harder for people to remember the ads. Unless you're the Reverend Wildmon.

YOU BE THE JUDGE II

☑ free speech or not free speech? ☐

The First Amendment reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." It looks simple, but many Americans still struggle with what it means. We last conducted this exercise in August 1999. The rules are the same. Consider each of the following cases and cast your vote: free speech or not free speech. Once you vote, we'll tell you what those in power decided.

GO, TEAM

The NFL's Minnesota Vikings invited students from the New Prague Intermediate School to a pizza party sponsored by the team. Rocky Sonkowsky, nine, wasn't a Vikings fan. He liked the Green Bay Packers and planned to wear his Packers jersey to the party at Vikings headquarters.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. After officials at his school refused to allow the fourth grader to attend the party, the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union sued on Rocky's behalf. Administrators claimed they had not barred Rocky because of his jersey but as punishment for disruptive behavior in the past. (His father claims this behavior included Rocky's refusal to cover his jersey for a photo in which students had been told to wear Vikings colors, and coloring a football player green and gold instead of the required purple and gold in an assignment.) A federal judge ruled that there is no constitutional right for a nine-year-old to wear a Packers jersey to school because the anti–Green Bay policy doesn't affect the quality of his education.*

PICKING A FIGHT

A month after September 11, William Harvey stood near the World Trade Center ruins wearing military fatigues and carrying a sign with Osama bin Laden's face superimposed over a photo of the towers. He passed out leaflets and allegedly told about 60 onlookers, "America is getting paid back for what it's doing to Islamic countries." (Members of the crowd responded by threatening Harvey's life.)

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to a Manhattan judge. Police arrested Harvey for disorderly conduct. His lawyer argued that a person can't be punished for expressing ideas simply because others don't want to hear them. The New York Civil Liberties Union suggested that rather than arrest Harvey, the police should have protected him. The judge refused to dismiss the charge, ruling that Harvey knew his words would cause "public inconvenience, annoyance or alarm." (The district attorney later dropped the charge.) Two weeks earlier another Manhattan judge heard a case in which five men had been arrested near Times Square for allegedly yelling: "It's good that the World Trade Center was bombed. More cops and firemen should have died! More bombs should have been dropped and more people should have been killed!" The judge said the rant was not protected speech because it was "plainly intended to incite" passersby. The DA dropped the most serious of the charges.*

By CHIP ROWE

TATTOO YOU

Ronald White, who lives in South Carolina, has created tattoos on thousands of people. He specializes in dark imagery, science fiction and folk art. White considers tattooing, which has been practiced for at least 5000 years, to be the equivalent of "painting on living canvas."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. South Carolina is one of two states (the other is Oklahoma) that bans anyone but a physician from giving tattoos, and then only during reconstructive or cosmetic surgery. Police arrested White after a TV station aired footage of him inking a tattoo. A judge sentenced the artist to five years' probation and fined him $500. White then appealed to the state supreme court, which ruled against him. It stated that free speech applies only to "nonhuman" canvases and that tattooing "is not sufficiently communicative."*

CHILD SEX

Harris Mirkin, a professor of political science at the University of Missouri, wrote an article called "The Pattern of Sexual Politics: Feminism, Homosexuality and Pedophilia" for the *Journal of Homosexuality*. He argued that society's reflexive horror over adult-child sex is similar to early public response to female sexuality and homosexuality. He called for less hysteria over the issue. "In sexual politics, definitions are characteristically vague, so that statistics from the mildest activities can be

blended with images from the most atrocious," he wrote. "Though Americans consider intergenerational sex to be evil, it has been permissible or obligatory in many cultures and periods of history." He later explained: "There are different degrees of nonconsent, different degrees of a kid going along." He said he resented that many teachers are now afraid to hug students for fear of being accused, or the notion that a teen boy would necessarily suffer if he were seduced by an adult woman.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Free speech, according to the university. Although outraged state legislators voted to withdraw $100,000 in funding, the school defended Mirkin's right to express unorthodox views. "We got out of the Dark Ages when we said we could challenge belief," its chancellor said. The lawmaker who led the charge to punish the school responded that Mirkin "doesn't have a right to espouse his illegal views on the taxpayer dime."*

GANG ADVICE

Jerry McCoy dated a woman whose teenage son belonged to a gang called the Bratz. During a barbecue at his girlfriend's house, McCoy suggested ways in which the Bratz could better organize their group. He also recommended tagging the neighborhood with graffiti and toning down the Bratz initiation to make it easier to recruit female members.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Free speech. When prosecutors charged several Bratz members with felonies, they also indicted McCoy for "promoting, furthering or assisting criminal conduct by a gang." He was convicted, and a judge sentenced him to 15 years. On appeal, McCoy's lawyers argued that it's not against the law to express your opinion about how an organization—even an illegal one—should be run. A federal appeals court reversed the conviction, which it said "strays dangerously close to guilt by association." It also cited a lower court ruling that had noted, "While it may have been incredibly stupid for McCoy to have offered his opinions to a group of teenage gangster wannabes, the Constitution protects even stupid speech."*

ABORTION CAM

When a van pulled into the parking lot of a Planned Parenthood clinic in Denver, Kenneth Scott began snapping photos. "You'll have nightmares about this day for the rest of your life!" he screamed at the woman who stepped out. Then he photographed her companion, saying, "Your sin won't be hidden or forgotten!" Scott e-mailed the photos to Neal Horsley, who posted them on a website he runs at Abortion cams.com. In some cases Horsley also posts photos of license plate numbers. He hopes to add names and addresses.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Free speech, for now. Horsley says he's a journalist documenting an important social issue and notes the photos are taken from public sidewalks (often with zoom lenses). He also runs the Nuremberg Files, a site that lists the names, addresses and other personal details of physicians who perform abortions. In May a federal appeals court ruled that the Nuremberg Files and other activities designed to intimidate doctors are not protected speech.*

"America is getting paid back for what it's doing to Islamic countries," the man said. The crowd responded by threatening to kill him.

LIVE SEX

For $100 or more, performers at Angels, a strip club in Roseburg, Oregon, offered private dances to customers. During one show, a stripper masturbated, inserted her fingers into her vagina and anus and penetrated herself with a dildo. In another, two women sat on customers' laps and rubbed their bare breasts against the men's chests. One woman inserted a dildo into her vagina while the other manipulated it. The two women also performed cunnilingus on each other.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. Undercover cops arrested the women and the club's owner, who was convicted of promoting unlawful sexual conduct. A state appeals court upheld his conviction. It wrote, "The historical record establishes that the framers of the Oregon Constitution (adopted in 1859) did not understand free expression to provide protection against regulation of public sexual intercourse and masturbation."*

GOD BLESS

Twelve-year-old Marissa de la Rosa created artwork for the yearbook of the Ridgewood Elementary School in Rock Island, Illinois. Mindful of the September 11 attacks, she included the words "God Bless America."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. Because it is a public school, Ridgewood officials felt the slogan violated the First Amendment's restriction on government endorsement of religion. They told the yearbook staff to use a different design or substitute the words "Proud to Be an American." Marissa and her parents sued, arguing that God Bless America is a neutral sentiment such as One Nation Under God or In God We Trust. A federal judge ruled against them. In a similar case, a federal court in San Francisco sided with an atheist parent who argued that the reference to God in the Pledge of Allegiance is unconstitutional. The original pledge did not contain "under God"; Congress added it in 1954.*

RAP LYRICS

Blake Jones and Allison Arnold attended Fayetteville High School in Arkansas. Jones, 15, already had a criminal record, and Arnold says she tried to witness to him about her Christian faith. In turn, he wrote raps, some of them violent, that he shared with her. One day during class, he passed her several notes, which she ignored. Angry, he composed a rap and showed it to her. It read, in part: "You gonna keep being a bitch, and I'm gonna click./You better run, bitch, cuz I can't control what I do./I'll murder you before you can think twice, cut you up and use you for decoration to look nice./I've had it up to here, bitch, there's gonna be a 187 on your whole family, trick./Then you'll be just like me, with no home, no friends, no

money./You'll be six feet under, beside your sister, father and mother."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. Jones claims he told Arnold, "Don't take this serious." She took the lyrics to the principal, who called police. Jones apologized to Arnold, then explained in a written statement: "I got mad and wrote a letter to express myself. It was pretty gruesome." The state supreme court upheld his conviction for making a terroristic threat.*

KITTY PORN

Jonathan Biderman, who runs a website called the Stile Project, posted a video he said had been taped from Korean television. It showed a kitten being killed, decapitated, skinned, cut into pieces and cooked in a wok. Biderman told visitors: "To us it seems like the ultimate taboo. How could those godless Asians do such a thing to such a beautiful creature? Well, I'm sure Indians wonder the same thing about us, but you don't see North Americans shedding a tear every time a cow is slaughtered. When's the last time you cried over a Big Mac? I don't condone animal abuse, but for us to say it's wrong would just make us all hypocrites, since most of us eat meat."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, which asked the Justice Department to prosecute Biderman under a law that makes it a felony to distribute depictions of animal cruelty for commercial gain. The feds declined, and the site still archives the video.*

RISQUE DRIVING

Mary Lewis is a grandmother who still turns heads in Stony Hill, Missouri. That's because her vanity license plates read ARYAN-1. "I've been racially proud all my life," says Lewis. She says having ARYAN on her plates is no different from having CROATIAN or JEWISH.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Free speech, according to a federal court. Three years after the DMV gave Lewis the plates, it recalled them. Lewis went to court and won them back. In response, the state banned plates that could be considered "inflammatory or contrary to public policy." Citing the law, the DMV again recalled Lewis' plates. But the federal court ruled that the statute gave DMV officials too much discretion and that the potential reactions of other drivers wasn't enough to stifle Lewis' right to look like an asshole. Lewis says any plate should be OK "so long as it isn't a four-letter word or KILL."*

ANARCHY CLUB

Katie Sierra, a sophomore at Sissonville High School in Charleston, West Virginia, decided a few weeks after the September 11 attacks to form an anarchy club. She distributed fliers that explained her nonviolent brand of anarchy, which "preaches love to all humans, not just one's country." She also made a T-shirt with handwritten slogans such as "When I saw the dead and dying Afghani children on TV, I felt a newly recovered sense of national security. God bless America" and "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States, and the Republicans whom I can't stand, one nation under smog, indespicable, with liberty and justice for some, not all."

Does the First Amendment protect a stripper who masturbates, inserts her fingers into her anus and penetrates herself with a dildo?

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. The principal suspended Sierra for three days for bringing the fliers to school. When she returned from the suspension wearing her shirt, he suspended her again. Later, members of the school board lectured the teenager. "This school system will not support a club that promotes overthrowing the government," one said. Added another, "You must not have enough to do." Most students did not support Sierra. One told her, "If you don't love this country, then fucking leave." Others elbowed or shoved her. The principal claimed some students needed counseling after seeing the shirt, and board members said these reactions showed that Sierra's views were disruptive. The state supreme court refused to hear her appeal. Concerned for her safety, she began home schooling.*

VIOLENT GAMES

Rockstar produces video games for adults, including the hit Grand Theft Auto III. The object is to steal cars without being shot dead by police, soldiers or the FBI. You are supplied with about a dozen weapons to defend yourself. Rockstar notes that "melee combat is openly encouraged. You can punch and kick law enforcement and anyone else who happens to stand in your way. Ammu-nation is a shop where you can buy weapons. Money is needed for these purchases. Just punch someone and grab their wallet." You also can pick up a prostitute, have sex with her and when you're done, kill her.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to a federal judge. Two years ago the St. Louis County Council made it illegal for anyone to "sell, rent, make available or permit the free play of violent video games to minors without a parent or guardian's consent." An industry group challenged the law, citing the First Amendment. The judge reviewed four video games but said he found "no conveyance of ideas, expression or anything else that could possibly amount to speech."*

CONVERTING GAYS

Religious right groups bought television and newspaper ads that claimed gay people could become straight through prayer and love. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors wrote to the groups, arguing that there is a connection between the message of the ads and discrimination and violence against homosexuals. The board passed a resolution urging local media not to run the ads.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Free speech. Three religious groups sued, alleging the board had violated the First Amendment by officially condemning their beliefs and hampering the groups' ability to speak out against homosexuality. The city's attorney countered that "cities*

have a right to express their views about human rights just like anyone else." A federal court ruled for the city.

PRISONER MAIL

While serving time in Montana State Prison, Pat Tracy was accused of assaulting a guard. Fellow inmate Kevin Murphy, who worked in the prison law library, spoke with many prisoners who complained about the guard. Murphy wrote Tracy a letter that read: "I want to help you with your case. It wasn't your fault, and I know he provoked whatever happened. Don't plead guilty until we can get at least 100 witnesses to testify that he's an overzealous guard who has a personal agenda to punish and harass inmates. He has made homosexual advances toward certain inmates, and that can be brought into the record. Tell your lawyer to get ahold of me on this. Don't take a plea bargain unless it's for no more time."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. Prison officials punished Murphy for insolence and interference with due process hearings. He sued, but the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that officials have a right to censor correspondence between inmates even if it contains legal advice. "In the First Amendment context, some rights are simply inconsistent with the status of a prisoner," it said.*

GRADUATION PRAYER

In Providence, Rhode Island local clergy were routinely invited by the school board to offer nonsectarian prayers at graduation ceremonies. At the ceremony for graduates of Nathan Bishop Middle School, a rabbi presented an invocation in which he thanked the "God of the free and hope of the brave." He gave thanks for the U.S. political process, its court system and for "the destiny of America." In his benediction, he thanked God for the "capacity to learn" and asked that he bless the teachers and administrators.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech. After a parent sued, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that official prayers at public school functions violate the First Amendment restriction on state sponsorship of religion. Many schools responded by dropping prayers from their graduation ceremonies. In Duval County, Florida the board allows seniors to elect a classmate to speak for two minutes with no restrictions. Many students campaign for the spot promising to recite a prayer. A federal court upheld the policy.*

DVD TECH

A 15-year-old in Norway wrote and shared computer code that allows users of the Linux operating system to play and duplicate copy-protected DVDs. He called his program DeCSS. A Long Island–based magazine, *2600: The Hacker Quarterly*, posted DeCSS on its website. When a movie industry group sued *2600*, citing a violation of trade secrets and the Digital Millennium Copyright Act (which bans software designed to break encryption schemes), a

BORIS ZHEROIN

federal judge ordered the magazine to remove the program. The editors complied but added clickable hyperlinks to overseas sites that offered DeCSS.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech in some cases, free speech in others. The judge ordered 2600 to remove its DeCSS hyperlinks. But because his ruling applied to "active" links, 2600 had only to make them inactive. Practically, this means visitors can still access 2600's site to find DeCSS but now must cut-and-paste the web address into their browser. A few months after the ruling, a federal court reversed an order that prohibited a San Francisco man from posting DeCSS on his personal website. His lawyers argued that while the movie industry says the issue at hand is not free speech but piracy, "it has never offered any evidence that the defendant stole, illegally copied or sold anything."*

HITLER SIGN

Frederick and Jean MacFadden, who live near Baltimore, occasionally take in stray dogs. When neighbors complained to the city, Frederick erected a novel response. The former Coppin State College professor put a four-by-three-foot sign in his yard. It showed a dozen German schoolboys saluting Hitler and had captions such as "Tell a lie often enough and it becomes the truth" and "For whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Too much free speech, according to the city. Officials ticketed the MacFaddens for violating a city ordinance that regulates the size of signs. The MacFaddens sued, saying their religious and political freedoms of expression had been sacrificed. A judge ruled against them. In a similar case in Stillwater, New York, a body shop owner hung a sign that read, "Foreigners Go Home." It drew complaints, but city officials said it didn't violate any laws.*

DON'T CALL US

The Indiana state legislature passed a law requiring the attorney general to compile and maintain a list of residents who do not want to be contacted by telemarketers. The law mandates that marketers check the list, which includes about 40 percent of the phone numbers in the state, before dialing. Violators can be fined up to $25,000. The law exempts real estate and insurance agents, newspapers using their own employees and charities using their own employees or volunteers.

FREE SPEECH ☐
NOT FREE SPEECH ☐

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to four nonprofits. The National Coalition of Prayer, the Kentucky–Indiana Chapter of the Paralyzed Veterans of America, the Indiana Troopers Association and the Indiana Association of State Police sued to overturn the law, saying it violates their First Amendment right to phone whomever they want. Said Indiana's attorney general: "I don't think the Constitution would require that people be interrupted with the annoying ring of a telephone." In a similar case, the U.S. Supreme Court overturned a law in Stratton, Ohio that required anyone who wanted to go door-to-door (Jehovah's Witnesses, political candidates, Girl Scouts, etc.) to get a permit.*

READER

FALSE JUSTICE

Chip Rowe ends his "False Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) by stating: "Our system of justice is the best in the world. We're justifiably proud." What are we so proud of? Are we proud to be in the company of China and Iraq in sentencing people to death? Are we proud to have sheriffs and judges who are more interested in being reelected than in justice? Are we proud that our trials have become sporting events? If PLAYBOY is proud of our system, your next article should explain how it's better than the Canadian, Australian, South African, Swedish or German systems, to name a few.

Alexander Meyer
Deposit, New York

The U.S. system has its flaws, but we can't think of anywhere else we'd rather be railroaded.

My best friend is currently sitting on death row in Arizona because of circumstances almost identical to those described in Rowe's article. At every level, justice ends with the first person to run out of money. Those without it end up with public defenders, and judges are never eager to appoint anyone who might be described as "overzealous."

Rowe asks what happens when our pride in the U.S. system turns to arrogance. My friend calls it entrenched arrogance. The crisis will continue until we demand that those in power are held accountable. Crimes against citizens by public officials should carry twice the sentence. If a cop plants evidence that results in a 10-year sentence for an innocent man, he should get 20.

Frank Petranech
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

As you reported, false confessions are a crucial factor behind the incarceration of many innocent people. Recently I watched a Learning Channel program, *Medical Detectives*, that related a story that is hard to believe. Five years ago someone raped and murdered an 18-year-old newlywed in Norfolk, Virginia. Police arrested her neighbor. After 14 hours of interrogation, he confessed. His DNA didn't match semen found at the scene, so police questioned his roommate, who also confessed. The roommate's DNA didn't match, either. So they questioned a friend of the roommate. He confessed and implicated the others, but his DNA didn't match. Police kept looking; they interviewed a fourth suspect. He confessed and gave the names of three more men.

Now prosecutors had seven suspects, all of them charged with murder, but no matching DNA. Police questioned an eighth man, Omar Ballard. His name had not come up in any of the interrogations. Instead, he had boasted in letters from jail, where he did time for raping a 14-year-old, that he had killed the woman. His DNA matched. He insisted, at least initially, that he had acted alone.

Prosecutors had other ideas. They said that the seven men must have together decided to rape the woman, then recruited Ballard to get her to open her door. As things worked out, prosecutors dropped charges against the last three of the seven when the suspect who implicated them changed his mind and refused to testify. The others remain in prison; three are serving life terms.

A prosecutor asked one defendant during his trial why he had confessed if he was innocent. He replied, "If they had told me I killed JFK, I would have told them I handed Oswald the gun."

Linda Ramsey
Staunton, Virginia

In 1991 the British Court of Appeal released six Irishmen from prison. Sixteen years earlier, the Birmingham Six had been jailed on charges that they had bombed two pubs, killing 21 people. After reviewing the evidence, the court concluded that they had been wrongly convicted.

That same day, a mile away, the British government announced an initiative that led to the creation of the Criminal Cases Review Commission. Its mission would be to examine convictions in which the prisoner who believed he or she had been wronged could present new evidence or arguments. A team of caseworkers—many of them legal professionals—would accept applications from prisoners who had exhausted all appeals. Their work would be overseen by commissioners

FOR THE RECORD

CIRCUS ACT

"If I could sentence these officers to wear red noses for the bozos they are, I would."

—a judge in Cook County, Illinois following his acquittal of five sheriff's deputies on charges that included attempted murder, aggravated discharge of a firearm, official misconduct and obstruction of justice. Two years earlier the officers had been drinking together while off duty. After piling into an SUV, they had a traffic altercation with a suburban couple. The cops began to chase the couple, who also were driving an SUV. During the pursuit, one cop fired at least two shots, one of which shattered a rear window and lodged in the interior roof between the couple's heads. The officers, who phoned 911 to say they were chasing a reckless driver, could be heard laughing and shouting, "Kill 'em, kill 'em!" and "Boom, boom, boom!" They later claimed the couple had fired first, and that they shot back because they feared for their lives (the couple ended the chase by pulling into a police station; no weapon was found). A defense attorney compared the cops to rescuers who ran into the World Trade Center on September 11. "They put their lives on the line," he said. The judge said that there was a reasonable doubt about whether the couple had fired at the officers.

RESPONSE

from the private sector.

The CCRC initially reviewed a backlog of 250 cases. Then new applications started arriving (and still do) at the rate of 800 per year. More than 160 cases have been sent to the Court of Appeal for further review. In the cases it has ruled on, the court has reversed more than two thirds of the convictions.

Activists in many countries see the CCRC as a model for what could be done in their own justice systems. Our website, www.ccrc.gov.uk, explains more about our work.

David Brittin
Criminal Cases Review Commission
Birmingham, UK

SEX TOY PATENTS

I understand that James R. Petersen's "Uncle Sam's Sex Toys" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) was written in humor, but as a design engineer, I found some of his comments grating. It is not the U.S. Patent Office's job to enforce morality or to police sexual deviance. Its engineers judge a design purely on its merits. For example, when judging the unique design of a whip, they focus on details such as the weaving of the leather straps, the materials used in the handle and hundreds of other physical aspects that would bore most of us to tears. They don't have to decide whether it will be used for good or evil. I would hate for anyone to think the Patent Office is full of perverts.

Bryan Nolan
Krum, Texas

We couldn't agree more.

GAY SCOUTS

Your response to the reader who wrote in July to say the Boy Scouts should be allowed to deny membership to homosexuals was, "What if the Scouts decided it didn't want black members? Freedom of choice, right?" ("Gay Scouts," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*). You're confused. Homosexuality is not a race. Aside from race, the Scouts have as much right to choose whom not to admit as you do in deciding not to feature fat, ugly girls in your pictorials. If you don't like a group's practices, find another one that suits your style. Or start your own club, religion or magazine.

Dan Remensen
Glendale, California

Sexuality is as easy to change as race. We don't care whom the Scouts admit to their club; we just don't think hate groups should have tax-exempt status.

Speaking as a black man who advocates racial purity and the separation of the races, I would be overjoyed if the Boy Scouts formed chapters along ethnic lines so my son could join a chapter of black youths. But this won't happen as long as do-gooders like the editors of *Forum* are allowed to dictate how people should live. Not all black people kowtow to your liberal line of bullshit.

Aaron Cluft
Berkeley, California

You live in Berkeley?

CONSENSUAL PAIN

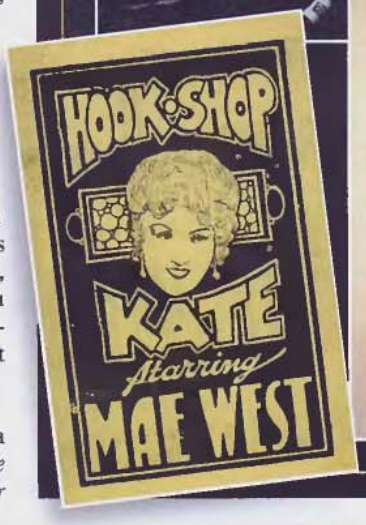
In July you reported on efforts by the Concerned Women for America to pressure a hotel into canceling an S&M convention ("Pain Management," *For the Record, The Playboy Forum*). The CWA's website includes an article called "How Not to Raise a Terrorist" that discusses the importance of applying the rod to your children if you want a "well-governed family." It's a shame these women don't understand the difference between abuse and consent.

Sir Bamm
Austin, Texas

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

FORUM F.Y.I.

The Museum of Sex was scheduled to open in late September in Manhattan. The images here are from its inaugural exhibit, *NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America*, which examines issues ranging from the city's first sex scandal to former mayor Rudy Giuliani's cleanup of Times Square. From left: A 1966 Charles Gatewood photo from his first swingers' party, a Mae West–inspired Tijuana bible called *Hook-Shop Kate*; a pony girl watercolor from the fetish journal *Bizarre* and a dancer at the Harmony Theater. You'll find more information on the web at museumofsex.com or by phoning 212-689-6337.

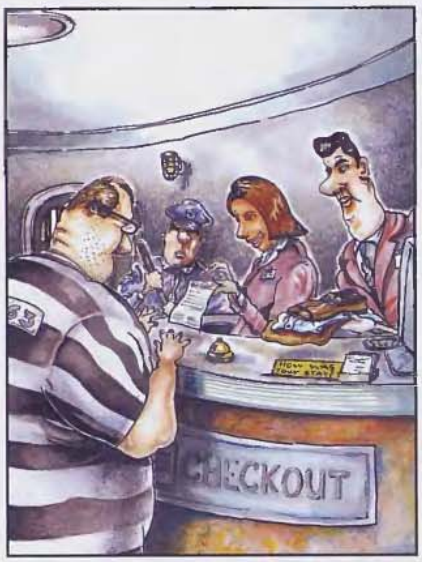


NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HIDDEN CHARGES

CARDIFF, WALES—*Michael O'Brien spent 11 years in prison for a murder he didn't commit. Following his exoneration, the British government offered him compensation of £650,000, or about $1 million, based in part on an estimate of what he would have earned in wages had he not been imprisoned. But when the money arrived, O'Brien discovered that officials had deducted £37,000 (about $60,000)—an estimate of what O'Brien would have spent on food and lodging. "They don't charge guilty people for bed and board," says O'Brien, who has contacted a lawyer.*



EASY MONEY

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA—*Each year the U.S. government distributes $50 million to states that agree to teach abstinence education—that is, sex ed that doesn't include any discussion of contraception. Louisiana's share of the bounty is $1.6 million. To qualify for funding, groups must agree not to mix their just-say-no lessons with religious messages. But an investigation found that one ministry had spent some $73,000 on a radio show that teaches the Gospel, on a religious revival and on a Christmas project that demonstrated how "God desires sexual purity as a way of life." The Catholic Diocese of Lafayette used funds for prayer sessions outside abortion clinics. A "pregnancy crisis center" spent $111,000 teaching abstinence through "spiritual concepts." In the first legal challenge to federally funded abstinence programs, the ACLU has sued the state for not overseeing the grants closely enough. Meanwhile, President Bush has proposed increasing the amount spent annually on abstinence ed.*

COMING AND GOING

LOS ANGELES—*In 1999 a man was found dead in his van, naked from the waist down. He had strangled himself with his necktie, which was attached to a door hinge. His wife said that her husband often cut off his air supply while masturbating (he believed it enhanced his pleasure), so the coroner ruled the death an accident. The widow filed a life insurance claim but the insurer refused to pay, saying its policy didn't cover self-inflicted injuries. A federal court ordered the company to issue the check, ruling that the husband, "having performed the act in the past without injury, had a reasonable expectation that he would be able to do so again." One forensic scientist estimates that as many as 1200 Americans accidentally strangle themselves each year while masturbating.*

CRUDE TV

STORRS, CONNECTICUT—*Two students at the University of Connecticut host a late-night show called I Did Your Mother on a campus-only network. The weekly broadcast insults women, disabled people and gays, whom the hosts refer to as "pillow biters" and "soap tossers." In one skit, the students insisted they love women and don't intend to demean them. A woman then crawled from under the desk wiping her mouth, and a host slapped her ass. At least 17 students have filed complaints with the university, saying the program constitutes sexual harassment.*

DOGGIE DNA

SIMI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA—*When an intruder broke into the home of a 60-year-old woman, her Shih Tzu alerted her and she was able to fight off the man. Using the victim's description of her assailant, detectives questioned a neighbor. They also requested a pair of his pants, on which they found dog hair. Scientists who tested the hair's DNA said the odds are about 1 in 230 million that it hadn't come from the Shih Tzu. The neighbor was convicted and sentenced to six years in prison. Nailing criminals with doggie DNA is unusual but not unprecedented. In a 1998 case, prosecutors in Seattle matched blood on the accused killers' clothes to the victims' dog.*

ILLEGAL FANTASY

CLIFTON PARK, NEW YORK—*An honors student at Shenendehowa High posted a long sexual fantasy to an erotica site. A classmate read the story and says she recognized herself in it. Police, who compared the descriptions, schedules and activities of characters with those of the girl and other classmates, reached the same conclusion. Police arrested the teen, and the district attorney charged him with second-degree aggravated harassment. "Obviously there are First Amendment issues," his lawyer said.*

KISS MY GRASS

ALTAMONTE SPRINGS, FLORIDA—*Alan Davis has so much scrap metal and other junk in his yard that Seminole County officials have fined him hundreds of thousands of dollars and attempted to foreclose on his property. In response, Davis fashioned a large sculpture of a figure bending over to moon the neighborhood. A neighbor called 911, and police told Davis to remove the artwork. Davis suggested the officers "have a talk with the Supreme Court of the United States." He also said he had named the sculpture Kiss My Ass, and that the officers could do just that. Police arrested him for disorderly conduct and resisting an officer.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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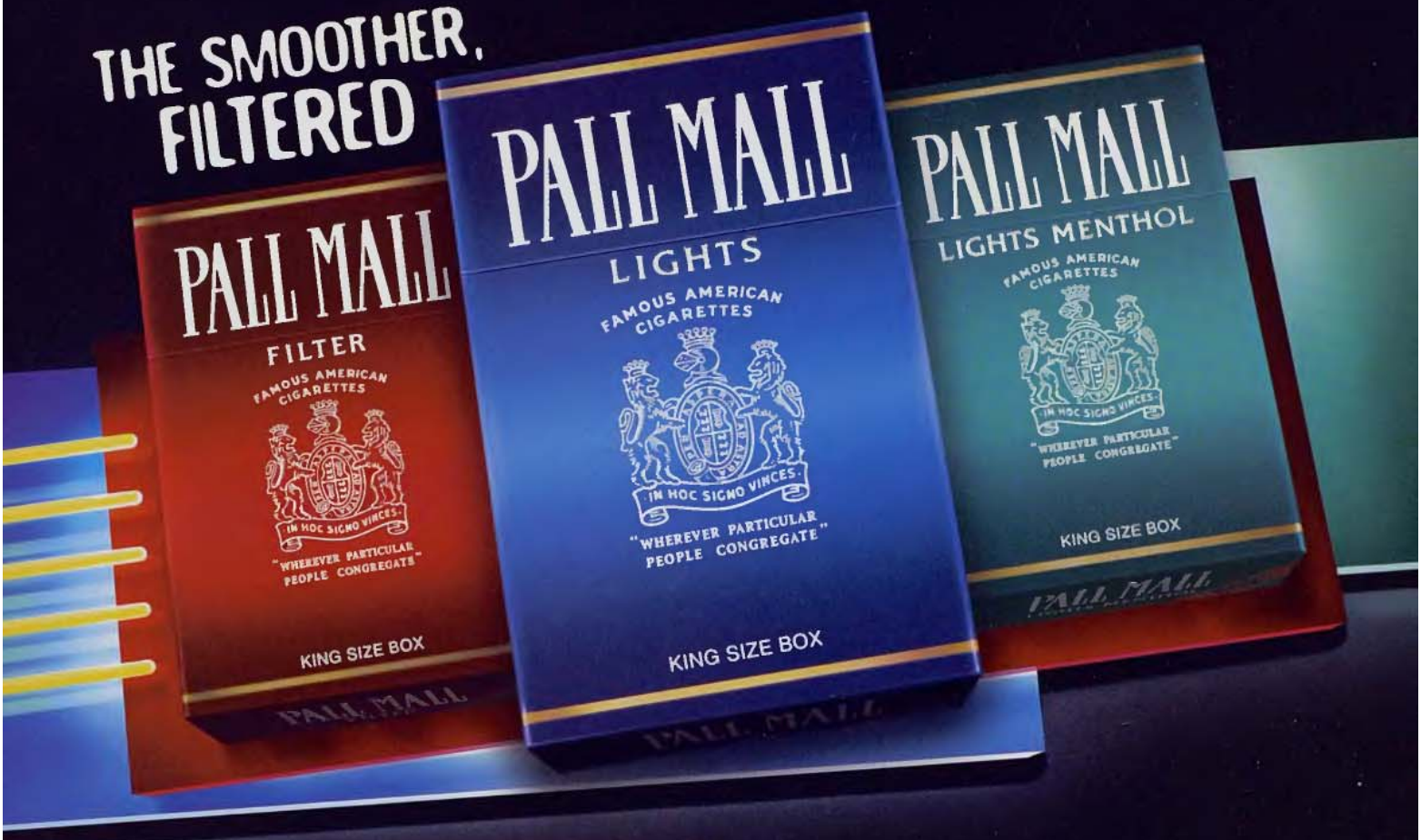
THE SMOOTHER, FILTERED



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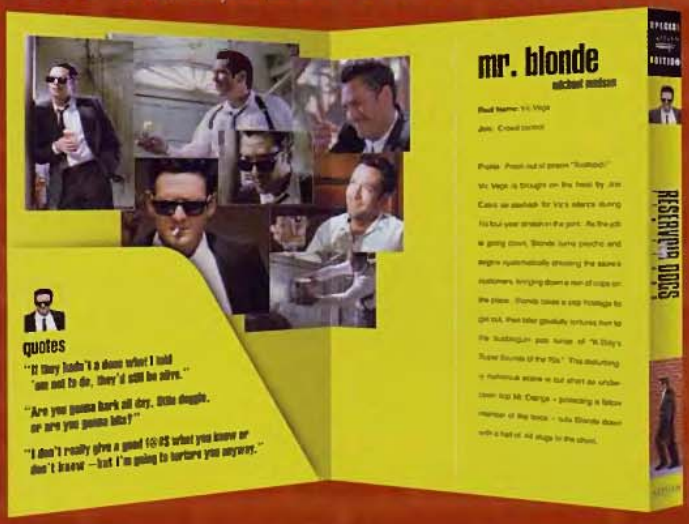

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Extras

- Deleted Scenes (including two never-before-seen alternate angles of the infamous "EAR" scene.)
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- A Tribute to Lawrence Tierney
- Reservoir Dogs... Director Tribute: A focus on the filmmakers who influenced Quentin Tarantino's indie masterpiece.
- The Class of '92: A retrospective look at the indie films * and filmmakers at the '92 Sundance Film Festival where Reservoir Dogs... was introduced.
- Small Dogs: Action Figure development Documentary
- Film Noir Web: The Writers and Directors behind the legacy of this classic genre.
- Select Scene Audio Commentary featuring the Cast, the Crew and the Critics.
- K-BILLY Interactive Radio, push the buttons to listen to some Super Sounds! Featuring surprise guests!
- Reservoir Dogs... Style Guide
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AL MICHAELS

a candid conversation with the brainy half of monday night football about life in the booth, why baseball is boring and—boom!—how he got a new partner

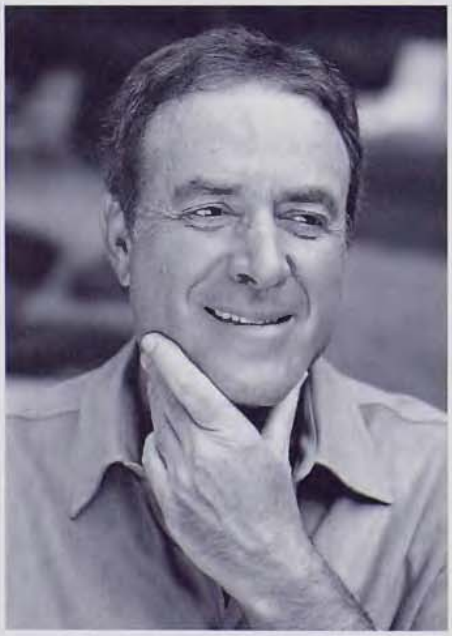
Do you believe in destiny? Two years ago Al Michaels got two new partners in the ABC Monday Night Football booth—Dan Fouts, a fledgling broadcaster, and Dennis Miller, a comedian who had attended only one pro football game. Michaels, the consummate play-by-play man, did his job, but he knew that MNF had hit a new low. And now—boom!—here comes his reward, a weekly date with the great one. This month John Madden joins Michaels every Monday night. They are a match made in football heaven, a duo that could make TV's number one sports show bigger than ever. "John and I are going to click," Michaels says. "We can't wait to get going."

Michael's voice is familiar—crisp, a bit nasal—but not all that distinctive. Not boyish like Bob Costas' voice or indelible like Vin Scully's. Yet Michaels, 57, is gaining acceptance as the best, most versatile sports voice of them all. He won't say it himself—not publicly—but such acceptance means the world to a Brooklyn-born sports nut who was five when he attended his first ball game at Ebbets Field in 1950. While everyone else in the stands watched the game, Michaels couldn't take his eyes off Red Barber in the broadcast booth. Soon the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, breaking Brooklyn hearts. But little Al was happy. By coincidence, his family was also moving to Los Angeles, where he played high school baseball but already knew his destiny: "As much as I liked playing, I never wanted to be a big leaguer. My dream was always to be in a big league booth, calling the game."

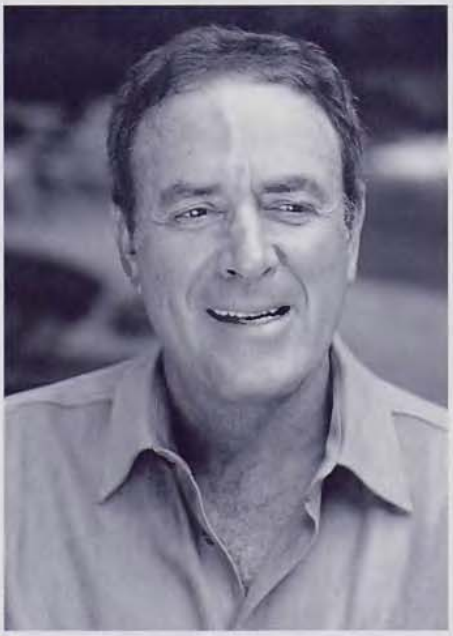
He got his start in Hawaii, calling minor league baseball. Then, in 1971, the Cincinnati Reds called. At the age of 26 he became the radio voice of the Reds on their flagship station, WLW. A year later he covered the World Series for NBC radio and TV. There were bumps along the way, and he remembers them all, every rejection, every criticism. But his discipline, intellect and ambition steamrolled the speed bumps. At every stop, from Hawaii to Cincy to San Francisco to New York, he outworked everyone else, memorizing stats and factoids as if he were cramming for finals. On air he parlayed the homework and a natural glibness into a style that listeners loved. Hearing him call a game was a treat, as easy and as edifying as a class with the best professor you ever had.

At the 1980 Winter Olympics, sports history and sports TV enjoyed a harmonic convergence. The underdog U.S. hockey team, which Michaels knew had no chance to upset the mighty Russians, did just that. With mere seconds to gather his thoughts, he made his most famous call of all: "Do you believe in miracles? Yes!" He would soon be named Sportscaster of the Year by the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association for the first time. Fans still thump his back and repeat that line to him, though he has called far more football and baseball. Michaels has also covered basketball, figure skating, track and field, cycling, golf, horse racing, cliff diving and even celebrity obstacle-course racing.

In 1989 he was on the air when an earthquake stopped the World Series. Michaels, Jim Palmer and Tim McCarver were just starting their telecast from San Francisco's Candlestick Park when they felt the booth slide toward home plate. "I thought we were going down into the lower deck," he says. He kept cool long enough to tell millions of viewers, "We're having an earthquake." Then the power died. When the red light lit up again, he morphed into a news reporter, ABC's correspondent from the disaster zone. He stayed up all night, reporting to Nightline's Ted Koppel, describing blimp shots of the wreckage in San Francisco, where he had lived from 1974 to 1976, when he was the Giants' play-by-play man. Michaels won an Emmy for his work that night—a news Emmy.



"Monday Night Football is basically radio. You hardly ever see us. Comics use facial expressions and mannerisms, but on our show you couldn't see Dennis Miller, and that made it harder for him."



"Some women want to be with a guy they see on TV. I can't believe you'd get in the sack with somebody because he just played against Orlando, but there have always been women like that. And guys, being guys, enjoy them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIM MIZUNO

"Howard Cosell was the kind of man who could never be happy. If he were president, he should be king. If he were king, he should be God. He'd sit there and sip vodka throughout a game and you couldn't tell."

Michaels won Sportscaster of the Year again in 1983, 1986 and 1991. Good luck finding those trophies. They might be at his home in Brentwood, where he lives with Linda, his wife of 36 years—maybe in the closet behind his golf clubs. A former tennis nut, Michaels caught the golf bug from his friend O.J. Simpson.

Michaels is a hell of a character—a thinker who runs at the mouth for a living, a lifelong baseball fan now drawn to football, a FOOJ (Friend of O.J.) who now thinks the Juice might be poison. But for all his dimensions, Michaels has a single ambition: to call the next game perfectly, whether it's the Super Bowl or a Bengals–Colts exhibition.

We sent veteran sportswriter **Kevin Cook,** *who works by day as executive editor of T&L Golf, to join Michaels in the booth—a booth in a Raleigh restaurant. Cook reports:*

"Full disclosure: I grew up in Indianapolis, listening to Michaels and Joe Nuxhall call Cincinnati Reds games on my transistor radio. His voice is part of my boyhood. But I wasn't sure I would like him. Many radio and TV people call Michaels the best in the business, but there are others—like his former Monday Night Football partner Boomer Esiason—who call him a perfectionist and, worse, a prima donna. On my flight to Raleigh, North Carolina, where I was to meet Michaels between games of the Red Wings–Hurricanes Stanley Cup finals, I read Boomer's bitter quotes. He said he was undermined by a devious Al Michaels, then fired by ABC—'Al's Broadcasting Corporation.'

"It was plausible. Almost everyone calls Michaels a fierce personality, a nearly neurotic perfectionist. So I was willing to turn on my tape and let Michaels hang himself. Instead, he made me laugh. We had planned to talk for three hours and wound up talking for two, then continuing over dinner for three more, then meeting for breakfast the next day to talk some more. He loves sports and can go on and on—as I can—about Tommy Helms, Jack Clark, Cesar Geronimo and a thousand other names that have dotted the sports landscape. I can't tell you if he is a pain to work with, but I can say he is good company. He is well paid—$3.4 million a year—and has no trouble selecting the best cabernet from the wine list at the best steakhouse in Raleigh. We touched glasses and started with football."

PLAYBOY: You and John Madden are a lot of fans' Monday night dream team. Is it your dream team?

MICHAELS: I don't see how it misses. We share a passion for this game and this show, and we can't wait. We thought we had Madden signed at the end of the 1992 season, but it didn't happen. We made another play for him in 1997—no again. So I've had time to wonder what it would be like to work with him. I loved my 11 years with Frank Gifford and Dan Dierdorf, and the past two years with Dan Fouts and Dennis Miller have been enjoyably bizarre. With John it'll be different—I'll be the provocateur.

PLAYBOY: You're going to provoke him?

MICHAELS: We all know who John is. He is almost universally regarded as the best colorman ever. But I'd like to hear him talk more about the broader issues in the National Football League, to delve.

PLAYBOY: How?

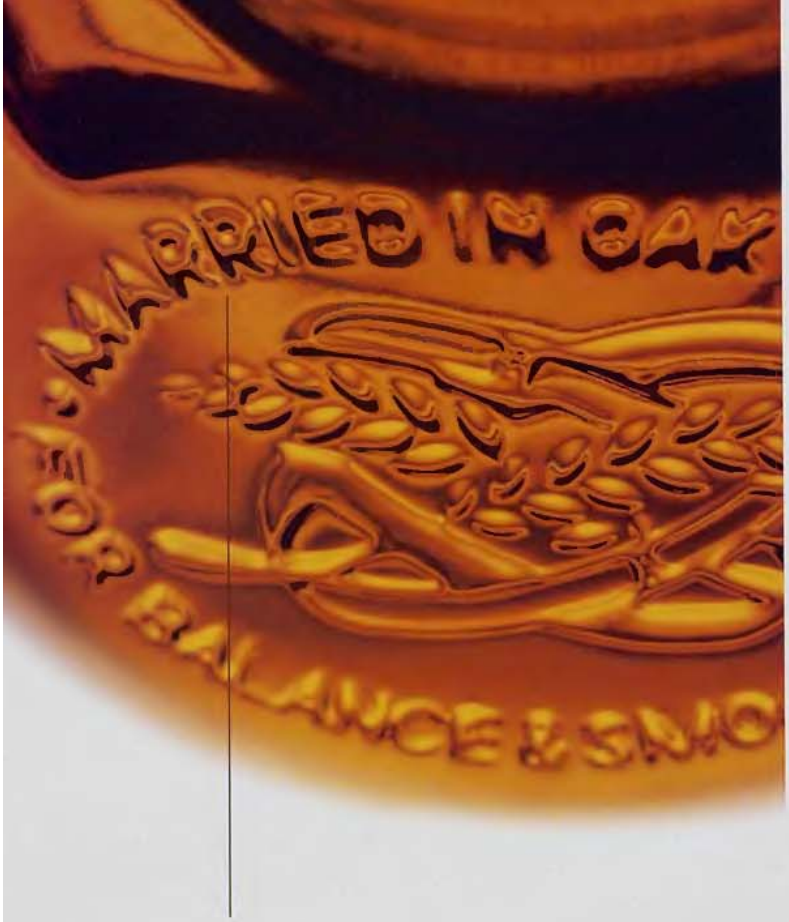
MICHAELS: A few years ago, John was covering the Super Bowl between Green Bay and New England. The big story was, will Bill Parcells come back to coach the Patriots? There were rumors all over the joint. And as I sat at home, listening to John, it became apparent to me that he had inside information: Parcells had told John he was not going to New England. I rise up in my chair and say, "That's the story!" But it wasn't pursued. That's what I'd want to pursue.

PLAYBOY: Have you and Madden practiced together?

MICHAELS: Our producer asked us, "You guys want to do a practice game? We can roll some old tape." We said, "Why? Let it fly."

PLAYBOY: You two are all the rage now, but do announcers really matter?

MICHAELS: Writers love to say, "Who cares who's in the booth? People tune in to watch the game." That's mainly true, but good announcers can keep you watching longer. I don't know



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how many eyes John and I will draw to the game, but I know we can keep them watching longer than if they'd watch another game. That's our job.

PLAYBOY: You and Madden may not practice, but you did run an old tape when you auditioned Rush Limbaugh——

MICHAELS: Politics aside, that guy can connect with an audience. Rush had been talking on his radio show about how Don Ohlmeyer, our producer, should call him in to audition. So Don, whose operative phrase at the time was "outside the box," did. We brought Rush to this little studio in North Hollywood and ran a Tennessee–Buffalo playoff game—the Music City Miracle with that crazy play at the end. Melissa Stark was there, pretending to do sideline reports, and Rush was terrific.

PLAYBOY: Better than Dennis Miller?

MICHAELS: Similar. Dennis was a huge football fan and he retains everything. He'd throw out names you hadn't thought of in 20 years.

PLAYBOY: Old TV stars?

MICHAELS: Football names—third-string running backs from 1975. Dennis never missed a second of the NFL draft. As he put it, one year he's sitting in his undies munching peanuts and watching *Monday Night Football*, and a year later he's in the booth.

PLAYBOY: Give us a line from his audition.

MICHAELS: His was a Packers–49ers game. I happened to mention a Packers lineman by the name of Cletidus Hunt. Dennis says, "That's not a player, that's a raid on a sorority."

PLAYBOY: Could he say that on the air?

MICHAELS: I've wondered about that. Network TV is changing, becoming more like cable. You can't say fuck, but can you get away with Cletidus Hunt as a panty raid? Unfortunately, we never found out—he went on injured reserve.

PLAYBOY: Did you lobby for Dennis Miller?

MICHAELS: I didn't have to. After his audition, we knew we had the guy.

PLAYBOY: What about Rush?

MICHAELS: He already had a job. Rush gets paid a gazillion dollars to do his radio show, and *Monday Night Football* isn't a sideline. There are meetings all week, talks with the players and coaches. You don't just show up on Monday. Rush had an obligation to his radio show.

PLAYBOY: Amid all the fuss over Dennis you got another new partner, Dan Fouts.

MICHAELS: Dan's a mensch. People kept telling me I had a tough job, breaking in a neophyte like Dennis, but I've worked with a hundred analysts over the years. Dan had never even worked in a three-man booth, and he started in a booth with Dennis. But Fouts was tremendous—he'll be around for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Miller won't. Now he'll be sitting in his undies again, watching you and Madden. Why did the Dennis Miller experiment fail?

MICHAELS: Dennis didn't fail. The network had a chance to get Madden, that's all. But I will say one thing about Dennis that nobody noticed, which is that *Monday Night Football* is basically radio. You hardly ever see us, and that's tough for a comedian. Comics use facial expressions and mannerisms, but on our show you couldn't see Dennis, and that made it harder for him.

PLAYBOY: Which is a bigger deal, *Monday Night Football* or the World Series?

MICHAELS: I don't want to diminish anything I've covered, but there is a special buzz about *Monday Night Football*. I've done it for 16 seasons—that's 17 games a year, plus playoff and preseason games, so I'm approaching 300 Monday night games. We'll usually get to the stadium when there's still a little sunlight, then the artificial lighting slowly takes effect. The crowd files in, the music starts and by the time we get to the Hank Williams song I'm like a player: *Let's go!*

PLAYBOY: It's a national holiday.

MICHAELS: I've covered the World Series, the Super Bowl and the Hagler–Hearns fight, which may have been the fight of

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the century. The Olympics, too—I called the Miracle on Ice, which may be the greatest sports event of the 20th century. But I never forget that I'm part of the longest-running sports show in television history. *Monday Night Football*—those three words are still magic.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset when ESPN started playing your Hank Williams music on Sunday nights?

MICHAELS: I was. I used to sign autographs with the words to that song, our song: "Are you ready for some football?" Now Disney comes in, putting ABC and ESPN under the same umbrella, and suddenly it's on Sunday night football. Even the players were startled. They heard our music and said, "What night is it?"

PLAYBOY: An example of corporate synergy in action——

MICHAELS: There is synergy that's helpful and synergy that is garbage, and this wasn't helpful.

PLAYBOY: Is football the real national pastime?

MICHAELS: It is. I love baseball, but I'm not consumed by it anymore. My friends who still love the game love it because they're nostalgic.

PLAYBOY: How did baseball go wrong?

MICHAELS: Times changed. In the radio era you'd listen to baseball and imagine the game. Now everything's on cable, more games than you can keep up with, and there are cameras in the concession stands. There's nothing left to imagine.

PLAYBOY: But football hasn't suffered.

MICHAELS: I was talking to Jimmy Johnson and he summed it up. "On television," Jimmy said, "a four-yard run seems like Armageddon. But if you're in the stadium, a four-yard gain is a four-yard gain." Football is actually better on TV than in person.

PLAYBOY: For a few days in 1980, hockey was the national pastime. At the end of the U.S. hockey team's Olympic win over the Soviet Union, you asked millions of viewers, "Do you believe in miracles?"

MICHAELS: Of course I had no idea that anyone would remember that. Everyone knew the U.S. had no chance. Going in, my partner Ken Dryden and I were hoping it wouldn't be 6–0 Soviets early. But our team has the lead as the clock winds down. The arena goes crazy and the only word in my head is miraculous. Even the production guys are going nuts—all of a sudden they're fans, too, shouting and dancing. But I have to call the game.

PLAYBOY: The word miracle seems to be germinating——

MICHAELS: Hockey happens so fast. The Soviets are skating hard, trying for a last-second shot on Jim Craig. With 10 seconds left the puck slides out toward the blue line, the U.S. clears it and I have four or five seconds to capsulize the game. I came out with "Do you believe in miracles?" and answered the question as the clock ran out. "Yes!"

PLAYBOY: Do people still come up to you and repeat that line?

MICHAELS: All the time. It's synonymous with hockey, synonymous with crazy things in sports. At this year's Stanley Cup finals a fan had a sign: *Hey, Al, do you believe in miracles?* I was surprised after the 1980 Olympics to get a lot of mail—long, handcrafted letters from people saying how much the miracle at Lake Placid meant to them. I thought, Why tell me? Then it dawned on me: They couldn't write the team. An Olympic team disbands in a week. I was the conduit, the link. I had an address: ABC Sports, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York City. To this day I have boxes of those letters. Sometimes I take them out and read a few.

PLAYBOY: In addition to Super Bowls, World Series and the Olympics, you've covered some really big events.

MICHAELS: Yes, like Motorcycles on Ice. This was 1977, on a rink in the Bavarian Alps in front of 15,000 drunken Germans. The crowd has been tailgating for about nine hours, waiting for these bikers with spikes on their tires to come riding in. I had just signed with ABC and was game for anything, so I agreed to ride into a spotlight and say, "Welcome to Inzell, West Germany." Of course I didn't tell anyone I'd never been on a motorcycle. Just before the show they're outfitting me in the leathers of some Russian biker, giving me instructions in broken English: "Thees is clutch." I didn't know a clutch from a Big Mac. So I'm accelerating with my right hand as my left is about to release the clutch, and, thank God, somebody grabbed my arm. Had I released that clutch I could have gone 80 feet up in the air.

PLAYBOY: Quite an entrance.

MICHAELS: So I take off the leathers. Plan A is down the toilet. I'll open the show five minutes late, wearing my yellow ABC blazer. But now there is a German voice on the PA, and I've got bottles flying at me. People are whistling like crazy, throwing bottles. I ask our interpreter, "What the fuck was that?" He says, "The PA announcer said, 'Be patient, please, American television needs time to prepare.'" We got the show done, but that's as close as I've come to getting killed.

PLAYBOY: Not quite. There was also the World Series earthquake.

MICHAELS: Right, the 1989 Series. Tim McCarver and I had just gone on the air from Candlestick Park in San Francisco. The cameras were in back of the booth. We had our backs to the field when all of a sudden there's a horizontal thrust. We go backward. To this day Tim says I grabbed his leg, but he's wrong. He grabbed mine. I could feel Tim's right hand digging in.

PLAYBOY: A former catcher's hand. That must have hurt.

MICHAELS: It still hurts. At that moment I thought we were being thrust out of the

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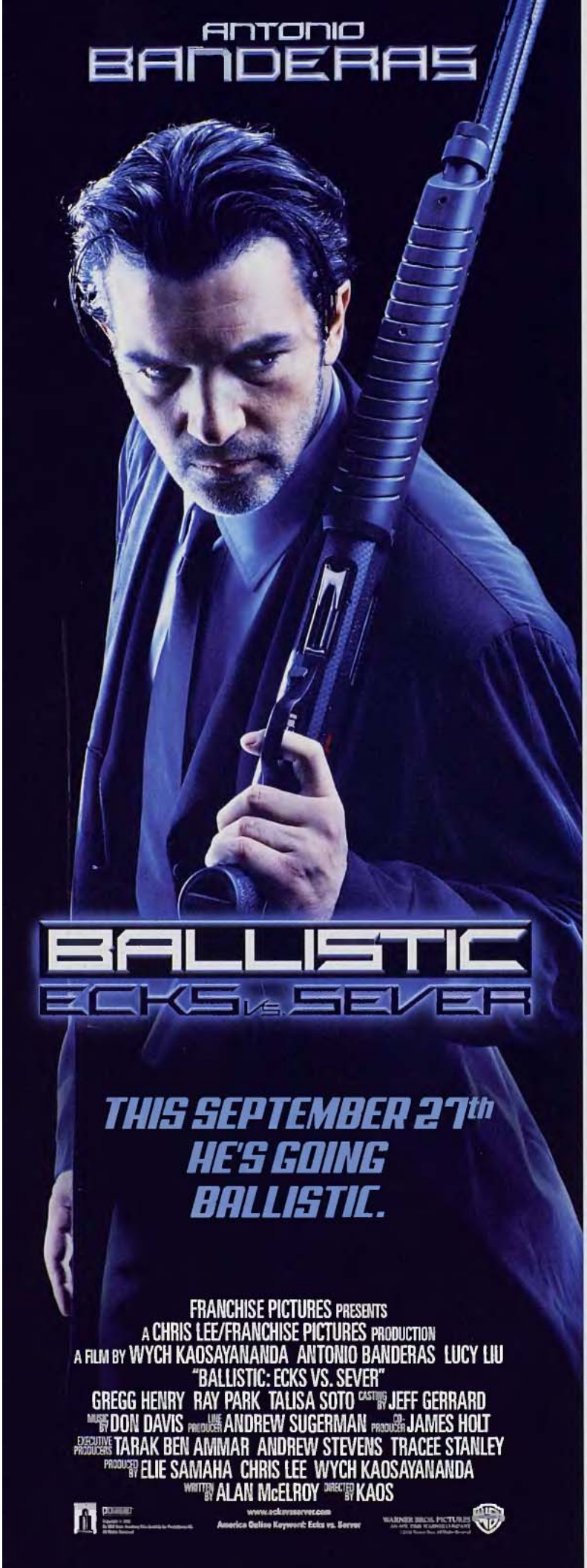
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booth into the lower deck. The lights go out. We're off the air. Then the cameraman says he has power back in his camera. His viewfinder is connected to the production truck, which gets him the feed from the Goodyear blimp. There in the booth, I look into his viewfinder and see a severed section of the Bay Bridge. I said, "Jesus, this one was big."

PLAYBOY: What were the fans doing?

MICHAELS: Chanting "Play ball, play ball." They had zero idea. But now I can see the devastation. They linked me with Ted Koppel on the East Coast and I became a correspondent on the scene, describing the pictures from the blimp.

PLAYBOY: How did you know what you were seeing? You don't spend much time in blimps.

MICHAELS: People say, "Al used to work in San Francisco, so he knew the town," but that doesn't always help with aerial shots. What helped was that I love maps and I'm an aerial photography buff. I have all those books, *Above Los Angeles*, *Above San Francisco*, *Above London*. So it's not just San Francisco. I could have done it in St. Louis. Or Paris.

PLAYBOY: When did you leave the ballpark that night?

MICHAELS: I opened *Good Morning America* and left the park at five A.M. There was no power in the hotel, so I'm walking up 13 flights, wondering how many people had died. For all I knew it was thousands. It turned out to be much lower—no solace, obviously, to those who lost fathers, mothers. There I am in this dark hotel room, the sun just coming up, and I start to think about wives waiting at home for their husbands. Are they under rubble somewhere? Family members dying their own deaths, waiting for phone calls—it hit me all at once and I stood there, weeping, I don't know for how long.

PLAYBOY: People were surprised that you won an Emmy for news reporting, not sports.

MICHAELS: I was surprised that they were surprised. Do they think we're so insular that we know nothing but "Hit behind the runner" and "Blitz on third and seven"?

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to yourself on tape?

MICHAELS: Yes, because I want to avoid bad habits—sometimes I'll use a pet phrase too much. I'll put the sound on low and go off to a corner of the room, just cringing. When it's not perfect I want to disappear. And it's never perfect.

PLAYBOY: The Miracle on Ice wasn't perfect?

MICHAELS: The last few seconds were good. The rest of the game, there were a hundred things I could have done better.

PLAYBOY: What's the closest you've come to a perfect game?

MICHAELS: Red Sox–Angels in the 1986 ALCS was close. Just a fabulous game with a thousand components, and I was in tune with it. Boston trailed by three in the top of the ninth and got four. The Angels tied it and had a chance to win the pennant in the 10th. The police horses are ready. With two out, Jerry Narron, now the Texas manager, is the runner at first with Gary Pettis at the plate. Pettis is a slap hitter, no power. He hits an opposite-field drive to left. Jim Rice goes to the wall and makes the catch. If not for Rice's catch, Narron scores. The Angels win and Dave Henderson never gets to hit his pennant-winning homer in the 11th. That night I'm driving home, replaying the game in my head. I'm happy. Then I say, "Why in hell was Rice playing deep enough to catch a ball Gary Pettis hit to the wall the other way?" And it dawns on me: The night before, Pettis hit one over Rice's head for a double. Son of a bitch! Why didn't I remember that and tell people?

PLAYBOY: John McNamara, the Boston manager, was a step ahead of you.

MICHAELS: Or Rice. Probably Rice was remembering the night before.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about Howard Cosell.

MICHAELS: Howard was a fascinating man. He called me Alfalfa.

PLAYBOY: That's almost as bad as Dennis Miller's calling you Albeeno.

MICHAELS: Howard stole it from Bob Uecker. We got along. I think he wanted to be a mentor for me.

PLAYBOY: Cosell once called you "a smart boy who could go far in my profession."

MICHAELS: Howard was the kind of man who could never be happy. If he were a senator, he'd want to be president. If he were president, he should be king. If he were king, he should be God. We did a lot of baseball together, a hundred or more games, but it fell apart at the end.

PLAYBOY: You've said you were embarrassed to be part of those telecasts.

MICHAELS: Howard could hold his booze like nobody else. He'd sit there and sip vodka throughout a game and you couldn't tell. But toward the end, after he'd left *Monday Night Football*, he was having four or five drinks before we left the hotel and then drinking all through the game. We were in Kansas City for the 1984 American League Championship Series, the game went extra innings and he was making a fool of himself. Jim Palmer and I tried to keep him from sounding like an imbecile, and Howard took offense. After the game he castigated me for not agreeing with his ramblings, and I screamed at him, "I protected your ass. You're drunk and you're full of shit."

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

MICHAELS: He walked away. Now I'm the one who needs a drink. I went back to the dressing room at Royals Stadium. There was a bar there, and a girl who served us after the games. I handed her a cup and said, "Just fill this with vodka." She holds up the vodka bottle and says, "Sorry, Mr. Michaels. Your colleague drank it all."

PLAYBOY: Did Cosell stay mad?

MICHAELS: We flew to Detroit. I'm still so angry I won't talk to Howard. The next day he comes to my hotel room. He's got his cigar going. He sits down and says, "Alfalfa, I want you to know something. It was Palmer who pissed me off."

PLAYBOY: How ratlike.

MICHAELS: I told [ABC Sports chief] Roone Arledge there could be no more drinking in the booth. Roone said, "I promise you." So I worked one more season with Cosell. It was 1985, his last year on the air, and to my knowledge Howard didn't have one drink in the booth.

PLAYBOY: By then you were the guy in the *Monday Night Football* booth.

MICHAELS: My TV contract was expiring. The network was being taken over by cost cutters. On the day I ascended to the play-by-play role on *Monday Night Football* I got a call from Alex Wallau.

PLAYBOY: The ABC bigwig?

MICHAELS: Yes, and my great friend. Alex says, "Congratulations. You got invited to the orgy after the girls went home."

PLAYBOY: The "classic" *MNF* of Cosell, Gifford and Don Meredith was actually not as popular as the Michaels-era show.

MICHAELS: Correct. It wasn't a top 10 show. More like 21 out of 54. Now we're always top 10. When I read about our show's having "the lowest ratings ever for *Monday Night Football*," two words enter my mind: lazy reporting. Are they saying it's better to be 21st out of 54 than seventh out of 140? Who's doing that math? It's a different TV universe—in the supposedly halcyon days you had three networks in a rabbit-ears world. There was no cable, no Internet, no *Sunday Night Football*. Other networks wouldn't program against *Monday Night Football*. Now they'll put *Everybody Loves Raymond* up against us. Fox puts baseball on against us. We're successful as hell.

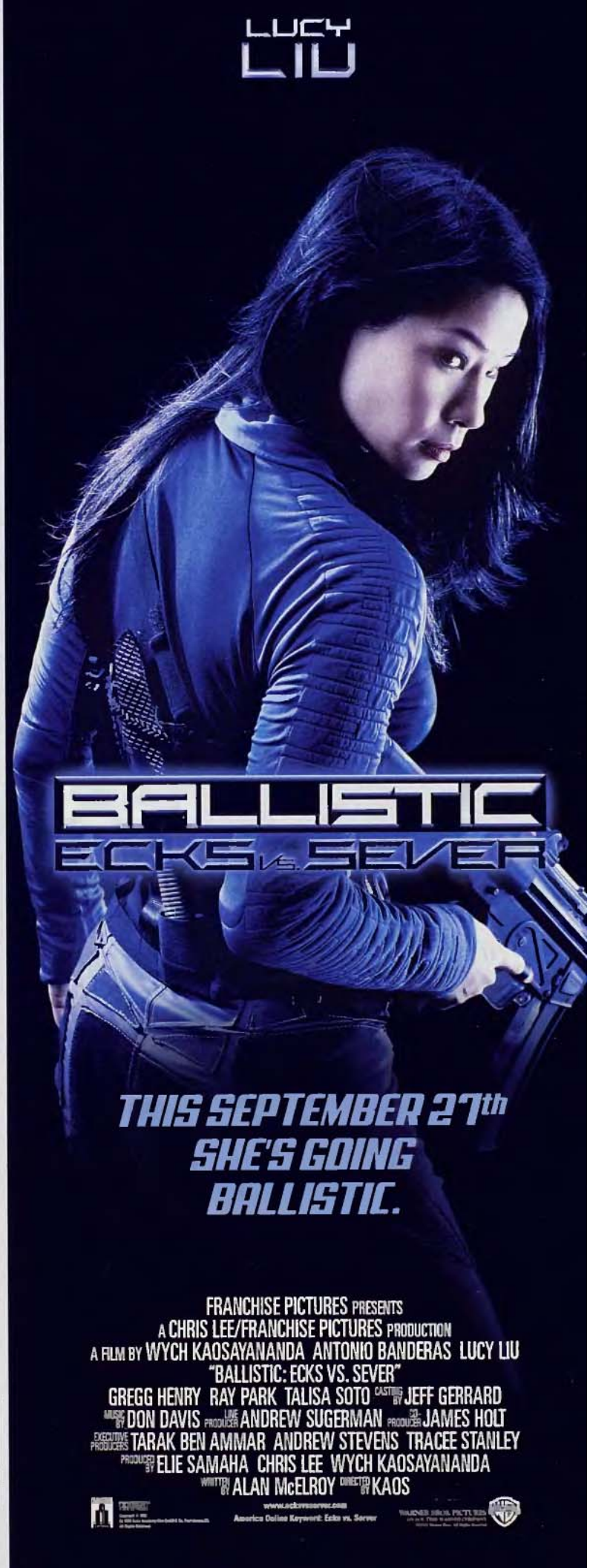
PLAYBOY: Before ABC hired Miller and Fouts two years ago, you said your dream team was you, Shania Twain and Maureen Dowd.

MICHAELS: I was thrilled when Maureen Dowd sent a note saying, "Sounds great to me."

PLAYBOY: Name someone other than Rush who auditioned but didn't get the job.

MICHAELS: Tony Kornheiser. He was terrific, but Don Ohlmeyer wanted a bigger name.

PLAYBOY: Your colleagues speak highly of you, with one exception. When Boomer Esiason got fired three years ago he ripped you. At least he had a good line: He said he had no chance at ABC, "Al's Broadcasting Company."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MICHAELS: It's a good line if it rings of truth, but I don't see any truth. Look at my colleagues since I came to ABC: Frank Broyles in college football; Jackie Stewart, one of the best race-car drivers of all time; Ken Dryden, maybe the most erudite athlete of all, and Patrick Roy, maybe the best goaltender; McCarver and Palmer in baseball; Peggy Fleming in figure skating; in tennis, Arthur Ashe, a close friend; and in football, guys from Gifford to Dierdorf to Dennis Miller. I'm lucky enough that they were all my friends. Some of the best notes I ever received came from those people, notes saying, "Thank you for caring and making me better."

PLAYBOY: Is it disappointing that Esiason went off on you?

MICHAELS: I feel sorry for him.

PLAYBOY: He said you didn't tee him up—ask him questions that would make him look good.

MICHAELS: Maybe that's the problem. There are ways of teeing people up. It varies. I tell my analysts, "I don't need you to say what you'd do on third and seven. Let's go past the rudimentary stuff." Most of them thrive on that. I was mystified by his reluctance to accept helpful advice, which he must have thought was destructive. I guess I could say, "Hey, you were a quarterback and I wasn't. What do you do on third down?" But I asked him to go beyond, and he cast me as the black hat.

PLAYBOY: You've survived German bikers, Howard Cosell, Boomer Esiason and an earthquake. What's the key to your longevity?

MICHAELS: No vegetables. One of my earliest recollections is being offered $50 to eat a plate of asparagus. I was seven and I said no way. I still don't eat vegetables; the sight of them makes me nauseous.

PLAYBOY: You don't eat lettuce?

MICHAELS: Never.

PLAYBOY: Ketchup?

MICHAELS: Ketchup's OK. I'll eat a potato. Potatoes are starch, like bread.

PLAYBOY: How about a V-8?

MICHAELS: I could drink a V-8, but all eight things that go into it—I hate them.

PLAYBOY: What does your doctor say about that?

MICHAELS: He says, "Keep doing what you're doing."

PLAYBOY: Judging from our time with you, your main food groups are steak and steak sauce.

MICHAELS: And I never get sick. I have never missed an assignment for ABC. Never missed a game with the Reds. Baseball, football, basketball, hockey, *Wide World of Sports*—we're talking 2000, 3000 events. It's mind over matter. If I feel a cold coming on I'll take some vitamin C and make my flight.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we should all eat steak and run from asparagus.

MICHAELS: That's right. In 200 years they will say, "Those morons in the 21st century killed themselves by eating all those vegetables."

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your childhood. Wasn't your father a talent agent who represented singers?

MICHAELS: He worked for an agency in New York, and one day a client of his came to our house. It was Pat Boone, white bucks and all, and the neighborhood erupted.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to be a crooner?

MICHAELS: With me it was always sports. We lived in Brooklyn, 10 blocks from Ebbets Field. My dad took me to my first game when I was five. That day I had my first conscious thought: The grass is so green! The Dodgers' uniforms were wedding-cake white. Our seats were near the broadcast booth, and I could see the announcers. What a job they had, talking about the game every day.

PLAYBOY: You must have been crushed when the Brooklyn Dodgers moved to Los Angeles.

MICHAELS: By sheer coincidence, we had moved there the same year. My father was working in sports by then, at MCA, where Lew Wasserman and Sonny Werblin started the sports division. In 1960, when the American Football League was being formed, my dad brokered its first TV contract. One day when I was in the 10th grade, I come home and the AFL television contract is on the kitchen table.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your dad also create *Battle of the Network Stars*?

MICHAELS: He was involved in it.

PLAYBOY: Al Michaels' father invented trash sports?

MICHAELS: He may have facilitated its proliferation. Those early shows were kind of fun—*The Superstars*, with baseball and football players running obstacle courses. But then TV runs it into the ground. It's like *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*. They say, "This works, so let's do 15 of the same thing," and a good concept gets bastardized, regurgitated, crapped up.

PLAYBOY: Was there an immortal call on *Battle of the Network Stars*? What was that show's answer to "Do you believe in miracles?"

MICHAELS: There was a Cosell line. Howard was doing that show, and one event was kayak racing in a swimming pool. Now, Howard's had four or five drinks out there in the hot sun, saying, "Ne-go-tiating a *kay*-ak——"

PLAYBOY: Let the record show that Michaels does a killer Cosell.

MICHAELS: "Ne-go-tiating a *kay*-ak around a *buoy* is the *tough*-est thing in the world."

PLAYBOY: Cosell wasn't the only eccentric you knew. When you were a kid, your parents encouraged you to handicap horse races.

MICHAELS: They'd go to the races at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, New York, so I studied the *Racing Form* and gave them advice. I sold them and their friends

a tout sheet called *Big Al at Westbury*. Charged them $1.50 apiece. One day I picked a horse that paid $73. Now I'm a neighborhood legend. People can't wait for my next tout sheet.

PLAYBOY: The *Racing Form* is a great document.

MICHAELS: Every father should teach his kid to read the *Racing Form* at an early age.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother think of your oddsmaking?

MICHAELS: My mother, Lila, was and is a free spirit. In California you had to be 16 to get into the track, but with fake ID and a parent, I got in.

PLAYBOY: Your mother was OK with a fake ID?

MICHAELS: She'd get me out of school to go to the track with her. The first post was at two o'clock, so she'd come by about one with a note for the teacher: *Alan has to go to the dentist.*

PLAYBOY: And nobody found out?

MICHAELS: A couple of my buddies did. So she wrote notes for them, too.

PLAYBOY: They had to go to the dentist?

MICHAELS: We all had dental appointments. My dad didn't know—I doubt that he would have been happy with her yanking me out of school.

PLAYBOY: Did you graduate on time?

MICHAELS: Yeah, and went to Arizona State, where my journalism professor, Gordon Jones, became my hero. Gordon went on to be the racing writer for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*. One day in class he mentioned horse racing and we got to talking. Before long he and I were going to Turf Paradise, a track in Phoenix. The first race was at one o'clock, so I'd show up for class about 11:15 and Gordon and I would go over daily double bets. If there were something that we liked, he would end class early so we could hit the windows.

PLAYBOY: After Arizona State, you got your first job in TV.

MICHAELS: Office boy on a game show. Sixty hours a week, making $95 a week with Chuck Barris Productions. Chuck was the man behind *The Dating Game* and he was just starting *The Newlywed Game*. I did a little of everything and at one point became the guy who pre-interviewed *Dating Game* contestants. It was a meat market. I'd run a mock game and choose the best girls.

PLAYBOY: A dream job for a single guy.

MICHAELS: But I was married. Linda and I married young; I was 20. She worked for Chuck, too—my wife was assistant prize coordinator on *The Newlywed Game*.

PLAYBOY: So you never lived the single life on the road. Are there groupies for play-by-play men?

MICHAELS: The only groupies are girls who want tickets. And I'm not susceptible. I met Linda in the 10th grade. We became pals, then romantic pals and then we got married. I love my wife more every day. I have two great kids and a career I dreamed about.

PLAYBOY: But back to the groupies—Wilt Chamberlain said he had sex with some 20,000 women. What's your total?

MICHAELS: Postmarriage, zero.

PLAYBOY: How about premarriage?

MICHAELS: Let me think. OK, eight.

PLAYBOY: Eight good ones might be better than hundreds of Wilt's.

MICHAELS: Who said eight good ones? I'd say three real good ones, two average, at least one not so hot.

PLAYBOY: Are pro athletes hornier than other guys?

MICHAELS: I doubt it. Guys working for minimum wage might love to be at strip clubs, too. They have the same sexual desires as NBA guys, but less money. Look at the crowds we had in Raleigh for the Stanley Cup finals. Some of those guys are drinking 15 beers apiece. Are they going to go home, sleep it off and go to church? No, they're going to keep drinking and looking for broads.

PLAYBOY: Pro jocks don't have to go looking.

MICHAELS: Some women want to be with a guy they see on TV. I can't believe you'd get in the sack with somebody because he just played against the Orlando Magic, but there have always been women like that. When I was traveling with the Reds and Giants, they'd be hanging around the hotel. The guys are bigger stars now, but the women are the same. They're either looking to get laid or looking to set up a player for extortion. And guys, being guys, enjoy them.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about getting your first sports job?

MICHAELS: I wrote to every major league team. No go. Finally I got a minor league job: the play-by-play man for the Hawaii Islanders.

PLAYBOY: By that time your father was a partner of superagent Mark McCormack. Wouldn't they make a few calls for you?

MICHAELS: I was intent on making my own way. I'm still proud that the people in Hawaii never knew who my dad was. Cincinnati and San Francisco, my first big league jobs, they never knew about him. By the time I got to ABC in 1976, I was there on merit.

PLAYBOY: Before going to Hawaii you had a detour with the Los Angeles Lakers.

MICHAELS: What a horrible experience. I got a job with California Sports, which owned the Lakers. One day the owner, Jack Kent Cooke, said, "Go to Salt Lake City. You're going to be Chick Hearn's colorman."

PLAYBOY: Hearn's the longtime Lakers announcer. Back then he always worked alone.

MICHAELS: So I show up, this 22-year-old kid, and it's not a warm reception from Chick. I worked the start of the 1967–1968 season, four TV games, and didn't utter a single word. I was also the team's traveling secretary, which means I had everyone's plane ticket. Before the fifth game I'm at the airport with Elgin Baylor's ticket, Jerry West's ticket. Bill Van Breda Kolff, the coach, says, "Give me

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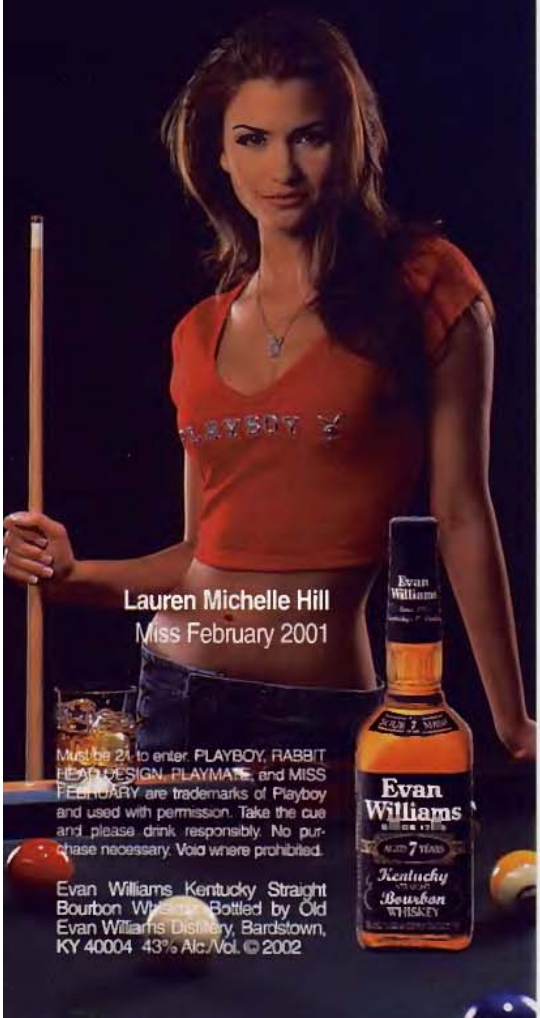

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the tickets. You're not on the flight." That's when I knew I was fired. I was embarrassed as shit.

PLAYBOY: What did Cooke say?

MICHAELS: I had a meeting with the fabled Mr. Cooke. He said it would turn out for the best. I wanted to say, "Go fuck yourself," but I was a kid. And here's an irony: Twenty years later I call my first Super Bowl. It's Denver against Washington, Jack Kent Cooke's team.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever hear from Cooke?

MICHAELS: Yes. He called me Alan, like my mother. "Alan," he says, "I always knew you'd make it." And I'm rolling my eyes. I must say I harbored a lot of animosity. I hated the Lakers for years and loved it when they lost.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever run into Chick Hearn again?

MICHAELS: Chick's a friend now. When I look back, it was all Cooke. I was a sacrificial lamb to get Chick to accept a colorman, who turned out to be Hot Rod Hundley.

PLAYBOY: And later Pat Riley.

MICHAELS: I was always angered that Cooke and the Lakers tried to take a little credit for my career. They could have ended it.

PLAYBOY: You have played yourself in more than a dozen films, including *Baseketball*.

MICHAELS: One of the worst movies in history. But it was made by one of the Zucker brothers, who had done great work. He had a big budget at Universal and signed up a few sportscasters, including Bob Costas and me. I had what's called a "most favored nations" clause, which means similar people get paid the same. I was told that the sportscasters would do two days of work for $10,000. Which made me look at the film's $40 million budget and think, We are getting fucked. Not that $10,000 is a paltry sum, but it wasn't enough. Gifford, Dierdorf and I got less than $10,000 apiece for doing *Jerry Maguire*, which grossed almost $200 million.

PLAYBOY: *Baseketball* was no *Jerry Maguire*.

MICHAELS: Costas and I thought our first scene was funny, but the second scene wasn't and the third was terrible. We're joking, saying, "Holy shit, it's the end of our careers," and Bob says, "At least it's a decent payday." Now time stands still. I look at Bob, he looks at me. Which one will say what he's getting paid? So we flip a coin and I lose, so I have to fess up. "It's only $10,000," I say, "but I got an extra five for travel."

PLAYBOY: Now it's Costas' turn.

MICHAELS: Yeah, and he says, "Fifty thousand." He got 50! Now I have steam coming out of my ears. I threaten to walk off. The producers tell my lawyer they'll pay me $20,000. I say, "Bullshit. I want 75. I want what Bob got plus $25,000 in fuck-you money." So they threaten to fire me from this awful movie, which is just what I want! My lawyer says, "Great. He's out." Twenty-four hours later, they pay $50,000.

PLAYBOY: Back to baseball. In the majors, you started as the radio voice of the Cincinnati Reds.

MICHAELS: Pete Rose was there then. Rose, Johnny Bench and later Joe Morgan. Sparky Anderson was the manager. I got my Ph.D. in baseball from them, mainly Sparky and Pete. Those were great baseball minds. Rose taught me how to absorb and analyze every situation, every pitch.

PLAYBOY: Should Rose be in the Hall of Fame?

MICHAELS: Instead of yes or no I'll say this: Of all the athletes I have covered over 36 years, Pete Rose is my favorite. Whether it's spring training in Florida or the seventh game of the World Series, he knew only one speed: all out. He was the embodiment of baseball. Then all the crap happened.

PLAYBOY: Baseball banned him for betting.

MICHAELS: I know what the famous Dowd Report says. Pete disputes it. Who knows what really happened? But if he would simply say, "I did it," he goes in.

PLAYBOY: He's too proud. And he says the agreement he signed with the commissioner's office says there was no finding that he bet on baseball.

MICHAELS: He is parsing stuff nobody cares about anymore. But the fact is, he has paid an enormous price.

PLAYBOY: You must want him to say, "OK, I bet on baseball. Now let me in the Hall."

MICHAELS: I know there is some consternation among guys who like Pete, former teammates, who want him to step up and get it done.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean your TV colleague Joe Morgan?

MICHAELS: He's one of them.

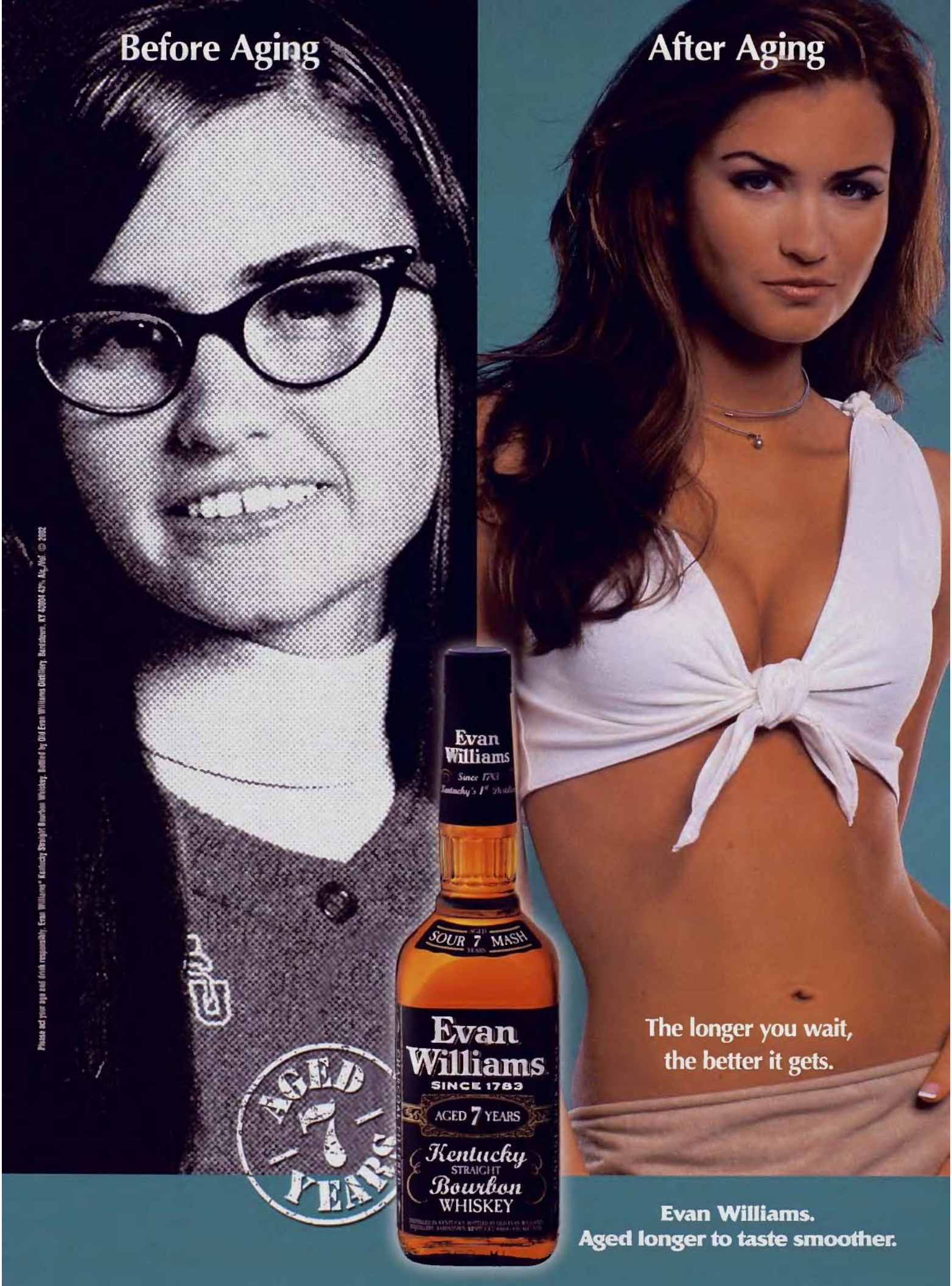
PLAYBOY: Is football gambling out of hand?

MICHAELS: Little kids ask me for an autograph and say, "Are the Niners going to cover?" But if you asked sports leagues, "Should we have mandatory 10-year jail sentences for gamblers?" they would run the other way faster than Michael Johnson. They have to appear to be concerned—and they must make sure the games are on the up-and-up—but they know that if gambling stopped, sports TV ratings would drop 20 to 25 percent.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about M.J. and O.J. You've played golf with Michael Jordan.

MICHAELS: A couple times. Golf can tell you a lot about people—who they are, what risks they'll take. Michael doesn't look at the green, he looks at the pin. It's funny—I have played with John Elway, too, and while John might be a better golfer than Michael, he plays a wholly different game. John is more conservative. He sees the green. Now, why is that? Maybe it's the sports they played. In Michael's sport a bad error, a

(concluded on page 166)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THE HEART-STOPPING TRUTH ABOUT

ORGAN DONATION

OCTOBER 2002 | 10:00

article by Steve Salerno

Donor # 658397

it's said that doctors bury their mistakes. sometimes they dissect them first

They're waiting for you to do something stupid. In fact, they're counting on it.

Maybe you're wrapped a little tighter than the next guy. Maybe you're a bit more reckless, a bit more likely to try to beat that truck through the intersection, a bit less likely to turn the other cheek when some joker gets in your face. Or maybe you're the rugged, outdoor type—because, let's face it, things happen to outdoor types. You lose your grip and tumble off that sheer rock you're climbing. You're working in the yard with the chain saw and hit a broken bolt buried deep in that piece of wood.

That's all it takes sometimes.

The stats are on their side. According to the Centers for Disease Control, the mortality rate due to injury among men 18 to 35 years old is about twice that of the national average. If you fall within that age range, you're about four times more likely to meet a sudden end than your wife or girlfriend of an equivalent age is. Bottom line: If you're the typical reader of this magazine, you're a prize candidate for organ donation.

Somewhere a person in failing health is waiting for the phone to ring. Also waiting are the members of a specially trained surgical team, ready to roll at a moment's notice. Close at hand is one of those small ice chests you've seen in TV medical dramas. A segment of the medical industry is waiting for you to have a serious accident. They must get to the hospital fast, before your internal organs go stale. And if you're not quite dead when they get there, they may just go ahead and take your liver and kidneys and heart, settling the matter once and for all. It's the ugly side to organ donation its proponents don't like to talk about: By some definitions, the leading cause of death among organ donors is the organ-donation procedure itself.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD BORGE

"A segment of
the medical industry
is waiting for
you to have a
serious accident."
life
now
fact
life
NEED

Opinion makers like Health and Human Services secretary Tommy Thompson describe organ donation as a saintly act with no downside. The gift of life. Millions of reminders are mailed out with driver's license renewals and tax forms. There are sign-up campaigns at banks and hospitals and consent forms attached to questionnaires you fill out at the emergency room before they treat the ankle you broke in Sunday's softball game.

"This is what Michael would have wanted," says Susan McVey-Dillon, who signed just such a consent form after her 14-year-old sustained fatal head injuries "just being a boy, doing what boys do" outside their home in Downingtown, Pennsylvania. "Five people are alive today because of Michael," she says. Like McVey-Dillon, you're encouraged to think of yourself or your loved ones as "living on" through the organs you bequeath. Do a quick web search and you'll find dozens of heartwarming sites telling "Tim's story" or "Maggie's story." Most of these sites are sponsored by local organ-procurement organizations, or OPOs.

There is no lack of celebrity endorsements, either. During the Winter Olympics, much was made of Chris Klug, who medaled in snowboarding just 19 months after receiving a new liver. Michael Jordan has done public-service spots urging would-be donors to apprise everyone of their intentions so family members are less likely to withhold permission for the procedure (permission is required by law. In more than half the cases, next of kin refuse). Even Hollywood gets into the act. The high cost of transplantation surgery drove Denzel Washington to extremes in *John Q*, which chronicled one father's over-the-top efforts (he held the ER staff hostage) to get his gravely ill son a new heart.

Given the hype, it seems cold-blooded and cruel to question the process of organ donation. Who wouldn't want to help some suffering child live simply by giving up organs you no longer need? Too bad it's not as simple as that. Many of the rules of this game—including the very definitions of life and death—are written in fine print. Other rules have been changed to make it easy for you and the rest of America to keep on giving. So before you check that box, you might want to know just where the medical establishment draws the line between you, the critically injured patient, and you, the collection of spare body parts. It's been done in such a devious way that even avid transplantation supporters like Dr. Robert Truog, director of the multidisciplinary intensive care unit at Boston's Children's Hospital and medical ethics professor at Harvard, are left feeling ambivalent. "We strive for balance," says Dr. Truog, searching for just the right words. "There's an overwhelming need for organs to transplant. Yet I groan when I read an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the most prestigious publication in the field, that claims there is no longer any controversy about brain death."

Though it's not the kind of thing the medical establishment is eager to publicize, there has long been an arbitrariness to policies governing clinical determinations of death. "One hospital wanted to implement a new standard that would declare a person dead with a five- or seven-minute absence of a pulse," says Carmen Marino, a former prosecutor for Ohio's Cuyahoga County and one of a number of law-enforcement officials who have challenged the medical community's willingness to alter current definitions of death. "The organs that are most susceptible to blood deprivation after death are the heart and the liver. The liver-transplant doctors said, 'That's too long. If we wait five or seven minutes, we're not going to have a useful organ anymore. Let's make it two minutes.' And that was that." As a result, concludes Marino, "You go without a pulse for two minutes in some hospitals, you're dead. They take your organs. In other places, at two minutes, they're still trying to revive you."

The reason for hushing up such facts is simple, says Stuart Youngner, director of the Center for Biomedical Ethics at Case Western Reserve University: "The OPOs are afraid that if we have these discussions publicly, it will slow down donations dramatically."

There's no question that the need for transplantable organs is critical. As of March 2002, almost 80,000 Americans were seeking new organs. Most (50,000) need kidneys. Though waiting times vary greatly by region, kidney patients commonly wait two years for a suitable organ. A four-year wait is not unheard of.

Many can't wait. Each day, about 16 recipient candidates succumb to their various illnesses. According to the United Network for Organ Sharing, 5842 people died while awaiting transplants in 2000. Since 1986, the Virginia-based nonprofit agency has tracked and overseen the nation's donor system under contract to HHS. The UNOS grid divides the U.S. into 11 geographic regions, encompassing more than 400 assorted OPOs, medical facilities, organ-matching laboratories and related enterprises. UNOS also spends some of its funds proselytizing, which paid off in a 59 percent uptick in donations during the Nineties—barely a dent in the fivefold increase in new patients queuing up for spare parts. Things aren't getting any better. "I expect the waiting list to reach 300,000 within five years if we don't change how we do things," says Dallas orthopedist Phil Berry, a liver recipient and past president of the Texas Medical Association.

Efforts to procure organs have relied entirely on the goodwill of potential donors. The National Organ Transplant Act of 1984 made it illegal to sell human organs and tissues (that didn't stop the enterprising Floridian who tried to peddle a kidney on eBay in 1999. Bidding approached $6 million before eBay put a stop to it). Upon taking office last year, Secretary Thompson made the effort to increase organ donations a top priority. Thompson came to HHS after championing the same cause as the governor of Wisconsin, which boasts America's most aggressive transplantation program.

Yet the chronic shortage has fostered a worrisome sense of entitlement among many transplant activists. This in turn has fostered hysterical rhetoric—like that of Roger Evans, a private investigator who in December 2001 spoke at an HHS advisory meeting for increasing donations. "When a family refuses to donate a loved one's organs, it's functionally equivalent to a homicide," said Evans.

Worse, the shortfall has produced a campaign that seeks to quell the public's fears by reducing controversies to a series of dubious black-and-white truths. Honest questions like "Will my decision to become a donor affect the care I receive?" or "Will it cost my heirs anything if I donate my organs?" or even "Can I be sure my gift will be used?" elicit simplistic—if not patently false—answers. It's no surprise that in a recent poll, 81 percent of Americans said they "support the donation of organs for transplant." The problem is, most people are unaware of just how emergency room physicians determine when to start pulling organs out of bodies, and what the ramifications of their actions are.

One popular belief peddled by the transplantation community is that brain death is as much a bedrock medical concept as conventional cardiac death. By those terms, a brain-dead patient is dead. Period.

In fact, brain death is an expedient "medical fiction," to use Stuart Youngner's phrase, invented to enable physicians to declare patients dead in a timely fashion and in a controlled environment.

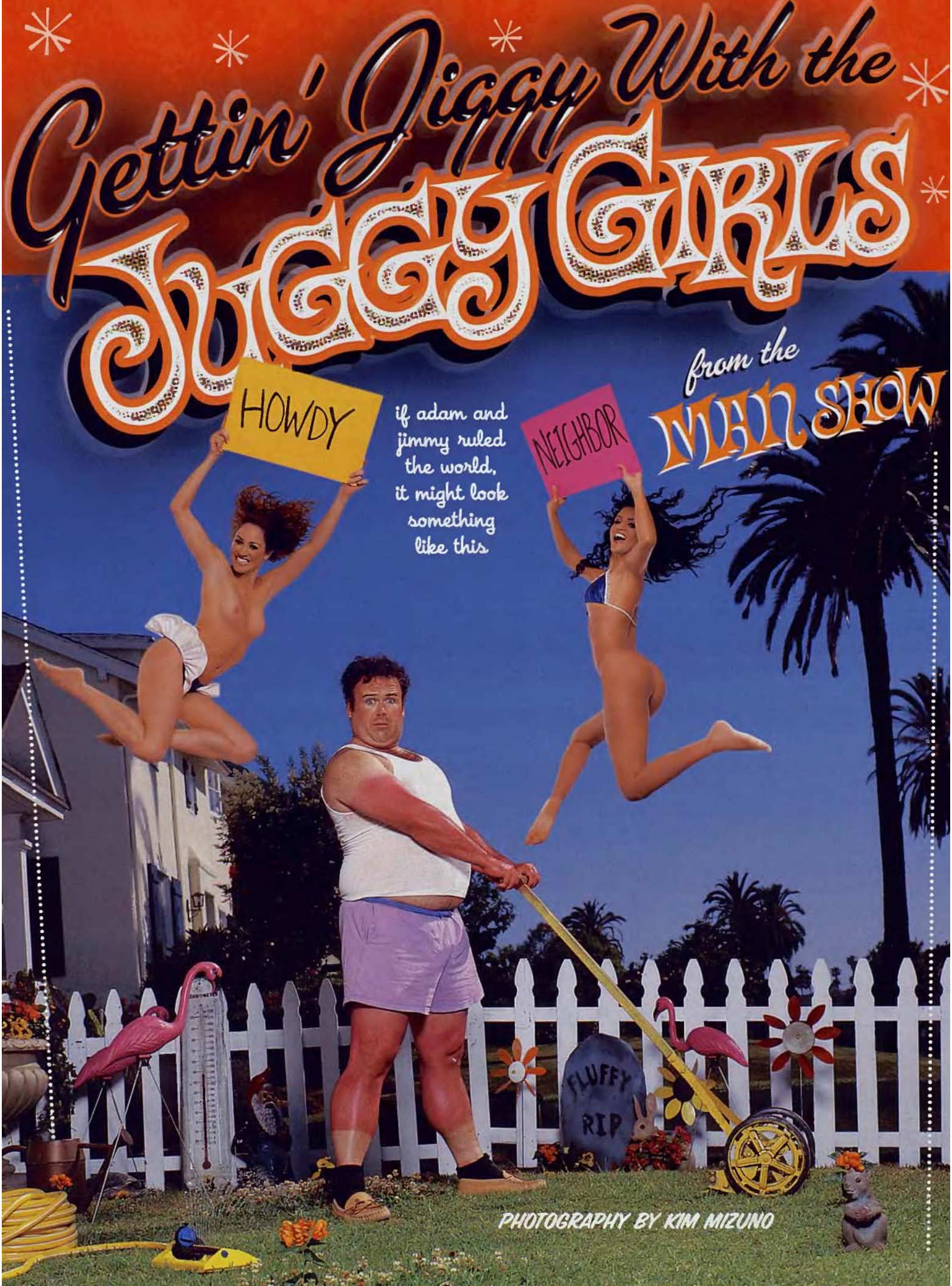
It would also be nice to know that your gift of life may saddle your family with debt. According to a website

(continued on page 98)

"Nice to meet you."

Gettin' Jiggy With the Jiggy Girls

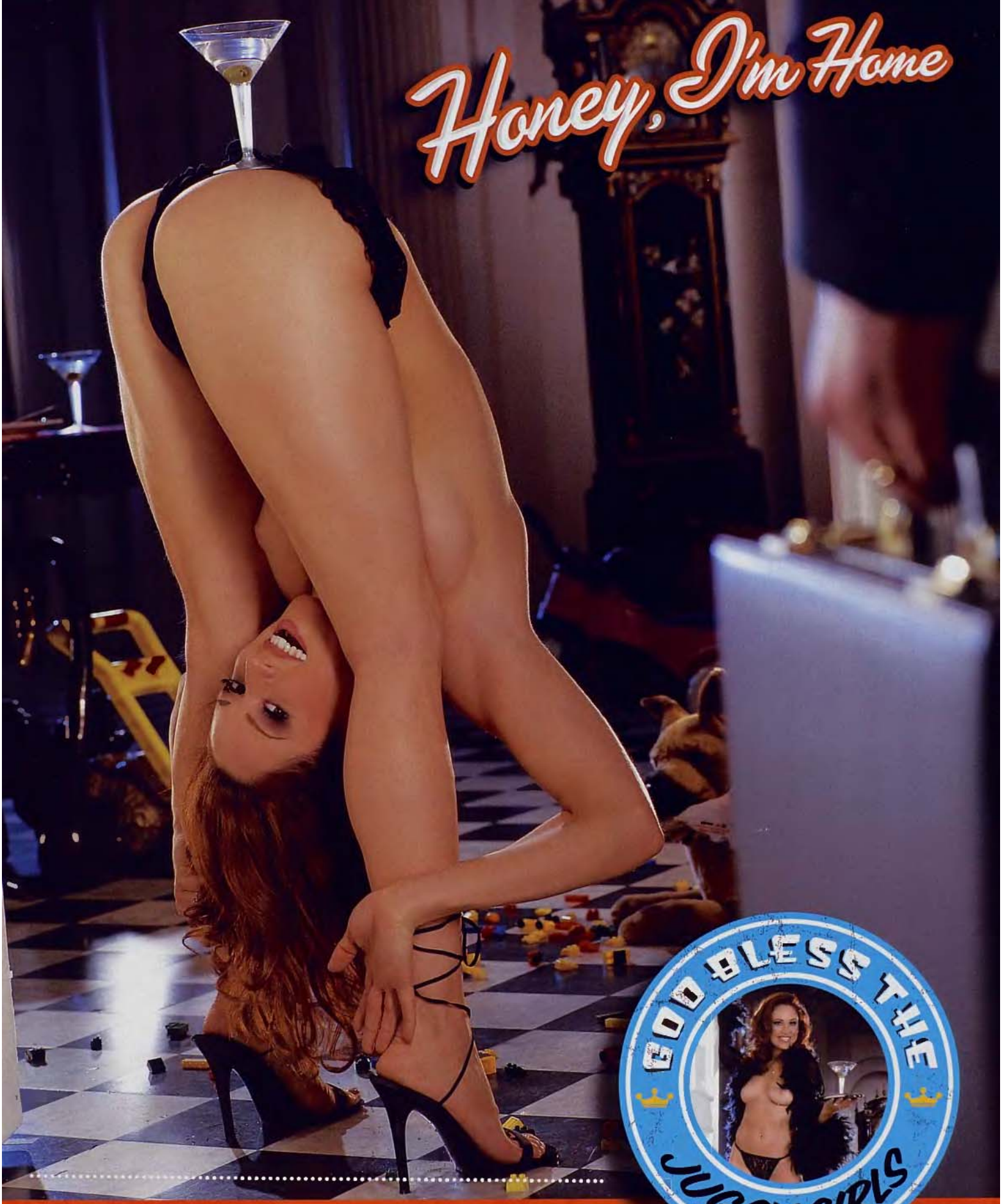
from the NAN SHOW



if adam and jimmy ruled the world, it might look something like this

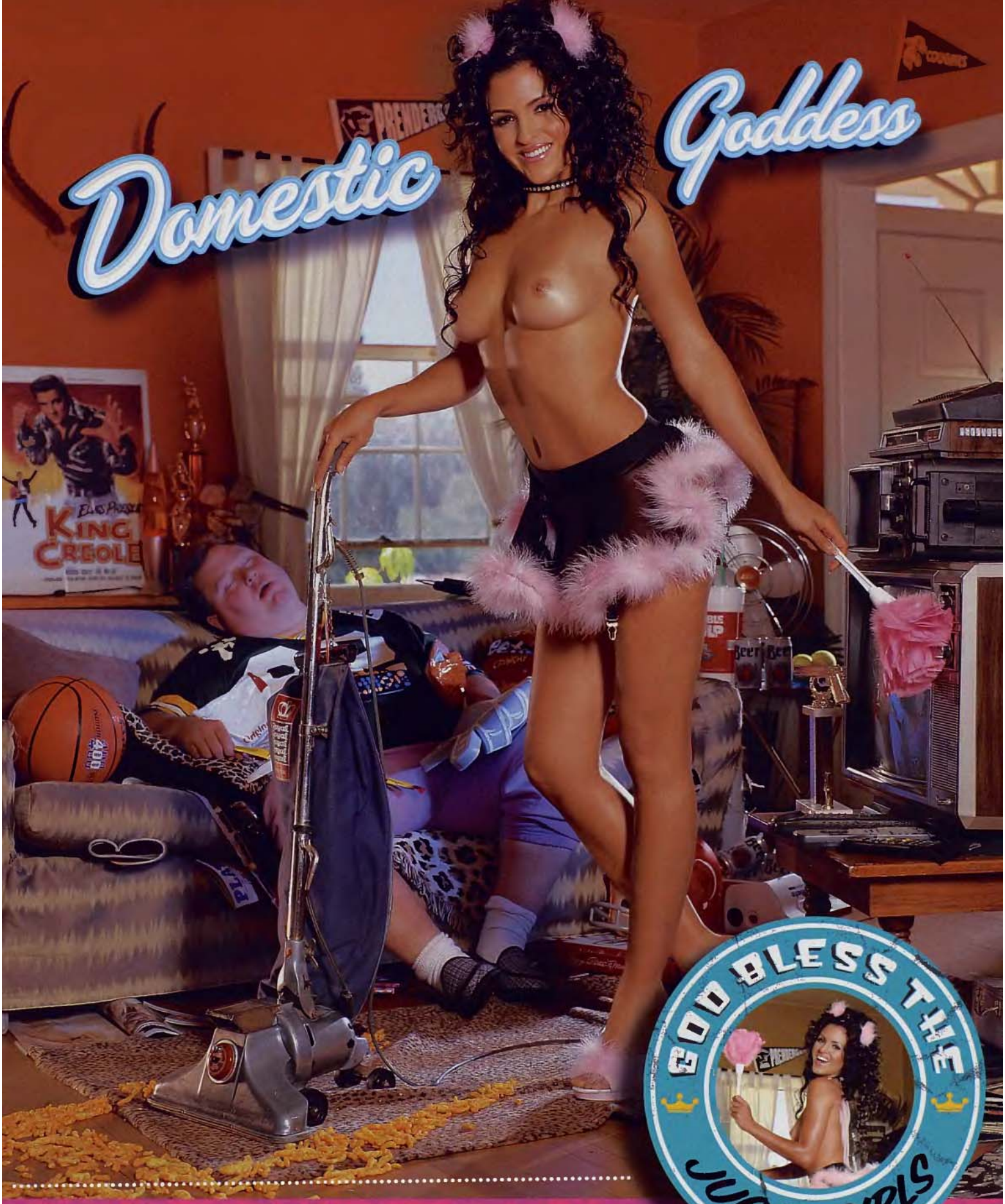
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIM MIZUNO

Honey, I'm Home



Hard day at the office playing video games and surfing for Internet porn? Nothing takes off the edge like a perfectly mixed martini. And remember the golden rule: Ask for your cocktail shaken. Maybe you can stir it up later.

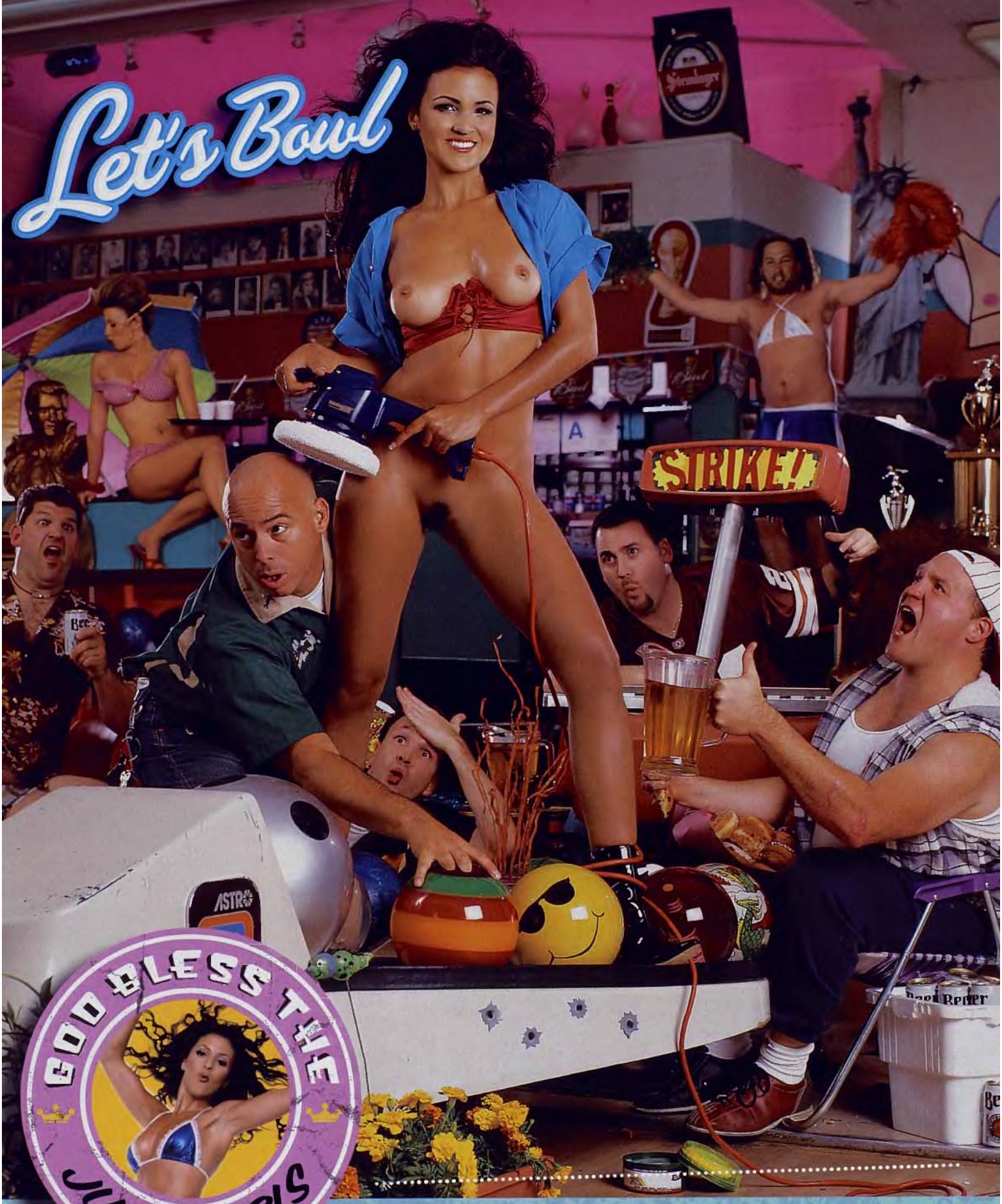
Domestic Goddess



There's nothing like a dirty girl who keeps everything clean. She knows how to wield a feather duster, and it has nothing to do with the job at hand. Best of all, she's attentive to detail—especially when it comes to polishing the wood.

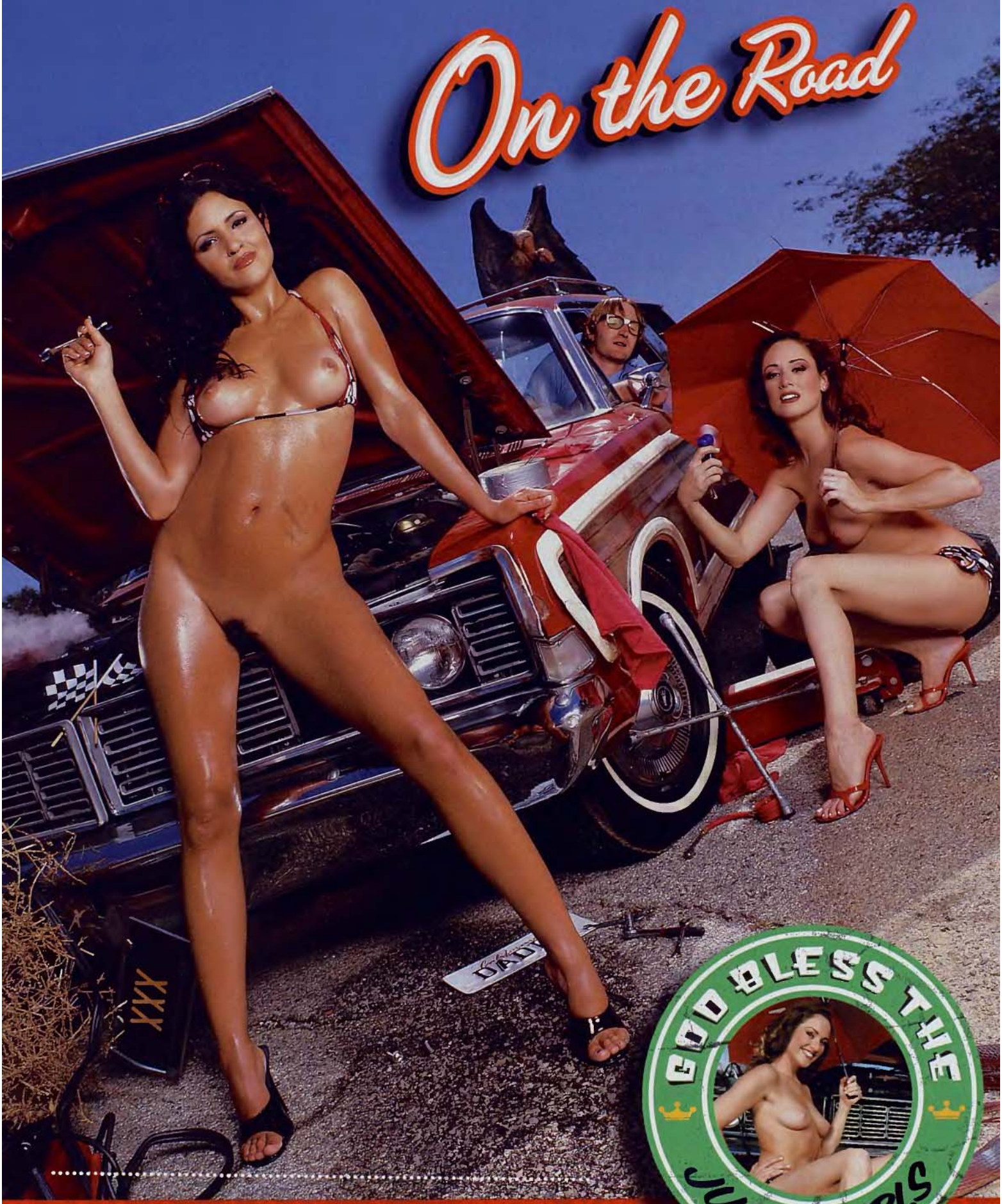
Poker Night

Cards used to be a man's game. Not anymore. Now everyone aspires to take a couple of hands off this girl. (It's amazing she's able to shuffle that way.) She's what is called table stakes. And everybody wants to get up her ante.



These days, nothing is more likely to get you a strike than waxing your balls. Fortunately, this Juggy Girl is ready to buff your stuff. And, from the looks of things, we bet she's quite understanding about the occasional split.

On the Road



GOD BLESS THE JUGGY GIRLS

Tighten your lug nuts, men, and get ready to shift your sticks. For some reason, we only want to tinker with headlights and gearboxes. We're always glad to find a girl willing to get under the hood and lube our camshaft.

HOW TO TALK A WOMAN INTO SEX

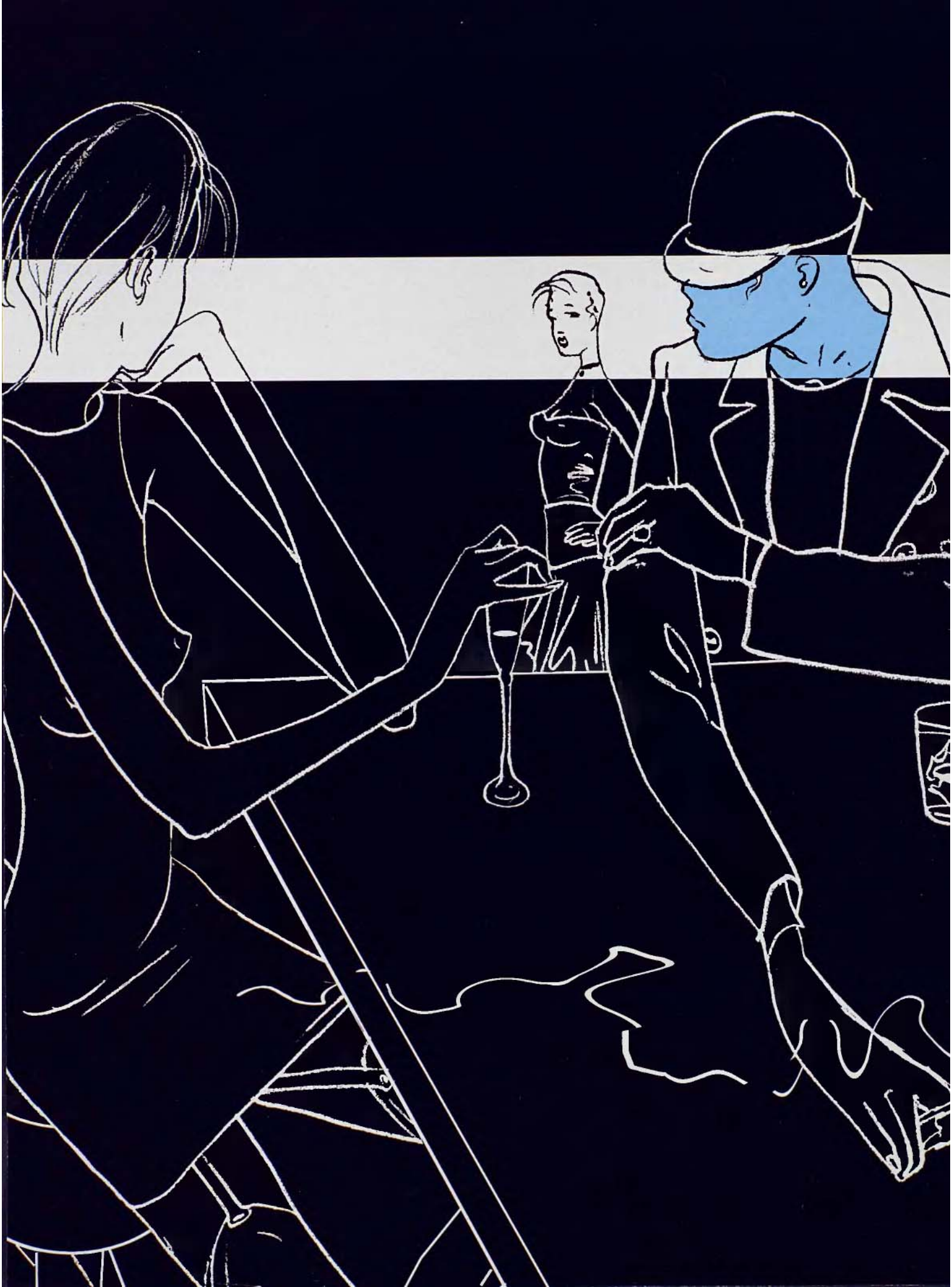
THE ONLY GUIDE TO SEDUCTION YOU'LL EVER NEED

ARTICLE BY

DEAN KUIPERS

A BARTENDER FRIEND SAYS HE SEES IT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT: A GREAT-LOOKING WOMAN MEETS SOME GUY—NOT BENICIO DEL TORO, NOT A STAND-UP COMIC, NOT EVEN AN HEIR TO A BEVERAGE EMPIRE—AND SOMETHING HE SAYS CONVINCES HER THAT IT'S TIME TO SCREW. SOMETIMES THEY MAKE IT ONLY TO THE CAR BEFORE THEY ARE OVERCOME WITH LUST, AND THEN THEY'RE BACK IN THE BAR, LOOKING OBVIOUS AND THIRSTY. BUT EACH TIME THE DRAMA IS TENDER AND IRRESISTIBLE AND FOLLOWS A CERTAIN ARC ALONG WHICH THE GUY, AND ALWAYS THE GUY, HAS ABOUT A HUNDRED OPPORTUNITIES TO FUCK UP. WILL HE GET A SHOT AT LIFE-AFFIRMING INTIMACY, NO MATTER HOW ANONYMOUS OR BRIEF? OR WILL SHE SUDDENLY REALIZE SHE'D RATHER BE HOME GETTING STONED AND WATCHING "WUTHERING HEIGHTS" WITH A BATTERY-POWERED JOHNNY WADD STUFFED IN HER PAJAMAS? IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI



well he reads the signs.

There is a golden rule to getting first-night nooky and, as with a tea ceremony or putting the pin back in a hand grenade, it's so simple it's hard: She has to feel understood, even if all you understand is, "I want to fuck you, and don't make a big deal out of it." She wants to know she's safe to express herself. That you are committed to the process of talking her through it. That you'll protect her from her own excuses by making all the moves. That you want her. That she's worth it. That she's the white-hot center of the universe.

It helps to pay attention to the wisdom of George Clinton: Free the mind and the ass will follow. Every clown in the room wants her body. But if you acknowledge her sexy mind, brother, you will receive an upper invitation to a lower invasion. This requires the same techniques, ironically, that will one day save your marriage: Listen, follow her lead, make her laugh, flatter her silly, take control and then take the blame.

It's more than an honest night's work. It's a science. And women want you to know your craft, doctor. Haven't you been watching *Sex and the City*? Women I know say the show is a guilty pleasure. The "empowered" women on this show bounce through endless, unsatisfying, cavalier experiments with men—but meanwhile they're fucking all of them! That's good news. Look at the underlying message: Women are horny. But there's more. These New York sexpots talk active but act passive, don't actually believe in anything and have not one shred of willpower. And still, they demand respect. Every episode proves again that, in their neurotic groping for both a hot hump and validation, they're putting all the power in your hands. As long as they feel understood or at least free, they don't have a rule that can't be stretched or broken. Two things men are good at.

Any gal worth the salt on her margarita glass will tell you she has dorked guys who were dorks. But the men who got into her pants knew something. Either by accident or design, they made a fast, sure journey straight to the center of her mind.

Break the ice

Women don't go to bars or parties, even in packs, to be with their girlfriends. If they tell you that's what they're doing, you're being given the brush-off. They're looking for guys. Otherwise, they'd have their Chocoholics Anonymous meetings in one of their apartments.

You spot her. She's with a girlfriend, she's having fun and she looks like she would rut like a screaming alley cat. Check her vibe and her clothes and the people that she is with. What kind of woman is she? A party girl? Earth goddess? Power babe? Naughty librarian? Ms. Right? Bar slut? Is she laughing a lot, or is she sitting back waiting to be impressed? What's she drinking? How are her friends acting? Note her strong points—she picked a great song on the jukebox, maybe, or made a scathing comment about Monica Lewinsky, or she's getting the most laughs. Also note any potential insecurities, like if she's a little shy or is in a discussion that she doesn't seem to know much about. You can use these later.

Make contact. Almost anything will do. If she's at all interested, she'll be inclined to go with the first few awkward moments. But if you're using some corny line like, "You must have a mirror in your pocket, because I can see myself in your jeans," be sure she's in the mood for something funny. If she laughs, you're in there. If she scowls, tell her you were just joking and introduce yourself. If she gives a little huff, move on. Humor is the best lubricant,

Men feel some amount of shame for having to coax women into the sack. Don't wimp out. Be a man. It's what she wants you to do.

and if she's into it, show her the depths of irony, like, "You have the whitest teeth I've ever come across." Just be prepared to duck if she starts slapping.

Also, tune your approach to the woman's maturity. You probably do this instinctively, but if the woman is 23 she'll be a lot more forgiving than if she's 38. The older woman wants an early signal that you're someone worth talking to. Which takes us to the next stage.

Ask questions and follow her lead

Don't worry about being interesting; learn instead to be interested. Go into the conversation believing you have nothing to lose and a lot to learn. This is a basic life skill, man, and it takes that long to master.

Ask questions based on your first impression, like "You played that song by Buffalo Daughter. Do you like the new album?" Or "My friend and I were just talking about that Lewinsky documentary. What did you think about it?" Or "Is Howard Stern offensive?" Make sure the questions seem relevant to her and not show-offy. Try to get her quickly into a topic she knows about and can feel comfortable with. Keep it light. Stay away from morbid or highly sexualized topics.

Go where she goes. Don't grill her, but don't talk too much, either. A woman will find out what she wants to know about you. If you give the impression you're doing the same, she'll feel comfortable.

Why hang back and let her talk? Why not just blast her with how cool you are? That copy of *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* your last girlfriend gave you must be propping up your bong, unread. A woman feels validated when she feels that she is heard. Not when you have solved her problems or asserted yourself, but when she feels empathy full stop. This is true of all women, from the manhater to the damsel in distress. When she feels validated, she feels powerful and flattered and safe. She opens up. Even if she's not falling in love, she thinks, This guy really wants to know about me. Then she'll want to show you things about her. Eventually, she'll want to fuck your brains out because that's another way she can show you how desirable she is.

If she's into empowerment, empower her. If she needs to feel like she makes all the decisions, let her. If she needs to be swept off her feet, do slightly more of the talking but stay on subjects she wants to talk about. Keep letting her reveal herself. (*A note about lying*: Stretching the truth isn't against the rules here. The point is to back her up, go with the role she has in mind for you. Often you'll both have strong suspicions that the other is lying, but keep right on talking. The point of your conversation is copulation, and sometimes a well-placed fib that protects one or both of you is highly appreciated.)

Reveal yourself

Women thrive on intimacy, and it almost doesn't matter whose life is being revealed. She will get just as worked up discovering your inner life—the poet inside the jock, the mystic parading as a market analyst. Women are includers, not excluders. She's looking for a reason to defend you. Give her one.

Steer this process a little to make yourself look good. Starving artist? Stay on the aesthetics and don't talk about being broke unless it's an empathetic connection. Short? Don't neurotically talk about it. A friend once told me she gave a short guy the brush-off with: "I could eat beans off your head!" He coolly replied, "So?" That made her laugh. He got her.

Smile

You don't know how many women mention this. You're having fun talking

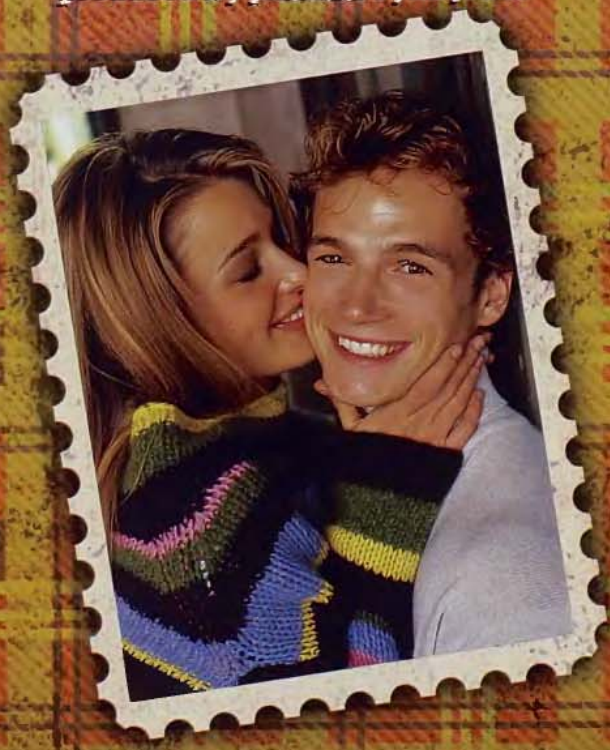
(continued on page 163)

"Really, old man—your portrayal of the outraged husband is a disgrace to the acting profession!"

Above, left to right. Ibraham: Sweater, T-shirt and jeans by Enyce. Rob: Cap by Kangol, sweater and jeans by Ecko. (Her shirt and jeans are also by Ecko.) Dayton: Plaid shirt, jacket and jeans by Rocawear and cap by Playboy. Jamie: T-shirt and sweater by Tommy Hilfiger. Michael: Polo and jeans by Sisley and T-shirt by Tommy Hilfiger. At right, his turtleneck is by Gran Sasso. Her sweater is by Sisley.

BACK TO CAMPUS

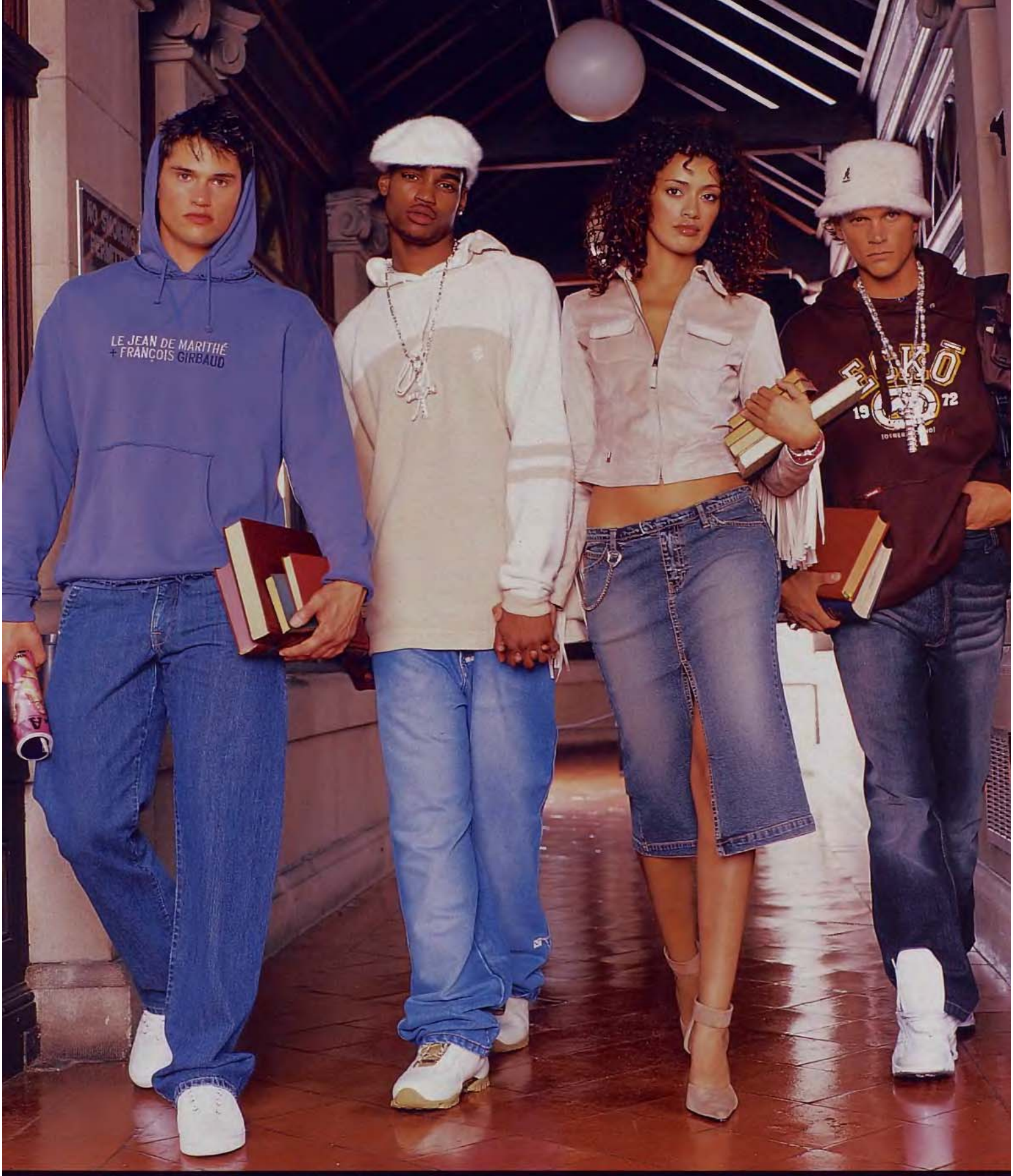
fashion by joseph de acetis
photography by michael reh
produced by jennifer ryan jones



Summer break is overrated. Returning to school means more than back to the books. It means back to the kegs and the tailgates. And, with a bit of style, it means back to the babes. The fun thing to wear to morning class used to be a crumpled pajama top. Not anymore. The comfortable roominess is still here, but classroom looks have more urban bounce now. Classics like sweats and jeans are updated with beat-savvy details and bold colors—these days the best are the brightest. Wake up too late to wash your hair? Replace your Mets hat with a cool cap.

Above, left to right: Navy jogging suit by Enyce. The light-blue jogging suit and T-shirt are by Fubu and the hat is by Columbia Sportswear. The snap-front velour tracksuit is by Snoop Dogg. The striped orange jogging suit is by Pelle Pelle. Inset, left to right: The ribbed sweater and corduroy jeans are by Union Bay, with shoes by Clarks. (The brunette is in a shirt by Sisley, skirt by Necessary Objects and shoes by Aldo. The blonde readies her oral presentation in shirt and sweater by Sisley, pants by Bisou Bisou and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.) The cream shirt and light-blue vest are by Ron Chereskin. The zip-front fleece top and jeans are by DKNY, with boots by Clarks.

You know what they say about lacrosse: It takes a quick stick to beat a tight crease. On the floor: The velour track pants and soccer sneakers are by Fila, the underwear is by Under Armour and the T-shirt over his shoulder is by Fubu. Standing: The T-shirt is by Reebok, the underwear is by Playboy and the sweatpants are by Avirex. On the bench: The underwear is by Polo Ralph Lauren, the track pants are by Pelle Pelle and the sneakers are the new Iversons from Reebok. Knee up: The sweatshirt is by Dowling College, the track pants are by NY Based and the sneakers are by Reebok.



When class is over, it's essential to make a clean break from the ivory tower. The kids in the hall, left to right: The hooded sweatshirt and jeans are by Girbaud and the sneakers are by K-Swiss. The fuzzy cap is by Kangol, the knit hoodie and jeans are by Rocawear and his sneakers are by Fubu. The female semiotician is wearing a jacket by Tommy Hilfiger, skirt by Enyce and shoes by Aldo. The bucket hat is by Kangol, the hoodie is by Ecko and the sneakers are by Fubu.

Test-tube babies, left to right: Her denim outfit is by Fubu. The brunette wears a jacket, sweater and shirt by Abercrombie and Fitch. The soundman holding the microphone is Ibraham, who is wearing a zip-front cardigan and jeans by Mecca. The cinematographer is Jamie Johnson, the precocious new filmmaker who makes his directorial debut with a documentary called *Born Rich*. The film examines coming of age amid extreme wealth, and features Ivanka Trump, Georgina Bloomberg and descendants of the Vanderbilt and Whitney families. (Obviously, Jamie knows the way to a woman's heart is through the lens of a camera.) He's in a corduroy jacket, striped shirt and jeans by Abercrombie and Fitch.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

ORGAN DONATION

(continued from page 80)

maintained by HHS, "The donor's family does not pay for the cost of the organ donation. All costs related to donation of organs and tissues are paid by the recipient." It's true that charges specifically labeled as transplantation costs pass to the OPO. But charges in this category aren't always labeled as such. Because medical care of a critical patient is a continuum, family members may get stuck with fees incurred after doctors stopped seeing him as a patient and he turns into "a container of biologically useful materials," a phrase attributed to noted bioethicist Arthur Caplan. A study by the University of Pennsylvania trauma unit examined the medical records of 31 catastrophically injured organ donors admitted to the Penn system between 1991 and 1995. The researchers found an average of $16,645 billed to the families of patients for procedures that should have been charged to OPOs.

Potential donors aren't told their organs won't necessarily go to the patients who need them most. George Agich, director of bioethics for the Cleveland Clinic (consistently ranked as America's number one heart center) explains: "There are a lot of small programs in the U.S. that are eager to compete with larger centers that have reputations. Because they want good results, they may not give organs to the sickest patients." Between 1995 and 2000, the typical patient needing a new heart would wait about 35 weeks at the Cleveland Clinic. Had that same patient enrolled across the state line at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center, his wait would have stretched to 35 months. Worse, organs may not go to anyone at all, perhaps because your local transplant center's only heart surgeon was on vacation that day. In fact, according to a 1997 article in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the "nonmedical rejection rate of donor organs is nearly 25 percent."

Then there is the procedure itself, which can look like anything but an operation on a dead body. For example, in Charleston, South Carolina a 16-year-old girl was shot in the head. At the time of hospital admission she was showing signs of life—she was moving and breathing. Though a CAT scan showed the bullet lodged in her skull, it had skirted major blood vessels, and the brain itself appeared remarkably intact. That didn't stop attending physicians from declaring her dead two hours later. She was rushed to an operating room, where surgeons opened her abdomen and cut assorted arteries in order to remove both kidneys and her spleen. When the ventilator was shut off, she failed to breathe—no big shock, since the transplant team also bisected her diaphragm. Even after this full-scale assault on her body, 14 minutes passed before the girl's heart gave out. Finally, mercifully, she was dead.

•

"What the hell are they trying to do, kill people?" The question stuck in Cuyahoga prosecutor Carmen Marino's head, and his craw. It was the morning of September 10, 1996, and Marino had spent 90 minutes listening to two of his constituents voice concerns about a new medical protocol they had uncovered. The procedure was about to be implemented at the most august piece of medical real estate under Marino's jurisdiction, the Cleveland Clinic. Nearing the end of a successful three-decade career, Marino had no desire to square off with the clinic. But what he'd just heard led him to a startling realization: that if the protocol were implemented, he would file homicide charges against the physicians at the Cleveland Clinic.

In attendance at the meeting were graduate student Peggy Bargholt and Bargholt's professor at Cleveland State University, Mary Ellen Waithe, who also served as the school's director of advanced studies in bioethics. It was Bargholt who, the previous fall, had learned of the new protocol.

Like Marino, Bargholt wasn't looking for a fight. She'd always been a vocal advocate of transplantation, and she had given much more than lip service to the movement. Fifteen years earlier her three-year-old had died of a brain hemorrhage linked to a congenital defect. She donated his organs and became one of the first mothers to go public with her story. Subsequently, Bargholt worked for LifeBanc (a regional OPO) and spoke on behalf of transplantation. She'd also put considerable energy into Family Lodge, her proposed low-cost hospice for patients and families awaiting transplants at the Cleveland Clinic.

Friends at LifeBanc told Bargholt that the new protocol would save lives by deepening the pool of potential donors. The document's chief author was Dr. James Mayes, who is director of LifeBanc and a top surgeon at the clinic. Dr. Mayes had based his work on the regimen used at the University of Wisconsin, the so-called "church of transplantology."

The deeper Bargholt got into the document, the more uneasy she felt. The protocol was designed for patients who had suffered catastrophic head injuries and required ventilator support but were not yet certifiably brain-dead. It recommended infusing such patients with two drugs, Regitine and heparin. Bargholt, a one-time nursing student, wondered why they'd be giving such large doses of a blood thinner like heparin to comatose patients with cranial bleeding. Something else bothered her: The protocol told doctors to make decisions about the presence or absence of a heartbeat by feeling for a pulse at the carotid artery. She thought, My God, you're at the Cleveland Clinic. Why go groping around somebody's neck? Hook him up to a heart monitor!

Bargholt went on to read how doctors would wheel patients into an operating room and turn off the ventilator. The patient's heart, deprived of oxygen, would stop. Two minutes later, surgeons would begin the harvest. Such patients would become, in the odd lexicon of the transplantation community, NHBD—non–heart-beating donors.

By the time she finished reading the document, Bargholt felt shaky. She recalls, "Under this protocol, I didn't know if the patients would actually be dead when the surgery started. And if they weren't, I couldn't get past the thought that the transplant surgery might be what killed them."

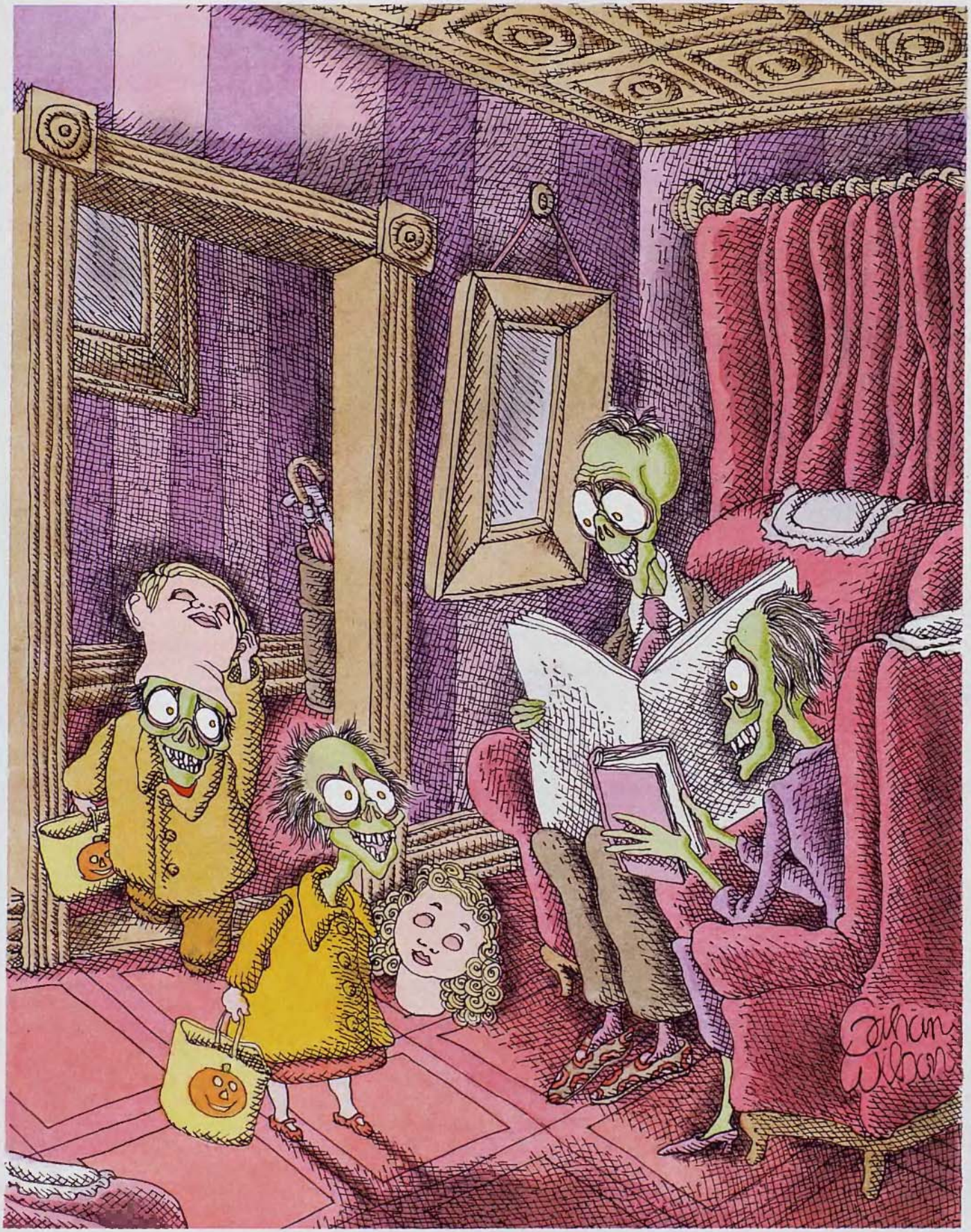
She made a presentation on the protocol to her bioethics class. Waithe was stunned. The two women resolved to get to the bottom of things—albeit discreetly. This was, after all, the Cleveland Clinic.

They soon learned that Regitine, or phentolamine mesylate, was an obsolete blood vessel dilator now used in minute dosages as an injectable alternative to Viagra. It had fallen out of favor in hospital settings because of its severe side effects. Phentolamine could cause a precipitous drop in blood pressure—and possible cardiac arrest—even in its usual therapeutic dosage of five milligrams. The protocol called for twice that. Waithe's mention of the phentolamine regimen to someone at the FDA elicited this reaction: What are they trying to do, kill people? Bargholt got the same response from a friend who worked for the state pharmacy board (which in Ohio has police powers not unlike the DEA).

It became clear that neither phentolamine nor heparin was the usual choice for people with grave head injuries. For such patients, the drugs could have disastrous effects, flooding an already bloated cranial cavity with more fluid while masking signs of life by muting the carotid pulse—the pulse doctors were told to feel for.

Convinced that they were onto something, Bargholt and Waithe drafted a critical paper for the *Journal of the*

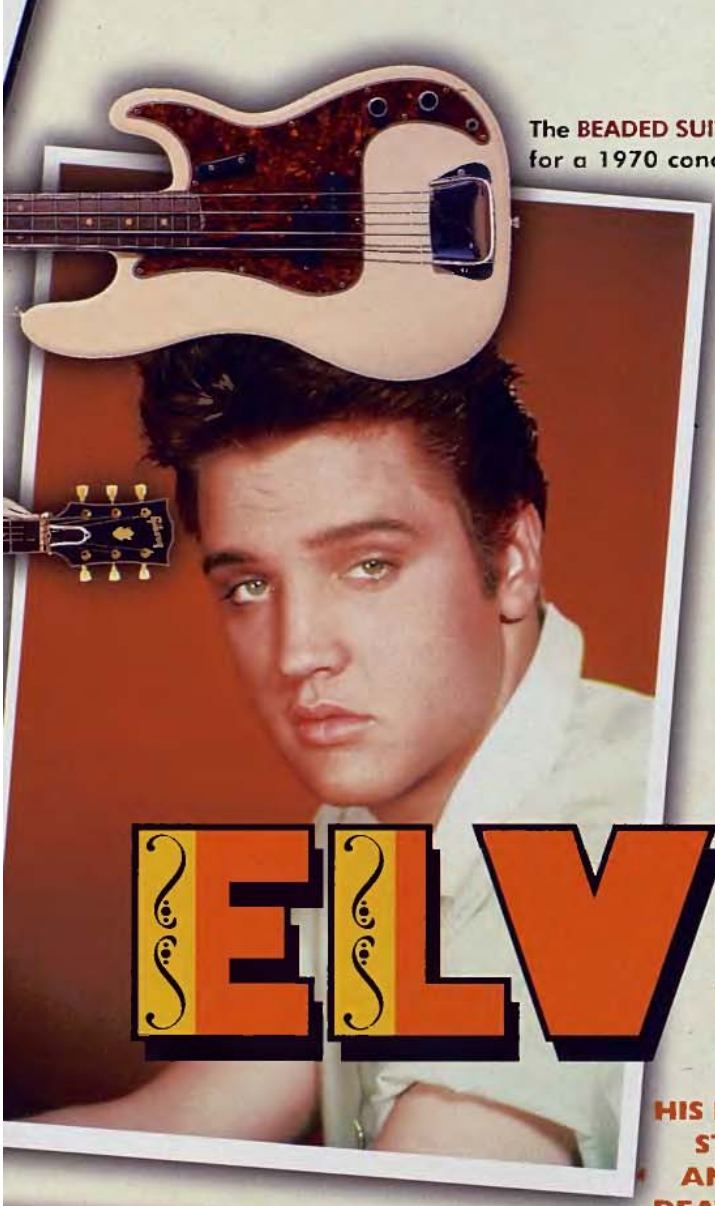
(continued on page 154)



"Didn't Mommy and Daddy tell you the other children would play with you if you wore your Halloween costumes?!"

JOHN LENNON once said, "Before Elvis, there was nothing." What's after Elvis? Rock and roll. He'll always be the rebel in leather, and it's his music that endures. *Elvis 1: 30 #1 Hits*, a compilation of his number one singles (and *Elvis: Today, Tomorrow and Forever*, a commemorative boxed set of previously unreleased tracks), celebrates his gold and platinum awards. If you can't make the pilgrimage to Graceland, we'll show you here what made the king a king. All of these items were collected by Mr. Presley himself.

Clockwise from top: How about this for strange? President Richard Nixon awarded the king a gold SPECIAL AGENT'S NARCOTICS BADGE, giving him the "right" to arrest drug dealers. The 1955 PINK FLEETWOOD CADILLAC was used by Scotty Moore, Bill Black and Elvis to tour. (Then he gave it to his mom.) RCA expects *Elvis 1* to have a shelf life like *Beatles 1* has had—long. This early GUITAR, a 1956 Gibson J-200, was used by Elvis in the movies *King Creole* and *Loving You*. It was customized in 1960, and he played it throughout his career. Elvis loved guns, but the BLACK COLT .45 was his favorite pistol. It's decorated with a turquoise handle and his initials. The other firearm is a GOLD BERETTA inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Elvis bought his HAT (on the DINING ROOM CHAIR) at Lansky's in Memphis, where all the blues guys got their clothes. Muhammad Ali autographed a BOXING GLOVE for the king in 1973.



The **BEADED SUIT** was designed by Bill Belew for a 1970 concert. The **TABLE LAMP** (this page, right) was purchased for the house on Audubon Drive, where the Presleys lived before moving to Graceland. Then it was used in his father's office. Who else but Nudies of Hollywood could design o **GOLD LAMÉ SUIT** like this one? Elvis wore it onstage and then in a cover shot for the LP *50 Million Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong*. Tiger was Elvis' karate nickname. This is his eighth-degree **BLACK BELT**. The **TIGER BELT** wos designed by Bill Belew to go with a matching jumpsuit. Take the guy on the album cover, put this **LEATHER JACKET** on him, stick him on a TV special in

ELVIS 1

HIS MUSIC TAKES CENTER STAGE ON THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, BUT WE LOVE THE STUFF HE COLLECTED

1968 and let the mythology begin. We now call it the comeback special because an entire new generation of women fell into a swoon. The **WHITE FENDER BASS** was played on the big screen in *Spinout* and used in o photo spread *The Memphis Commercial Appeal* did in 1965. We'll never be over him, nor should we be. Elvis, as Bruce Springsteen once said, whispered the same dream in all our ears.

COVER Girl

miss october is ready when opportunity knocks

TERI HARRISON is the product of two different cultures, but the 21-year-old Florida native relishes her diversity. "My mom is Japanese and my father is German," she says. "I have six sumo wrestler–looking uncles and a tiny Japanese grandmother, so I stick out like a Q-Tip in family pictures. Sushi and bratwurst—that's my life!" Teri moved out of her mother's home when she was 14 and soon started modeling. "I was a horrible child," she confesses, "but now my mom brags about everything I do, and we're much closer." Teri briefly studied psychology at a local college. "It made me feel whacked out. I didn't know myself at that point, and certainly wasn't able

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"I want to learn ta play the guitar," says Teri. "It would take a while, but it would be a lot of fun and would mean so much to me. I have a really deep voice, and people tell me ta shut up when I sing Mariah Carey–like sangs. I'm probably the only chick who enjoys singing a Led Zeppelin cover song."

to figure out anyone else," she says. She then moved with her boyfriend, a Kansas City Royals player, to the Midwest. She hated it. "It is inhumane to be in an environment that is 120 degrees in the summer with 100 percent humidity," she says. "I even saw a freaking tornado across the street from my house!"

Now Miss October is enjoying the climate in southern California and the attentions of a new boyfriend. "I'm really into the whole rock-and-roll look," she says. "My boyfriend, Rob, has a goatee, blue eyes and black hair—nice. I want to take him out on the ocean in a yacht, have dinner and some Cristal and . . . I won't tell you what else. I know I'll end up asking him to marry me, because when I want something, I want it!" Teri hopes that being in PLAYBOY will open the door to new career opportunities. "I would love to host a *Wild On* type of show," she says. "Traveling helps people grow by enabling them to experience new things. It's important to let readers know that PLAYBOY isn't something I'm doing just because I can. I really enjoy being photographed, but I want people to get to know me and to see how beautiful a person can be on the inside and on the outside."

There are more photos, plus video, of Teri at cyber.playboy.com.

Teri's job working the door at Hooters gave her the confidence to send her pictures to PLAYBOY. "Two weeks after I started at Hooters, I won a company bikini contest," she says. "I was Miss Church Street, which is like the Bourbon Street of Orlando."

"I have always been a tamboy and I love doing silly, off-the-wall things," says Teri. "The funniest part of this shoot was when we used Michael Boltan's Prada shirts and suits in some of the shots. I hope he knows about it! Our stylist is good friends with him, and I was wriggling around in Michael's suits the entire 10 hours of doing this setup. It was a killer!"

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Teri Marie Harrison

BUST: 34 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 2-16-81 BIRTHPLACE: Bradenton, FL

AMBITIONS: To host a national television show, and to become a total beach bum!

TURN-ONS: Stability, a man who can watch a girly flick with me, Rock-and-Roll music, baby!

TURNOFFS: Bad taste in shoes. Dishonesty and — most important — insecurity!

MY DREAM TRAVEL DESTINATION: I would love to hop the South Pacific islands, starting at Fiji.

FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Madonna, Pearl Jam, Chronic 2001, Jack Johnson and, of course, the best artists in the world, Incubus!

THE TV SHOWS I NEVER MISS: That '70s Show, the Jamie Kennedy Experiment and the L.A. LAKERS!

THE NEXT PRESIDENT SHOULD BE: Snag Daddy! Can y'all dig it?

14 yrs old! Horrible mall pics!

19 yrs old. Trying to build the portfolio!

First pic taken in CALI!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On Halloween, a little boy dressed as a pirate. He went up to a house and rang the doorbell. A man answered and said, "Oh, a pirate. But where are your buccaneers?"

The little boy replied, "Under my bucking hat."

Al Gore and Bill Clinton were discussing premarital sex. Gore said to Clinton, "I never slept with my wife before we were married. Did you?"

"I don't know," Clinton said. "What was Tipper's maiden name?"

Twelve seminary students were about to be ordained as priests. For the final test, they lined up in a row naked. Each priest had a small bell attached to his penis. A naked woman came into the room. The head of the seminary told them that anyone whose bell rang when the woman danced in front of him would not be ordained because he had not reached a state of spiritual purity. The woman danced before the first candidate. His bell did not ring. She proceeded down the line without incident until she reached the last student. As she danced in front of him, his bell began to ring so loudly that it flew off his dick and fell to the ground. Embarrassed, he bent over to pick it up. Then all the other bells started ringing.

A math teacher asked a boy in her class, "If I gave you $200, and then you gave $50 to Mary, $50 to Susan and $50 to Sally, what would you have?"

The boy replied, "An orgy."

During her prayers one night, a concerned mother asked God, "Why is there so much violence in schools?"

Suddenly a light shone through the woman's window and a booming voice said, "This is God. I would like to answer your question, but the truth is, I don't know. After all, I'm not allowed in schools."

What is a Yankee?

The same as a quickie, but a guy can do it alone.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why do priests shop at Wal-Mart?

Because of the ad "Boys' Pants, Half Off."

One night two women went out drinking without their husbands. As they walked home, they both felt the urge to pee. The only place with any privacy was a cemetery. They climbed over the fence, lifted their skirts and began urinating. The first woman did not have anything to clean herself with, so she took off her panties and threw them away. The second woman didn't want to toss away her undies, so she used the ribbon from a wreath of flowers. The next morning one husband called the other and said, "Our wives were up to no good last night. My wife came home without her underwear."

The other husband said, "You're lucky. Mine came home with a card stuck to her ass that read WE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU."

Did you hear the title of the new gay sitcom?

It's called, *Leave It—It's Beaver.*

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: Why did the blonde climb onto the roof?

Because someone told her the drinks were on the house.

Did you hear about the midget with 40-pound balls?

He's half nuts.

Why did former Enron chief executive Ken Lay buy the August issue of PLAYBOY?

Because even though he'd screwed the women of Enron, he had never seen them naked.

What's the best way for a woman to remove an unwanted pubic hair?

Spit.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"That looks promising."

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

QUE-LINDA TAKES THE RITE AID

today's the day! que-linda and benny and javier have been planning revolution over countless lunches huddled in the dairy case, and now they're ready for action

Que-Linda sells cosmetics to housewives and teenagers at the Rite Aid. She wears a stiff blue apron over her pretty clothes and smiles a lot and hands out perfume samples and baby-size tubes of lip gloss. She makes the best of things. She does what she can.

Naturally, her name tag says only LINDA. Mr. Jennings doesn't have a sense of humor, and it's amazing that he hired her at all, seeing as she used to be (or, if you want to get technical, still is) a man.

•

Mr. Jennings slithers by the cosmetics counter on his hourly patrol, watching Que-Linda over the rims of his plastic bifocals, pursing his lips like he's tasting something sour. He makes marks on his clipboard and pretends to be surveying the stock. Maybelline, Cover Girl, Revlon. Then, just like that, he's gone, off scrutinizing Javier the stock boy, who is *Mexican*, or checking up on Benny, who is a *Jap*. There are mirrors around the ceiling of the store, tilted at an angle so that Mr. Jennings can sit in his office when his rounds fatigue him. He can sit in that cubicle and look up through the tinted glass at his mirrors. He sees *what's going on. He ain't no fool.*

According to him, there has been theft, increasing numbers of *troublemakers* and *hooligans* who come into the Rite Aid, *just waltz right in like they own the place*, snatching batteries and Kodak film, soda pop, sacks of candy.

And while someone dials the cops, Mr. Jennings stands outside the automatic exit, shaking his fist as they run away, their baggy pants and windbreakers billowing as their legs pump down the sidewalk. *Degenerates!* He screams. *You've got some nerve.* Then to whoever is listening, *No wonder this fine country*

BY MORGAN AKINS / UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

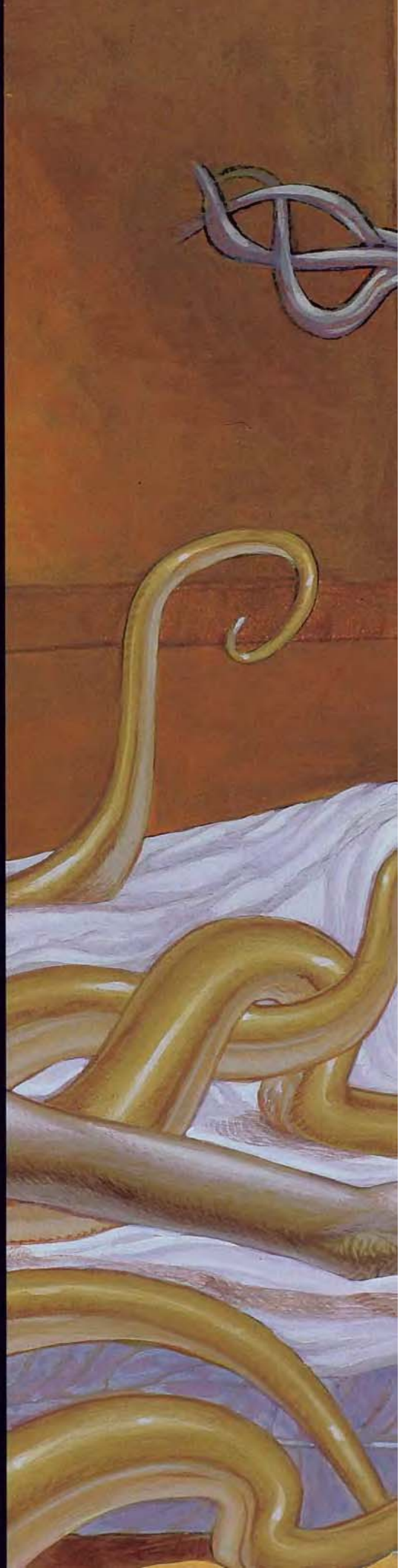
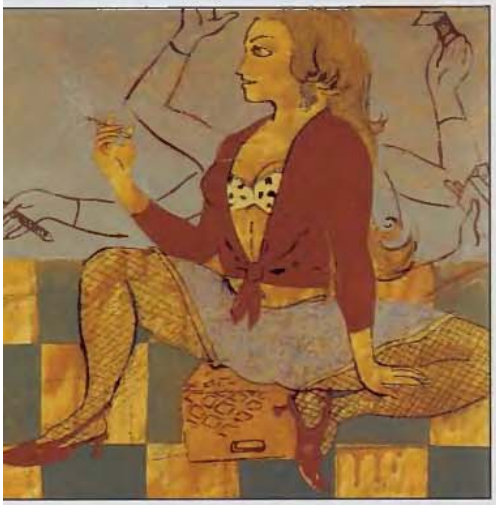
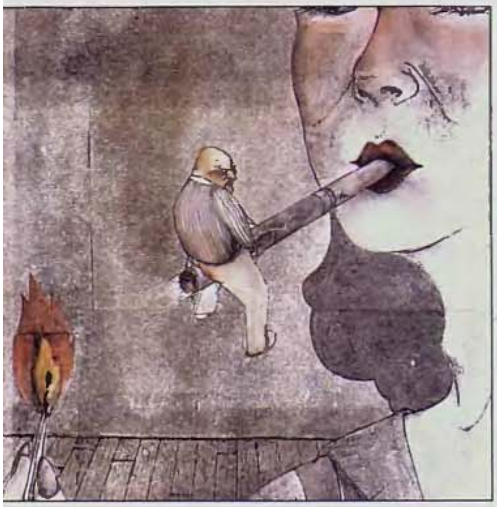


ILLUSTRATION BY BENJAMIN MARRA





In honor of PLAYBOY's long and unique tradition of using illustrations to accompany features—both fiction and nonfiction—we pay special attention to the winner of our College Fiction Contest. At New York's School of Visual Arts there's a competition in Marshall Arisman's illustration class to produce the art to accompany the contest winner, which this year is *Que-Linda Takes the Rite Aid*, by Morgan Akins. Akins recently graduated from the Masters of Professional Writing Program at the University of Southern California and is working on a collection of related short stories called *Tales of Transformation*. Congratulations to Benjamin Marra, who won the illustration contest. We also tip our hat to the half-dozen second-place finishers, whose provocative work is featured here. Clockwise from top left, the artists are: Patrick Dorian, Meg Ripley, John Hendrix, George Boorujy, Woo Jung Ahn and Fawad Khan.

is going down the shitter!

Que-Linda watches, unemotional, from the cosmetics counter. She doesn't think thefts are really increasing. Theft seems to be a natural, if not daily, occurrence at the Rite Aid. And she ought to know, she's been there for seven years. And she doesn't think the U.S. of A. is going down the shitter. It seems to her it's been there all along.

•

Mr. Jennings rounds the corner by the shower caps. Que-Linda doesn't have to wear a watch to know that yet another mindless, pathetic hour of her life has been squandered. She puts down the nail file and *Teen Beat*.

Mr. Jennings *mmm-hmms* when he sees the magazine, the front pages curled back and bent out of shape. It is no longer fit for sale. He eyes his clipboard and makes a mark on a form titled INFRACTIONS.

Then he tries to snatch the magazine away from her. But Que-Linda is quick; she flattens her hand on it, pressing it hard into the countertop, her fingertips turning white.

And just like that, as if he cannot control himself, Mr. Jennings slaps her hand. Hard.

In her shock, she relinquishes it and for a second they just stare at each other and neither of them says a word. She looks at his face. His mouth is one tight, pinched line.

After he leaves, the skin on her hand still smarts and it blushes pink as she tries to rub his slap away.

•

"Mr. Jennings was married, you know," she says.

"No shit." Benny is eating potato salad out of a deli container. He picks around the bits of green onion.

The three of them, Que-Linda, Benny and Javier, are huddled behind the dairy case, in the walk-in refrigerator, crouching on empty milk crates. They have on their coats. This is where they hide out to hold their meetings; this is where they work on their plan to destroy Mr. Jennings and his Rite Aid.

"Once upon a time——" she begins.

"If you're gonna tell it, tell it." Javier has heard this story a thousand times already. Benny hasn't done as much time.

"Her name was Rachael, but everyone pretty much referred to her as Poor-Rachael. As in, 'Poor-Rachael ran out of food stamps at the grocery store' or 'Did you hear what that bastard did now? *Poor-Rachael!*'"

Que-Linda pauses for a moment. She is a master storyteller.

"And Poor-Rachael was good people.

(continued on page 148)

"You can't convince me he's never bobbed for apples before!"

BOTS INCREDIBLE!

TO HELL WITH HAL. YOUR FEMBOT IS BEING BUILT NOW

BY LAZLOW

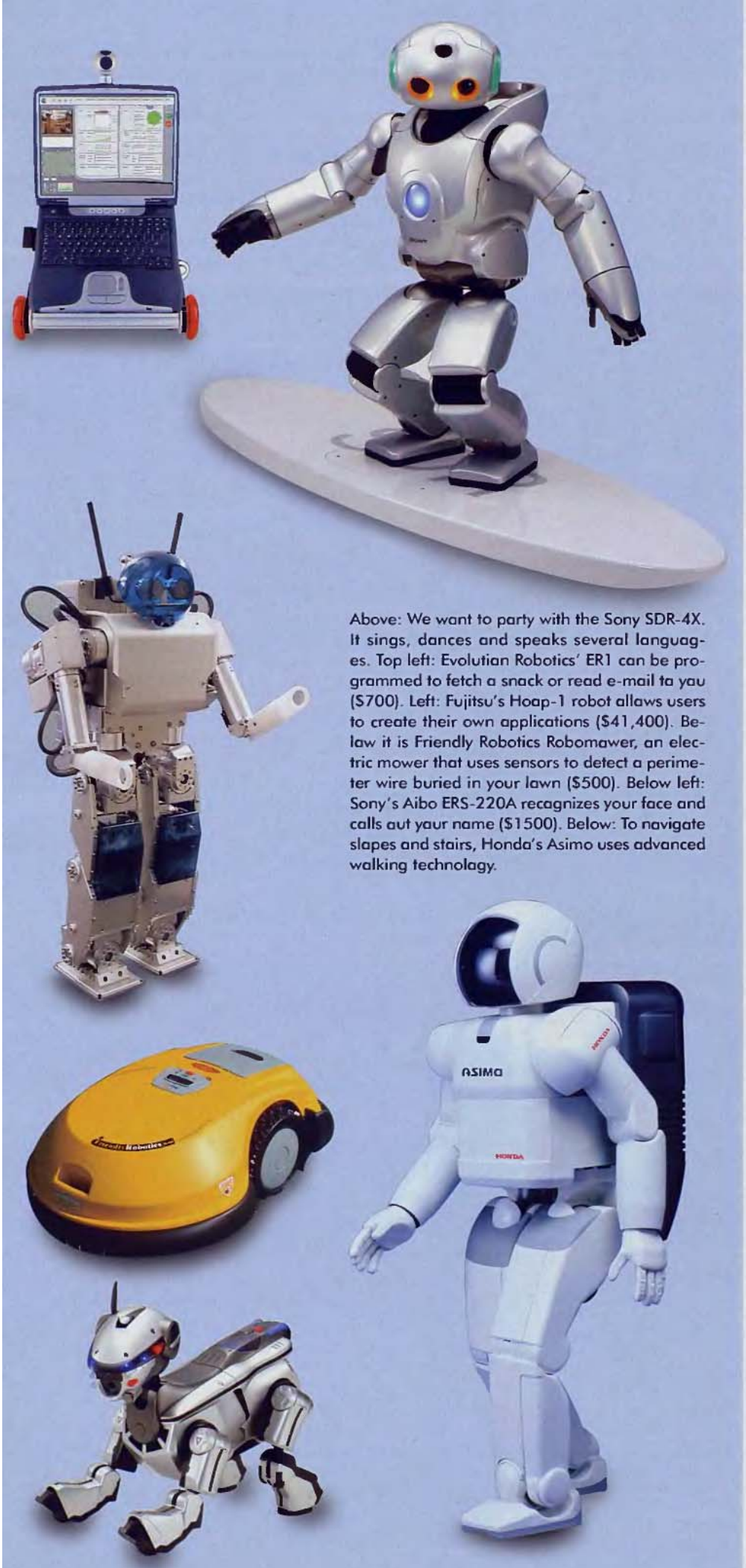
A robot in every home sounds like a pipe dream, but the day when a sexy machine cleans your condo isn't far off. With high-speed processors and inexpensive memory chips, several companies are developing a variety of robots for the home and workplace. These go beyond robotic dogs or the remote-control toasters of death on *BattleBots*. Consumer robots walk on two legs, read your e-mail aloud, move furniture and even sing and dance.

The precise role a robot plays in your life could depend on the culture the robot springs from. In Japan, the world leader in robotics research, robots are viewed as emotional companions and friends. Westerners see robots as servants. A blend of the two attitudes could be your fantasy come true. You'll get a robot that brings you a beer but also shakes its head sympathetically as you rant about your tough day. Indeed, reports of a new bar in Berlin staffed by robots attracted international attention from robotics enthusiasts and the press. Unfortunately, the robots were actually vending machines.

The days of bartender bots are closer, though. Thanks to a grant from the Japanese government, several companies have developed humanoid robots, some of which have attained celebrity status in Japan. The feminine robot known as Posy appears in a perfume advertising campaign. Sales of the scent went through the roof. Posy's creator, Tatsuya Matsui, also designed Pino, a robot who appeared in a music video with a well-known Japanese pop star. Honda Motor's Asimo has starred in several TV commercials, and this past February, Asimo rang the opening bell at the New York Stock Exchange to celebrate the anniversary of Honda's listing. Asimo isn't for sale to the public, but the company has made the robot available for rent. One model currently works at Japan's National Museum of Emerging Science and Innovation—at an annual salary of $150,000. Not bad for a hunk of metal.

The best-selling consumer robot is Aibo, Sony's cute robotic dog. The most recent generation, Aibo ERS-220A, recognizes 75 voice commands, expresses emotion and takes photos ($1500). Despite Aibo's phenomenal success, developers at Sony recognize that the future of robotics is bipedal. They have launched a two-legged robot named the SDR-4X. Billed as an entertainment robot for the home, the SDR-4X is two feet tall, has a pair of cameras for eyes and can recognize faces. Through seven microphones in its head, the robot can detect where a sound comes from and distinguish between different voices. The SDR-4X uses an embedded wireless connection to exchange data with a home PC. Owners can also upload music and lyrics the robot will dance to and sing. Think of it as the world's most expensive karaoke machine. Sony has not announced when the SDR-4X will be

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



Above: We want to party with the Sony SDR-4X. It sings, dances and speaks several languages. Top left: Evolutian Robotics' ER1 can be programmed to fetch a snack or read e-mail ta yau ($700). Left: Fujitsu's Hoap-1 robot allaws users to create their own applications ($41,400). Belaw it is Friendly Robotics Robomawer, an electric mower that uses sensors to detect a perimeter wire buried in your lawn ($500). Below left: Sony's Aibo ERS-220A recagnizes your face and calls aut yaur name ($1500). Below: To navigate slapes and stairs, Honda's Asimo uses advanced walking technalagy.

commercially available (or what it will cost).

Kawada's HRP-2P can't bust dance maves, but it can drive a forklift and carry furniture. At five feet tall and 127 pounds, HRP-2P towers over its competitors. The robot can be controlled via joystick for precise ar dangerous jabs. Or it can work in autonomous mode to accomplish tasks by itself. Kawada hapes HRP-2P will be used in disaster recavery and to care for the elderly and handicapped.

The smallest humanoid robot currently on the market is from Fujitsu. Last year the company introduced Hoap-1. At a foot and a half tall, Hoap-1 sells for $41,400. Its real draw is software that allows users to create their own commands. A much taller version will be needed if Hoap-1 is to be af much use araund the house.

Fittingly, the only cansumer robot that can serve as your butler was develaped in the U.S. Evolution Robotics' ER1 ($700) is essentially an aluminum frame with wheels, motors and a robotic arm. Your laptop (not provided) sits in a cradle and becomes the brains af the robat. With the supplied saftware, it navigates your home through a mounted USB camera. Once you show the ER1 where a specific item is, it takes a snapshat and remembers the location. Then, when instructed by voice command to "get me a beer," the ER1 rolls toward the kitchen and brings back a cold one in its robotic claw. That stellar feat is the cumulative work of some of the more brilliant scientists at MIT, Cal Tech and the Jet Propulsion Lab. The ER1 can alsa serve as a personal assistant. By using a wireless network card and software that converts text to speech it can monitor yaur e-mail bin by issuing a verbal alert ar reading aloud. Programming the ER1 doesn't require a degree in computer science—the interface provides easy-to-use menus.

There are some real tasks robots can already perform, such as mowing the lawn. Friendly Robotics electric Robomower ($500) can trim 1000 square feet in an haur. Its onboard computer uses sensors to detect a perimeter wire laid aut on the property and connected to a 4.5-volt power source. As a safety precautian (and to keep it from mowing your foot), the motor shuts off and the blades stop if the robot is lifted an inch off the ground.

Irabot's Caworker is a three-foot-tall rabot with a digital camera mounted on top of a long neck that can swivel and rotate. When the boss is away, he can command the Caworker robot via the Internet to take a look around the office ta see who's asleep and then issue reprimands from the robot's speakers. But the Coworker doesn't just spy. Several people can log on to it simultaneously, thus creating a mobile canference call. Prabably available next year, it is expected to cost approximately $25,000. Watch for it at a watercooler near you.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

our picks of the best college football teams and players in the nation

The Texas Longhorns hove a chance to ride the strong left orm of quarterback Chris Simms to a national chompionship.

If you love college football, 2002 is your year. There are 14 Saturdays this season, enabling the NCAA to put an extra (in most cases, 12th) game on its schedule of Division IA teams. That's roughly 117 more college football games this fall. Allowing an average three hours per game, you'll have 351 more hours in front of the tube. Not counting bowl games, the potential for college football viewing will be close to 4000 hours. Recorded end to end on your Tivo, that's nearly six months of nonstop football viewing pleasure, almost enough to get you through to the 2003 season.

Speaking of bowls, we can thank the NCAA for adding the Queen City Bowl in Charlotte, the San Francisco Bowl and the Hawaii Bowl. With 12-game schedules, the possibility looms of bowl matchups between 6–6 teams. Now, there's excitement on a grand scale. Says Penn State athletic director Tim Curley, chairman of the NCAA subcommittee that approved the additional bowls, "Letting more student-athletes have an opportunity to experience a bowl game is a positive thing." Hey, Tim, why don't we just let all of them play in a bowl game?

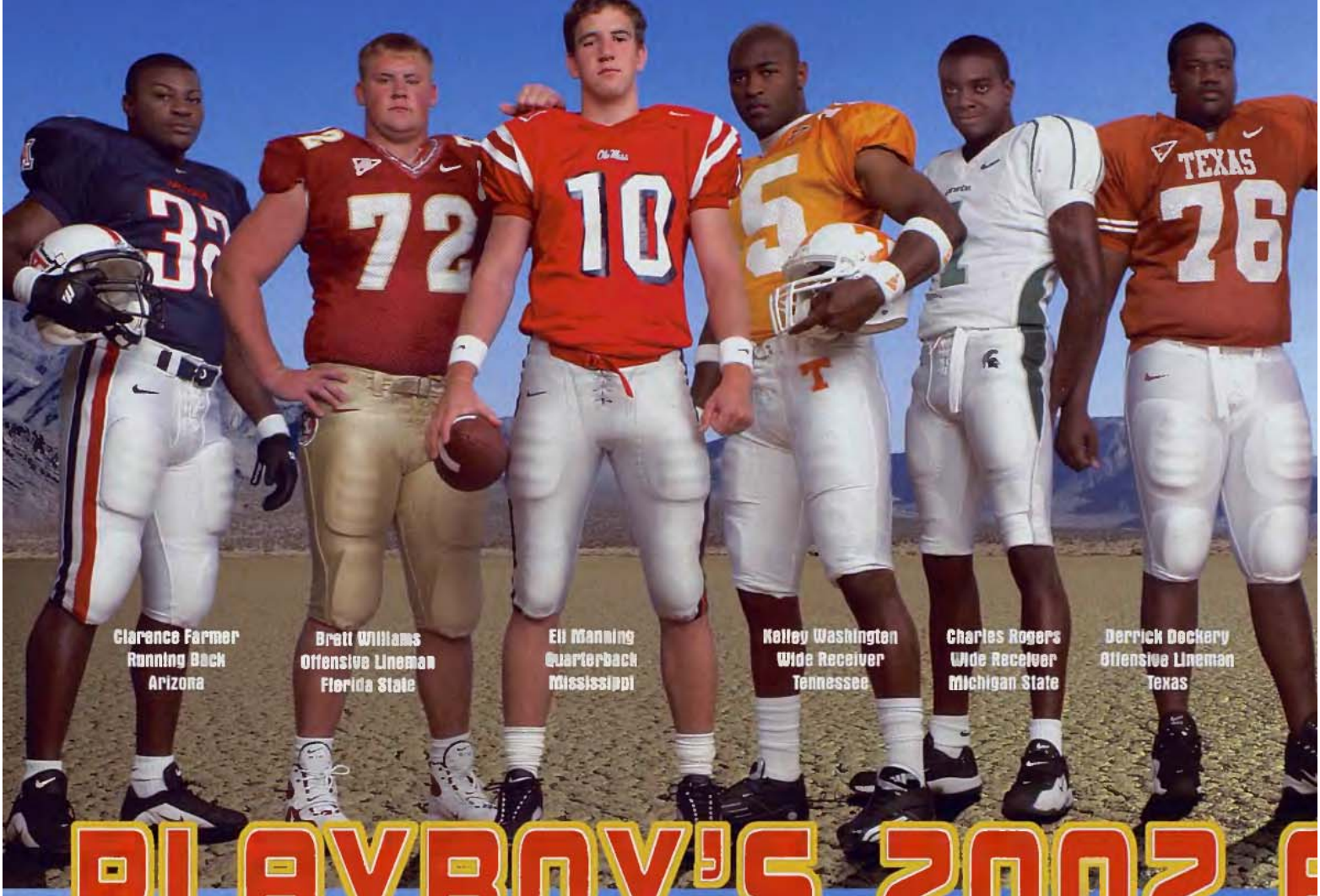
sports By GARY COLE

As predicted in last year's Playboy's Pigskin Preview, Miami was the most talented football team and (with a modicum of luck) ran the table to win a national *(continued on page 126)*

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. TEXAS	12–0	11. MARSHALL	11–1
2. MIAMI	11–1	12. WASHINGTON	8–4
3. OKLAHOMA	11–1	13. COLORADO	8–4
4. TENNESSEE	10–2	14. FLORIDA	8–4
5. WASHINGTON STATE	10–2	15. OREGON	8–4
6. FLORIDA STATE	9–4	16. MICHIGAN	8–4
7. VIRGINIA TECH	9–4	17. LOUISVILLE	10–2
8. OHIO STATE	9–4	18. SYRACUSE	8–4
9. NEBRASKA	9–4	19. OREGON STATE	8–4
10. GEORGIA	8–4	20. PENN STATE	8–4

Possible breakthroughs: Georgia Tech, Louisiana State, Kansas State, Alabama, Wisconsin



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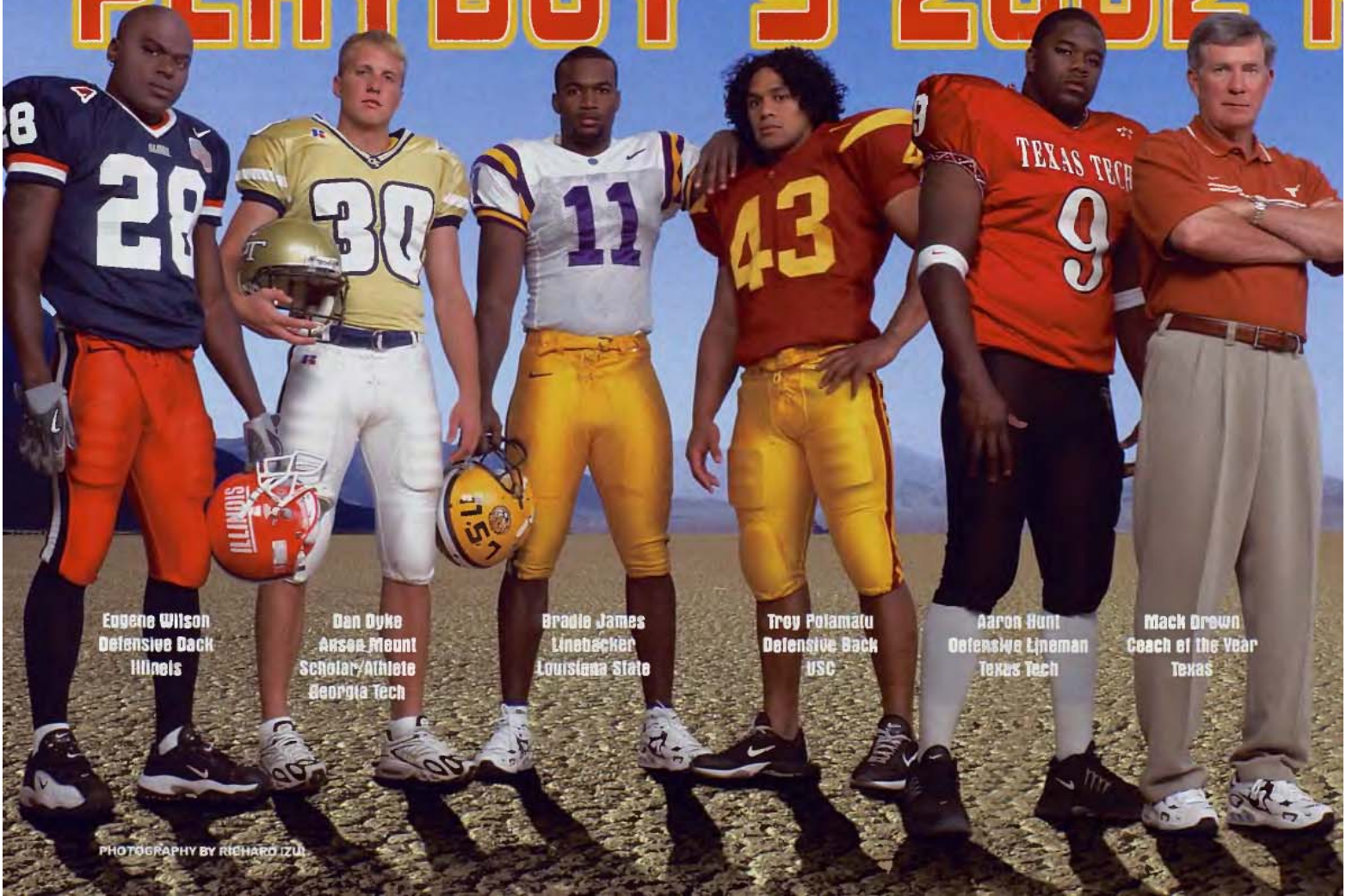


PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS IN PHOENIX

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 2002 is MACK BROWN of the University of Texas. Only the fourth coach in the 46-year history of the Playboy All-America team to be selected a second time, Mack Brown personifies the best attributes of a successful college coach: integrity, intelligence, intensity. After turning around North Carolina's football fortunes (Playboy Coach of the Year in 1993), he took over the Texas program four years ago and catapulted it back to national prominence, with the Longhorns winning at least nine games during each of those seasons.

OFFENSE

ELI MANNING—Quarterback, 6'4", 212, junior, Mississippi. Has already set or tied 17 school records, including single-season passing yards (2948) and touchdowns (31). Intercepted only nine times. His father, Archie, was a Playboy All-America in 1970; his brother, Peyton, was selected to the team twice (1996 and 1997).

LEE SUGGS—Running back, 6', 204, senior, Virginia Tech. Led the nation in scoring and touchdowns in 2000. Rushed for 99 yards in first game before a season-ending knee injury.

CLARENCE FARMER—Running back, 6'1", 214, junior, Arizona. Finished second in Pac Ten in rushing last year with 1229 yards. Has 24.3-yard career average on 15 touchdown runs.

BERNARD BERRIAN—Wide receiver, 6'2", 190, senior, Fresno State. Had 1364 receiving yards last season, averaged 5.9 catches and 97.7 yards per game and was also one of the top kick and punt returners in the nation.

CHARLES ROGERS—Wide receiver, 6'4", 200, junior, Michigan State. Set school single-season records for receptions (67), receiving yards (1470) and touchdown receptions (14) in his first year on the active roster.

KELLEY WASHINGTON—Wide receiver, 6'4", 225, sophomore, Tennessee. Had 64 catches for 1010 yards and five touchdowns as a freshman.

AL JOHNSON—Offensive lineman, 6'4", 298, senior, Wisconsin. Already named to the Lombardi Award watch list for the nation's top linemen.

BRETT WILLIAMS—Offensive lineman, 6'6", 317, senior, Florida State. Voted top offensive lineman in conference by ACC coaches.

STEVE SCIULLO—Offensive lineman, 6'6", 315, senior, Marshall. Three-year starter who has not missed one game in collegiate career. No quarterback sacks allowed last season.

JON STINCHCOMB—Offensive lineman, 6'6", 280, senior, Georgia. Consensus All-SEC selection and one of 11 players selected nationally to American Football Coaches Association National Good Works Team.

DERRICK DOCKERY—Offensive lineman, 6'6", 345, senior, Texas. Recorded 51 knockdowns and 36 pancake blocks last season. Entering third season as starter.

ONTERRIO SMITH—Kick returner, 5'10", 195, junior, Oregon. Averaged 27.6 yards per kickoff return last season. Also rushed for 1058 yards while playing as a nonstarter.

DEFENSE

AARON HUNT—Defensive lineman, 6'3", 259, senior, Texas Tech. Ranked fifth in nation in sacks last year with 12; needs only one more to set a school career record.

WILLIAM JOSEPH—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 297, senior, Miami. Had 10 sacks, 19 tackles for loss, 16 quarterback hurries, four forced fumbles and one interception last season.

CORY REDDING—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 270, senior, Texas. Helped his team lead nation in total defense last season. Had five sacks, 14 tackles for loss, 18 quarterback hurries and one interception.

JIMMY KENNEDY—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 330, senior, Penn State. Made 51 tackles last season, including eight tackles for loss and six sacks. (Not pictured.)

E.J. HENDERSON—Linebacker, 6'2", 243, senior, Maryland. ACC Player of the Year last season, he led the conference and was second in nation in tackles per game.

BRADIE JAMES—Linebacker, 6'3", 238, senior, Louisiana State. Ranked second on team in total tackles last season with 113.

CLIFTON SMITH—Linebacker, 6'3", 263, senior, Syracuse. Was Insight.com Bowl Defensive MVP after recording 12 tackles, two sacks and one forced fumble.

TROY POLAMALU—Defensive back, 5'10", 215, senior, USC. Had team-high 118 tackles, including 13 for losses, three interceptions, a fumble recovery and three blocked punts.

SAMMY DAVIS—Defensive back, 6', 183, senior, Texas A&M. Increased his career interception total to nine by picking off five more passes last season.

EUGENE WILSON—Defensive back, 5'11", 183, senior, Illinois. Led the nation last year with 30 pass breakups. Also had six interceptions and 70 tackles.

MIKE DOSS—Defensive back, 5'11", 204, senior, Ohio State. Had 87 tackles last year, including 10 for losses, three interceptions and four fumble recoveries.

DAMON DUVAL—Punter/placekicker, 6', 184, senior, Auburn. First-team All-SEC as punter and kicker. Kicked game-winning field goals last year against three opponents. Averaged 44 yards per punt. He is the first player to be selected at two positions on the Playboy All-America Team.

championship for first-year coach Larry Coker. The Hurricanes have enough talent returning to repeat. But there are plenty of teams to thwart that plan. Here are our picks for this year's college football season.

(1) TEXAS

The eyes of the nation will be on Texas football this fall. Playboy Coach of the Year Mack Brown has assembled a stellar cast of players who could claim the Longhorns' first national championship since 1970. To win a national championship, you need a great quarterback. Chris Simms, son of former NFL superstar Phil, has the arm, the poise and the genes. Not having Major Applewhite looking over his shoulder should help his performance. National champions also need a great defense spearheaded by a ferocious pass rusher. The Longhorns' defense ought to be even better than last year, when they led the nation in total defense. Playboy All-America Cory Redding is a pass rusher who gives quarterbacks nightmares. First-round NFL draft selections Mike Williams and Quentin Jammer will be missed, but Brown's recruiting classes at UT have been rated number one in the nation two years in a row. The only team in the Big 12 that can play with Texas this year is Oklahoma. The national championship could be decided on the afternoon of October 12, when Texas takes on the Sooners in Dallas. 12–0

(2) MIAMI

Larry Coker has yet to lose a game as head coach of the Hurricanes. Last season, Coker's first as head coach, the Canes went 12–0, including a Rose Bowl victory over Nebraska. Of course, there were close calls. There always are on the way to a national championship. But Miami's overall talent topped everyone else's. Despite losing 12 starters from last season, the team is again superior. Quarterback Ken Dorsey is on pace to shatter every UM passing record on the books. Andre Johnson, only a junior, is a standout at wide receiver. Playboy All-America tackle William Joseph is the best Miami defensive lineman since Warren Sapp. Although Miami has no less than 10 quality defensive linemen, Coker needs to put together a new defensive secondary. The Hurricanes say they don't want to defend the national title, just win another one. But their schedule is tough. 11–1

(3) OKLAHOMA

If the Sooners were the sleeping giant, coach Bob Stoops was the guy with the alarm clock. Since Stoops took

(continued on page 158)

"I know you guys in the booth will agree.
This is a <u>brilliant</u> strategy designed to get the crowd back
into the game!"

Jamie Oliver

the naked chef defends fat, smaller portions and something called spotted dick

Jamie Oliver swears he didn't set out to become a television chef. He was just tending the stove in a London restaurant. "I was making pasta and tying up a big pork roast while a documentary was being filmed. I was in the background." The footage "went out a couple of months later on the telly." He was seen and asked to do his own show. The offer immediately went to his head. "I became very bossy and cocky. Everyone was trying to get me to cook in a studio, and I wanted to cook in my house. I wanted to be less chefy. Chefs can scare the hell out of the public."

No toques on the Naked Chef, just the bloke next door cooking up some tasty grub for his mates and maybe a bird or two. Naked? That's the term Oliver uses for cuisine served straight up, with no elaborate sauces to overpower the taste of simple, high-quality ingredients.

Oliver wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he was handed a spatula early on in his father's Essex pub. After a stint in culinary school, he landed at a restaurant in France near Calais ("I couldn't speak hardly any French, so I just stayed in the kitchen, where I was safe"). He also bummed around at little "farmhouse" restaurants in Italy.

The Food Network imported Oliver's show from the BBC as it was, though a subtitle or two might have helped American viewers. Tip: "Pukka" means tasty in Oliver's kitchen vernacular. The network was so pleased it ordered a batch of original shows. Oliver's Twist airs Tuesday evenings.

Oliver also swears he never intended to become a cookbook author. He just happened to keep a diary of his recipes, "a day in the life of cooking." His third volume, Happy Days With the Naked Chef, will be released any day now.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker talked with Oliver when he visited New York's meat market district in the west village. According to Kalbacker, "He was so open with his cooking advice that I suspect 'secret recipe' might be an alien concept to him. But he warned me that there was another Jamie Oliver, who appears when he dons a toque to prepare restaurant meals: 'I'm a hard bastard in the kitchen. We spend a lot of money on produce, and if the help disrespects the courgettes or aubergines, all hell breaks loose.'"

1

PLAYBOY: It's not just about the food, is it?

OLIVER: I'm a great believer that it's not. Cooking is a very sensual thing. It's a loving thing. Some of the best moments I've had have been around the dinner table. To be invited to someone's house for a meal, whether it's your friends or family, is really personal. And if you can cook, that's the key. You don't want to be flapping all over the place, sweating, and have some bird turn up at your house. If you can cook just a few dishes good, once she walks in the door you make it all seem effortless and relaxed—"Oh, it's nothing. It's easy. Sit down, darling. Have a glass of wine. What have you been doing today?" She'll be on you like a rash. She'll be after you. If you want to shag on the table, then go ahead and shag on the table.

2

PLAYBOY: When the time comes to forgo take-out food or restaurant meals, what can a guy do to overcome fear of frying—and broiling and baking?

OLIVER: Failure is the biggest intimidation. But who gives a shit? I make mistakes all the time. You learn from them. I know some cracking good cooks who actually can't cook many things, but they have balls. Confidence shines in the kitchen. The most important thing is accepting that you're going to give it a go. Instead of going into the realm of restaurant cookery, just cook some of the things you've learned, but do them with a little twist and do them well: the perfect roast chicken, the perfect spaghetti, the perfect scrambled egg, the best risotto. It's phenomenal the flavors and the nutrition you get from fresh herbs. There are a few things you can do to turn around your cooking quick time. Using fresh herbs is one of them. And getting your larder supplies sorted out.

3

PLAYBOY: If your girlfriend is going to peek into your cupboard or fridge—and she surely will—what would you want her to find there?

OLIVER: She'd want to think you're a bit stylish, so even if you're just a burger freak, have a bag of risotto rice on hand, a pack of dried porcini, some smoked paprika, a tin of good anchovies, some really good olive oil. And a tin of baked beans, because you don't want to scare her off completely. Your woman is going to look in there and think, He's a classy boy, and he likes the simple things in life.

4

PLAYBOY: As the son of a publican, please describe for us the glories of British pub culture.

OLIVER: My family's pub is 450 years old. It's a great thing to get a locally made beer with a really beautiful home-cooked dish. My father was one of a handful who 20-some years ago introduced good food into an old-fashioned pub. My dad makes fresh pasta. He makes fresh bread every morning. He does breakfast, lunch, dinner. Americans love pubs. I think they love pubs because it's a different atmosphere from their bars. It's the drinking out of pint glasses and the sense of community. And for English people there's nothing like going to a good *Cheers*-style bar in a city. But pubs are cool. I have a lot of fond memories of time spent in pubs. You got shitty pubs, you got amazing pubs. You got quiet pubs, you got loud pubs. *(continued on page 142)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID RDSE

"She was on the dean's list until the dean's wife heard about it."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

Lindsey VUOLO

SEE MORE LINDSEY IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

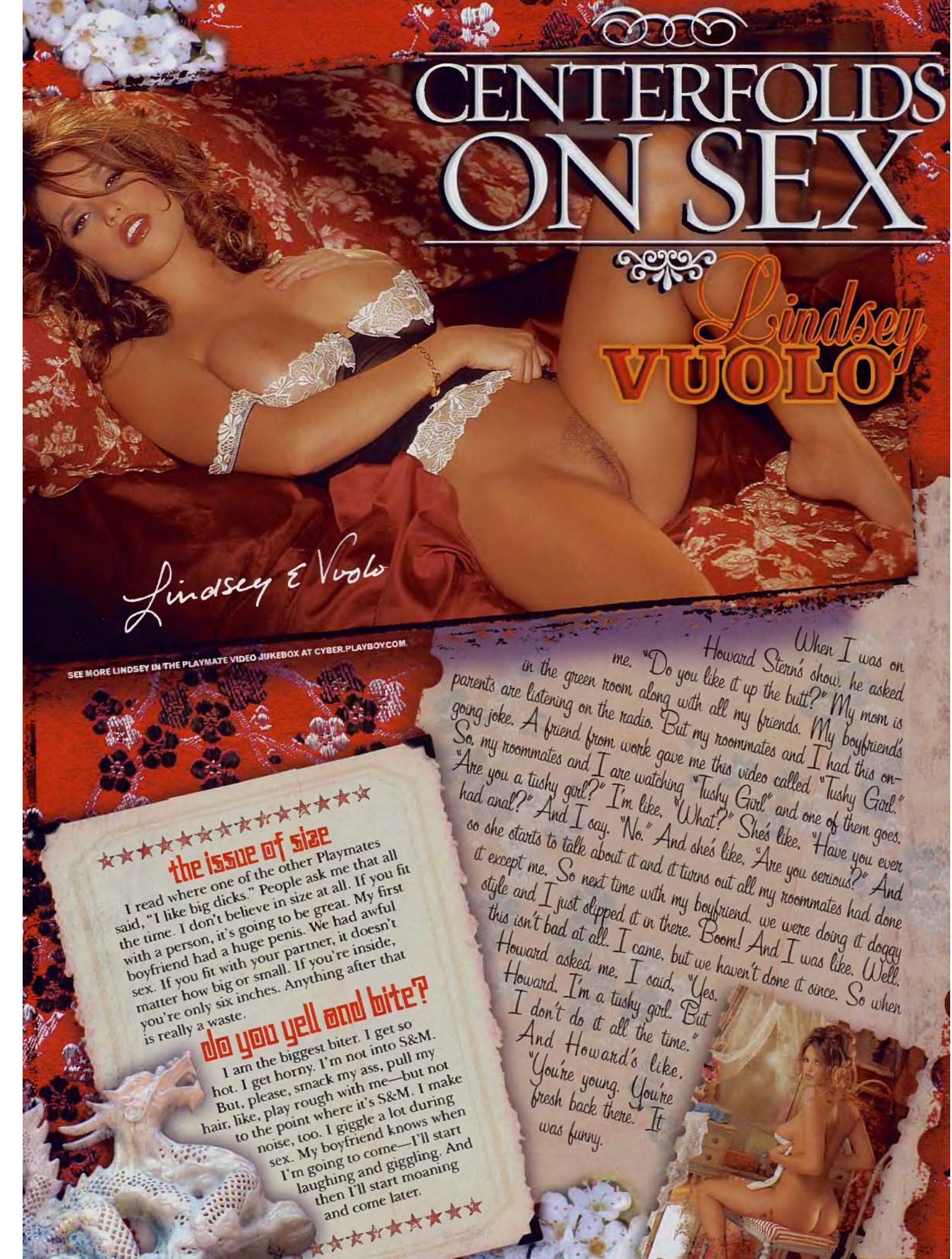
the issue of size

I read where one of the other Playmates said, "I like big dicks." People ask me that all the time. I don't believe in size at all. If you fit with a person, it's going to be great. My first boyfriend had a huge penis. We had awful sex. If you fit with your partner, it doesn't matter how big or small. If you're inside, you're only six inches. Anything after that is really a waste.

do you yell and bite?

I am the biggest biter. I get so hot. I get horny. I'm not into S&M. But, please, smack my ass, pull my hair, like, play rough with me—but not to the point where it's S&M. I make noise, too. I giggle a lot during sex. My boyfriend knows when I'm going to come—I'll start laughing and giggling. And then I'll start moaning and come later.

When I was on Howard Stern's show, he asked me, "Do you like it up the butt?" My mom is in the green room along with all my friends. My boyfriend's parents are listening on the radio. But my roommates and I had this on-going joke. A friend from work gave me this video called "Tushy Girl." So, my roommates and I are watching "Tushy Girl" and one of them goes, "Are you a tushy girl?" I'm like, "What?" She's like, "Have you ever had anal?" And I say, "No." And she's like, "Are you serious?" And so she starts to talk about it and it turns out all my roommates had done it except me. So next time with my boyfriend, we were doing it doggy style and I just slipped it in there. Boom! And I was like, Well, this isn't bad at all. I came, but we haven't done it since. So when Howard asked me, I said, "Yes. Howard, I'm a tushy girl. But I don't do it all the time." And Howard's like, "You're young. You're fresh back there." It was funny.



Elizabeth Black, Francesca Pardini, Kenda Burkhart, Jennifer Ziegenfuss, Melati Edan, Paula Combs, Melissa Schwegel—**COLORADO**

GIRLS of the BIG 12

keep the coasts, we'll take the heartland

TO MOST PEOPLE, the Big 12 means smash-mouth football. But to us, it means all-American girls and all-night parties. With the pregame festivities and the postgame keggers, you have to train like a linebacker to keep up. But don't get the wrong idea—this is a conference where the girls look even better without your beer goggles. Last year Nebraska and Colorado were involved in a numbers crunch for a trip to the Rose Bowl. But with girls like these on campus, it's hard to believe Big 12 teams leave home at all—even for a top bowl berth. One note about campus style: You may think you're not in Kansas anymore—in fact, judging by the lack of underbrush, this could be Brazil.

Cooper Dawn—**NEBRASKA**

Tana Sandlin, April Glenn—**TEXAS TECH**

Boulder has always been the place to go for a Rocky Mountain high. And, you hove to admit, the views are mognificent. But don't take our word for it—check out the Grond Tetons for yourself at Colorado's Chi Psi house. Opposite page, the girls in the top row, from left: Elizobeth Black, Francesco Pordini ond Kendo Burkhort. Front row, left to right: Jennifer Ziegenfuss of New Jersey, Colorado native Melati Edon, Virginion Paula Combs ond Minnesoto-born Melisso Schwegel. First downs ore hard to come by against the swarming defenses of the Big 12. But reasons to go for it are not. Like Nebroska MBA student Cooper Dawn, above left. Cornhusker? We hardly know her. Above right are Red Raiders Tona Sandlin and April Glenn, both native Texans. Tona studies history, while April explodes all stereotypes—she's o moth major ond ploys flute in the Goin' Band from Raiderlond, otherwise known as the Texas Tech marching band. April's o little over 5'8" and meosures in at 34-23-34. It doesn't take a math wizord to recognize those numbers as the bosis for belle curves.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU, KIM MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS

Alaina Hutson, Mandi Berry—**OKLAHOMA STATE**

This page, clockwise from bottom right: Contradicting the Show-Me State's motto is Charisse Taylor of the University of Missouri. Her onimol magnetism may hove something to do with the fact that she's president of the hundred-strong Pre-Vet club. Ploying strip karaoke are English major Kathleen Gless ond business majors Katy Reeves and Elizabeth Saindon. The blonde is Aggie Kim Hiott, a business mojor who tokes pride in acing her most difficult classes, like colculus ond occounting. Next to her is Colorodo's Shannon Sundita. Shannon left Howaii for Boulder—the kind of move that could cause you to study kinesiology. (She does.) Shooting pool are Oklahoma State's Alaino Hutson and Mandi Berry. Aloino is o third-generotion Cowboy. She majors in advertising. Mandi handles a double major in studio art and art history. She loves to paint with oils or watercolors, but figures she's more apt to eorn a living ot ort theropy. Get reody to perfect your brush stroke.

Kim Hiott—**TEXAS A&M**

Shannon Sundita—**COLORADO**

Kathleen Gless, Katy Reeves, Elizabeth Saindon—**NEBRASKA**

Charisse Taylor—**MISSOURI**

Chanel Ferrer—**TEXAS**

Nicole Jack—**IOWA STATE**

Amanda Alan—**OKLAHOMA**

Oklahama has a style all its awn. Take Amanda Alan, abave. You dan't get nude cawgirls at thase fancy-pants schaals back East. Belaw, left: Kristin Black. Forget hame, there is no place like Lawrence, Kansas. Below, middle, is green-eyed K-State Wildcat Sarah Vollmer. Like the Beach Bays sang, the Midwest farmers' daughters really make you feel all right. Below right is Serena Berg. She went ta high schaal in Hawaii before heading for the Rackies—where she fits in perfectly.

Blanca Silva, Rachel Barnier, Lexi Lucas, April Nicole—**BAYLOR**

Baylor is ane af four Texas teams that jained the Big 12 after the Sauthwest Conference disbanded. It hasn't taken long for new rivalries to become praminent fixtures an the SpartsCenter-friendly Big 12 schedule. Clackwise, abave: Standing in the hot-pink bikini is Blanca Silva (wha studies international business), cheering in the patterned bikini is Rachel Barnier (who is inta saccer), kneeling in the Baylor Law top is Lexi Lucas (fram Corpus Christi), and in the teal bikini is psych majar April Nicole. Tap left is law student Chanel Ferrer, fram France. Next ta her is Iawa State Cyclane Nicole Jack, wha's studying psychalagy in Ames.

Kristin Black—**KANSAS**

Sarah Vollmer—**KANSAS STATE**

Serena Berg—**COLORADO**

Dolores Hernandez, Carrie Sims, Nancy Gandrud—**COLORADO**

Home, home on the range. The trio of buff Buffs camping at left are dance major Dolores Hernandez, business major Carrie Sims and engineering major Nancy Gondrud. If you ever see a *Back to the Future* DeLorean cruising the streets of Boulder, you've spotted Nancy. Getting comfy in the middle of this page is Baylor poli sci major Lorali Roberts. She plans to go to law school. (No need to work on her opening statements.) Bottom, left to right: Vanessa grew up in KC before becoming a Tiger. UT's Rachel Balbert gives us a Longhorn. And there's more good news in Bush country—Rachel has four sisters. We fell in love with Alissa Singer at first sight. She's studying broadcast journalism. This Tiger seems destined for great things.

Lorali Roberts—**BAYLOR**

Vanessa—**MISSOURI**

Rachel Balbert—**TEXAS**

Alissa Singer—**MISSOURI**

Chase Alexander—**NEBRASKA**

Penny Drake—**TEXAS**

Lauren Albrecht—**MISSOURI**

Above is Chase Alexander, who is studying to become an anesthetist. (She already knocks us out.) Top right is Penny Drake, a photojournalism student at Texas. With those blue eyes and that red hair, it's a wonder she manages to get out and snap any pictures at all. (If we were in her place, we'd be too busy staring in the mirror, drooling.) Below Penny is Missouri's Lauren Albrecht, a business major. The girls in the group shot at right are at Texas Tech's Kappa Sigma house. Top row, left to right: Jessica Steven, who studies industrial engineering, interior design major Lauren Swartz and, sending a shout-out to Bobby Knight, Samantha McDade, an anthropology student. Bottom row, left to right: Amanda Harrison, an anthropology major, Jenni James, who wants to get into PR, Chenoa Owassa Nyaki, a geology major, journalism major Lori Wilkinson and Amanda Watkins, who is majoring in early childhood education.

Jessica Steven, Lauren Swartz, Samantha McDade, Amanda Harrison, Jenni James, Chenoa Owassa Nyaki, Lori Wilkinson, Amanda Watkins—**TEXAS TECH**

Kristie Stammer, Jamie Boardman—**OKLAHOMA**

Mary Beth Decker—**TEXAS A&M**

They say the friends you make in college are friends for life. Getting to know each other above are Kristie Stammer (left) and Jamie Boardman. They both grew up in Oklahoma. Kristie studies psychology and writes in her spare time—songs, poems and fiction. Jamie is majoring in marketing and gives a mean massage. Above right is Mary Beth Decker, who's studying journalism and theater at Texas A&M. She's planning to pursue acting in New York. At right is Colorado goddess Jessica Stiles. She's majoring in kinesiology and working in a research lab. Jessica hopes to go on to med school, and she is well on her way, making the dean's list for her nearly perfect GPA.

Jessica Stiles—**COLORADO**

Melissa Walker, Sarah Means, Rebeccah Johnson, Jennifer Allison, April Michelle Carlson, Sara McEwin—**OKLAHOMA STATE**

Stillwater runs deep—just check out the talent above. The girls in the top row, left to right, are Melissa Walker, Sarah Means and Rebeccah Johnson. In the front row, left to right, are Jennifer Allison, April Michelle Carlson and Sara McEwin. At right is Kristine Mutiere, who is studying vocal performance. Below left, in the jumpsuit, is Red Raider Michelle Vitela. Michelle is studying to be a nurse practitioner—though we caught up with her at the Texas Air Museum. Next to her is K-State's Shauna Cushman. Shauna urged on the Wildcats as a cheerleader for three years. "Nothing beats warm sun and a cool lake," she tells us. There must be something in that water in Kansas—Carey Orake is yet another world-class beauty from the plains. Carey plans to head back to school for a master's degree after finishing at KU. We're happy to offer her an MS—a master's of schweetness—right now.

Kristine Mutiere—**OKLAHOMA**

Michelle Vitela—**TEXAS TECH**

Shauna Cushman—**KANSAS STATE**

Carey Oroke—**KANSAS**

Kelly Daniels—**IOWA STATE**

Above are some kegs we'd like to top. Thot's Kelly Daniels, o Chicogo notive. She's been forther ofield than Ames, Iowa—she spent o yeor perfecting her French in Poris. Below is Kansas native Tristyn Rutledge, a Wildcat if we ever sow one. She spends her free time co-noeing, camping ond hiking. At right is Joy-howk Jennifer Whalen. She grew up in Mis-souri and majors in strotegic communications. Below at right ore (left to right) Boby Doll (as her friends call her), Soroh Kidd, Angel Hall ond Whitney Trouble Roberts, oll from Texos Tech. Baby Doll wos born in Soipon to o Mi-cronesian mom, and Angel is o former nation-ol champion cheerleoder. Bring it on.

Jennifer Whalen—**KANSAS**

Tristyn Rutledge—**KANSAS STATE**

Baby Doll, Sarah Kidd, Angel Hall, Whitney Trouble Roberts—**TEXAS TECH**

This page: At left is Amber Janes. She is studying to be a pharmacist. From the looks af it, she already gives peaple a buzz. Behind Amber is Jaclynn Robinsan, a Tulsa native who ran varsity track in high schaal. Kneeling is Jillian Karie. She majars in film and video studies and puts her knowledge to wark on a documentary an Saoners faotball. Behind the pale is business majar Kendal Clark, anather native Oklahoman. Raising the raof is Chloe Tamsan. She's fram small-town Texas and wants to be a dentist. (Say ahhh.) Far right is Leilani Taylor. Another Texas émigré, Leilani is studying journalism. But if the pen isn't mighty enaugh, she kickbaxes, toa.

THERE ARE MORE BIG 12 COEDS AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Amber Jones, Jaclynn Robinson, Jillian Karie, Kendal Clark, Chloe Tomson, Leilani Taylor—**OKLAHOMA**

Jamie Oliver (continued from page 129)

The morning after shagging I'd make pukkolla. It's not too heavy and it gives you a massive hit.

5

PLAYBOY: Do the Italians know something about cuisine that the French do not?
OLIVER: They're very different. No matter what anyone says, the French can cook. They can really cook. French country cooking is earthy, but there's also a pretentious side to it, which is very high-end restaurant. It's lovely to save up and have those meals, but I enjoy the family food more than the restaurant food. I don't like the idea of people breathing on and hands groping over food for hours. I'm a lover of not really touching food, and that's where Italian cuisine comes into its own. The best olive oil shouldn't be used in cooking, it should be drizzled over a salad or used to finish a *ribollita* or a pasta once it's come off the heat. The Italians are friendly, family oriented, nurturing. Also, as the kings of bullshitters, they're good at pretending they're looking after you, giving you attentive service. Whether they like you or not, they get the job done. Don't get me wrong. I went to Italy for my honeymoon. My best friends are Italian. My mentor, Gennaro, is Italian.

6

PLAYBOY: How can you cook your way into her heart when she's a vegetarian?
OLIVER: I don't think there's a problem when using really good produce and such things as beautiful mozzarellas and olives. I didn't mean to do it, but half the recipes in my books are vegetarian. I do a lot of breads, salads, a lot of risottos and pasta and a lot of antipasto and tapas. And within the realm of those, there's a lot of beautiful cooking. The Italians have a very vegetarian diet, but they would never call themselves vegetarian. They like a bit of blood, a little flapping fish. I prefer somebody who is into everything, because food's a bit of a journey. There's always something around the corner that you've never tried. I tried buffalo and moose recently. Moose is just like good beef—a little bit chewier but not much. It's low-fat and very tasty.

7

PLAYBOY: For those of us who cook for our wives and girlfriends, can you describe a recipe that will ignite romance?
OLIVER: Definitely. Most women love fish. If you want to ignite romance, go down to the market—on any day apart from a Monday or a weekend, because the fishermen don't go out fishing on weekends. Get yourself a whole, shiny, fresh, sparkly sea bass, have it scaled and gutted, and when you get it back home, stuff it with loads of herbs and spring onions, put it on a big piece of tinfoil, fold it like an envelope, pour a glass of wine in there and a good drizzling of extra-virgin olive oil or butter, seal it up and bake it in the oven. It will puff up like a big pillow, the steam will build and the goodness will come out of the fish. With all the herbs, the wine and the butter, you'll have a beautiful little sauce. Take the whole thing to the table, rip it open in front of her so the steam goes everywhere. Serve it with a green salad and a new-potato salad. It's tactile. You can serve her. She can serve you. Glass of wine. Candle. You want something nice on the stereo, music that's conducive to a little bit of chat and a little bit of romance. Sade as opposed to Prodigy, a mad English rave band with a song called *Smack My Bitch Up*. They're quite offensive. They're very good, but you don't want to play them when you're trying to pull a bird.

8

PLAYBOY: And what should we serve the morning after?
OLIVER: The morning after shagging? I'd make *pukkolla*, which is basically a soaked muesli with loads of fruit and honey. That's always good, because hardly anyone has tried it before. It's not too heavy and it gives you a massive hit. It's good for hangovers as well. Normally, when we get a bit pissed up back home in England—or bevied up, or bladdered, because you get a big, full bladder, or shit-faced—we eat a thing called kedgeree. It's an Anglo-Indian dish that is basically spices, onions and smoked haddock poached in milk served with rice, coriander and lemon juice. It sounds odd for breakfast. But I've never, ever met anyone who's tried it and doesn't love it.

9

PLAYBOY: We don't expect to see a television chef blow a dish. But tell us a true tale of a screwup.
OLIVER: At work there are always little mistakes, something spitting at you. I've got a personal website with an outtakes bit, which shows all kinds of fuckups. Once I was making bread, but somehow it ended up looking like a penis with two balls and I wasn't aware of it. The crew started laughing, and I'm like, "What?" I threw it at one guy who laughed, and he threw it back at me. I wasn't looking, but I had my mouth open and it went straight into my mouth. To be honest, I don't fuck up very often. But you don't go on telly to do dishes that you haven't done a million times and that you aren't safe with.

10

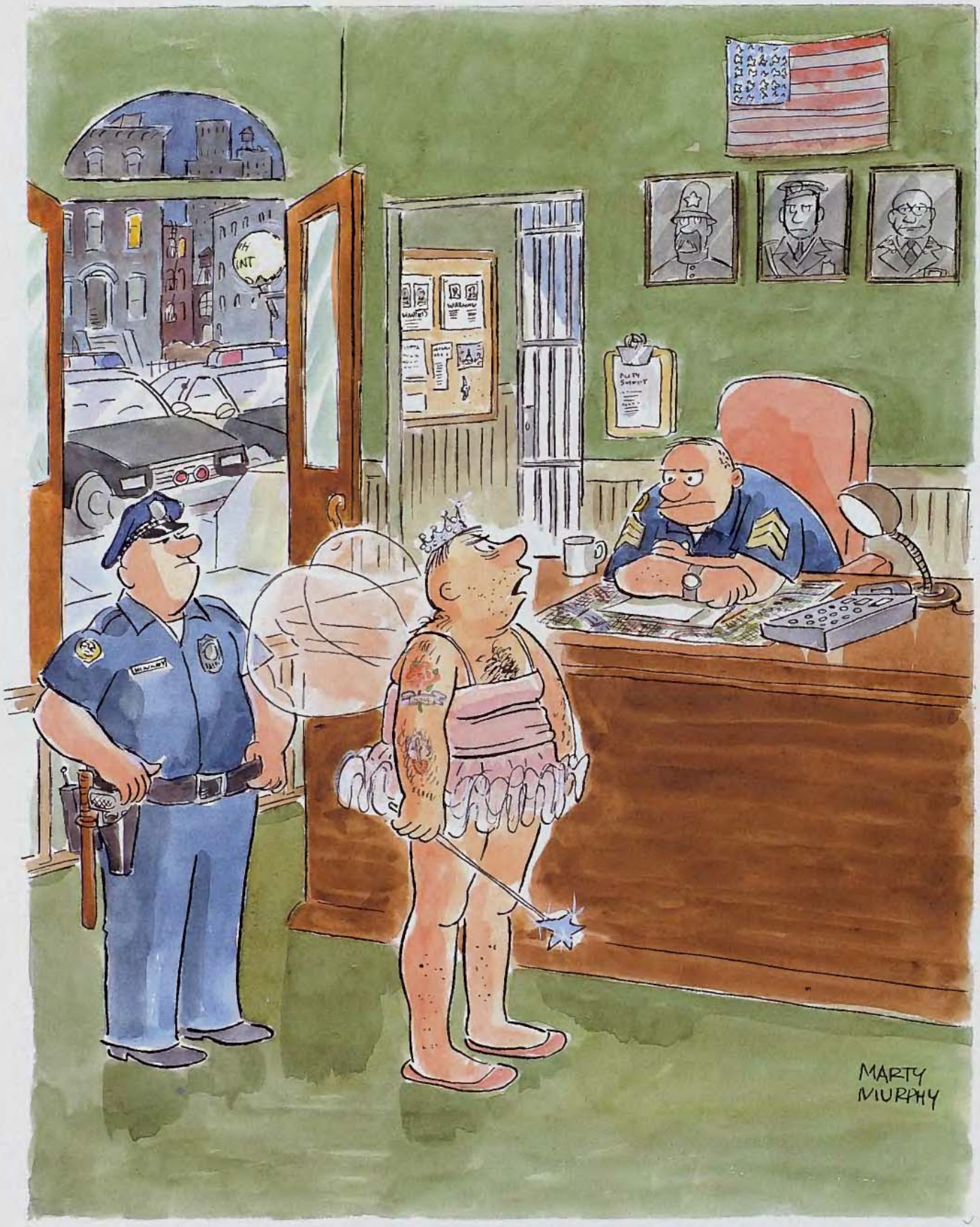
PLAYBOY: Can a burger flipper take away a culinary lesson from that job?
OLIVER: Cooking the perfect burger is a good start. If you can cook a burger on a grill, you can cook a steak or a fillet of fish. If you turn burgers for hours and hours, you should have a good sense of control. When something gets too much color, you pull it to the colder end of the grill and let it cook through slower. If you want to crisp it up again, you put it back up. People get a sense of how long a burger will take. They don't just leave it there and watch it burn. I've seen chefs come out of burger-flipping jobs and go to work in two-star Michelin restaurants in France and England.

11

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had breakfast in an American diner, the silver ones with all the trucks parked out front?
OLIVER: Many times. I love American diners. I love the bird chewing on gum at seven in the morning and going, "Maw cawfee?" I love the fact that she's either overfriendly or overrude. Sometimes both. The food is normally great. You get good pancakes and great omelettes. The portions are huge. I must say American portions are about 20 percent bigger than in England. Humongous. I have been watching, and most people leave a shitload of food on the plate. Why not just make the portions a bit smaller? I suppose you want to cater to the ones who do finish them.

12

PLAYBOY: Why should a guy learn to make pasta?
OLIVER: When I learned to make pasta as a chef it was the best thing that ever happened to me. It was like having ammunition. If you want to impress any bird, mother-in-law, business client, don't take them to a local restaurant. You don't have to learn all the pastas. Just learn how to make one, but well. Pasta is in all our hearts. We love it. And to make it is great fun. Make it three or four times and you start getting the hang of it. If you don't ever



"So, maybe I wasn't on my way to a Halloween party. Is that such a bad thing?"

want to make it again and instead get your missus to do it, fine. But at least know how. I don't like to force anything on anyone, but pasta is a funky thing. At the end of the day, eggs and flour, that's it. Just by whipping those two things together you get a beautiful elastic dough that you can do anything with—shape, flavor, fold and roll. It's brilliant.

13

PLAYBOY: The microwave: a real aid in the kitchen or an infernal machine?
OLIVER: I hate microwaves. Only thing they ever help me with is making hard butter soft so I can put it on my bread. I don't believe they're very good for you, either. A whole lot of recent tests have shown that things with milk retain a lot of the microwaves, and that's not good for you.

14

PLAYBOY: We understand fat makes for flavor, but isn't there a fear factor?
OLIVER: Fat is one of the key flavor enhancers in the cooking world. Fat naturally bastes a nice marbled steak and makes it tender and really tasty. If I were to say anything profound it's that we're kind of strange. We'll say, "Oh no, make sure there's no fat on that steak or chicken," when in fact most of our fat intake is disguised within mincemeat and burgers, sausages and processed foods. I suppose the thought is if you eat more whole foods as opposed to things out of packets, you'll lose weight straightaway and have tastier food. And you won't have to worry about the marbled steak or a nice roasting joint with a bit of fat on it. The truth is fat always cooks off anyway—it renders. It ends up in the tray, and no one asks you to eat that. If you're roasting a chicken or a piece of pork or beef or lamb, and you cook parboiled potatoes in the fat that's roasted out of that meat, then you'll get the best roasted potatoes in the world. Now, I'd much rather do that and have a real nice meal than eat processed food that contains a lot of rusk and fat. The Italians wrap fish fillets in lard. The lard cooks away to nothing, and the fish fillets end up very crispy. You get texture, you get protection so the fish stays succulent and you get flavor from the fat. You can add herbs. Fat is a very important part of cooking, but must be used intelligently.

"Trick or treat? Well, just give me a moment to consider the possibilities. . . ."

15

PLAYBOY: You think highly of Spotted Dick pudding. An example of the English genius for naming dishes?
OLIVER: It is a bloody good dessert. You know why it's called Spotted Dick? In the olden days everyone used to call their dogs Dick. They made this dessert and put raisins in it, and it looked like a dalmatian. So they called it Spotted Dick. So it's not like a rash or anything that you get from some not-so-fortunate woman.

16

PLAYBOY: England seems to have produced more than its share of condiments, from malt vinegar to Worcestershire sauce. Does that tell us something about the country's food?
OLIVER: HP sauce is fantastic. For chips or a bacon sandwich, HP is amazing. Every country has its condiments, because summers don't last and things have to be preserved. The Italians have antipasti, we have chutney. We have malt vinegar from all the beer fermentation that went on in England. The Italians have balsamic vinegar. I have no point to prove with British food, but in all honesty English food done well is so good. Of course, it's not good on a hot beach in Malibu, but it is on a cold winter's day at a ski resort. England is cold. We don't have cherry tomatoes, olives and basil because we can't grow them. But we have the best root vegetables, the best cabbages and greens, fabulous animals, and really, really good cold-water fish, flatfish like turbot and sole. English food in its honesty and its guts is genius, but unfortunately there have been raving idiots cooking it for the past 70 years because

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THE LAST LAUGH

JOHN DEMPSEY once said, "Half the men in the country, if they had a choice, would be cartoonists. It's gratifying work. People love cartoons." People, especially PLAYBOY readers, loved Dempsey's cartoons. The magazine has included one in virtually every issue since December 1954. His characters—sleepy-eyed, amplitudinous girls, carrot-nosed, mustached men—were drawn with zestful wit and wry empathy.

"Fifi! He's not hurting Momma . . . !"

And then there were all the nudist camp cartoons. Hundreds of them. Even he didn't know how he came to do so many. He said, "These take place in an imaginary nudist club, not a nudist camp—in lush surroundings, without dust, perspiration, mud, pimples or sunburn. It is a fantasy world without violence, greed, ugliness, pollution or boredom."

John Dempsey died on May 18 in La Jolla from complications of a stroke. We are grateful he let us be guests at his club.

PHIL INTERLANDI called cartoons "capsule theater, a one-frame movie." In his, he employed "a realistic kind of drawing. That may sound crazy, but that's all I can think to call it." His work often depicted free-spirited urbanites trying to tiptoe through an erotic minefield. For Interlandi, the jokes were often played out, or made sharper, by his economical verbal wit. Interlandi first appeared in PLAYBOY in October 1955 and drew steadily for us thereafter. Before PLAYBOY, he said, "cartoonists had to deal with those other magazines, the big slicks with their hang-ups and taboos and sacred cows. Then along came PLAYBOY. It was a revolution for the cartoonists. We were challenged to exercise our minds, stretch our talents, reach for the best that was in us."

"Say, you know, you're very attractive when you're angry and naked. . . ."

Phil Interlandi died on June 26 in Laguna Beach from complications of liver disease. He was someone who gave us everything that we could have asked for.

we were too busy pillaging other people's countries.

17

PLAYBOY: Can you set mashed potatoes in the larger context of Western culture?
OLIVER: Mashed potatoes are brilliant. Potatoes are beautiful. You go to chef's school, then you work in all these fabulous places, but show me any chef who doesn't like a good chip. A mashed potato is the same for me. It's a great carrier of flavors. You can put horseradish or herbs into it, parmesan into it, cream and butter, you can put pesto into it. There are a million things to do with it.

18

PLAYBOY: When can a cook leave recipes behind and strike out on his own?
OLIVER: Food is subjective. The key is to choose a recipe that is conducive to acceptability and speed and is fun to make. I write, "Add that to taste." Sometimes I say I like a dish this way, but some people do this—put in a couple of anchovy fillets instead of salt and pepper. Or you can do it with zucchini, or with asparagus. It makes people think. The key is to make them feel they're the boss in their own kitchens. A lot of really big strong men often feel like little fairies in their kitchens. So I try to empower the public into thinking that what was Jamie Oliver's recipe now is theirs. I love it when people come up to me and say they used my John Dory recipe, but they couldn't find John Dory so they did it with cod.

19

PLAYBOY: Does your wife wash the dishes?
OLIVER: Yes, she does a bit. I mainly get everything in the dishwasher and wash the sink down. As soon as I've sat down, having finished, she'll normally go in there and huff and do it all again because she thinks I didn't do it good enough. These bloody women. But basically, she does all of the Hoovering and clothes washing in exchange for cooking and washing up. That's a fair cop.

20

PLAYBOY: Do you have a plan to avoid being a flash in the pan?
OLIVER: Not caring really, and loving what I do. The books and the programs are sort of a diary, a day in the life of me cooking. I think that keeps it fresh. I didn't write my first book with the intention of getting published. It was written as a way for me to remember my recipes. If this all were to stop tomorrow I wouldn't give a flying shit. I've told my bosses I'm not kissing their asses to get jobs. It's just a bit of bloody telly as far as I'm concerned. I'm a very lucky boy.

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QUE-LINDA

(continued from page 118)

Everybody liked her. They couldn't figure out how the hell a woman like her could get all wrapped up with a loser like him. I mean, we all fall in love with the wrong people. We've all been there at one time or another, right? You don't have to tell me about that."

Que-Linda smiles knowingly as Javier feels a pang for Tabitha, a pathological liar with double-D breasts, and as Benny conjures up an image of Mrs. Smith, the local librarian in her straight tweed skirts.

"The people in town felt for her, they really did. But they had lost patience with Mr. Jennings altogether. They saw him on the streets and they looked at him like he . . . like he was . . . well, a lying, thieving scumbag. And what can I say? They were right.

"So, one day, Mr. Jennings comes home to Poor-Rachael and their kids: Timmy and Tommy, the twins, and Rhiannon, for the song. The electricity had been shut off—the bastard refused to pay his bills—and the kids were playing checkers by candlelight, poor babies. Mr. Jennings waltzes in wearing a brand-new velour jogging suit and a hat, one of those soft, white fedora things. With a *bright red band*.

"Poor-Rachael takes one look at that hat, feeling her insides heat up. Feeling the rage start to boil, deep within her soul. And while Mr. Jennings is in the shower, rinsing off cheap perfume and God-only-knows what else, Poor-Rachael lights the place on *fucking fire*, using kitchen matches and a bottle of gin she had been saving for a special occasion."

"No!"

"Yep. And—get this—she flies into some sort of rage herself and just takes off, right then, dragging Timmy, Tommy and Rhiannon along with her.

"So, Mr. Jennings is in that shower a *long fuckin' time*, and when the big, strong beefcake firemen finally wrestle down the blaze, the paramedics standing by, Mr. Jennings is pruned all over and shivering, crying for his mother like a little bitch."

Benny blinks a few times before going hysterical.

"I love that story," says Javier. "Tell it again."

•

Que-Linda leans back against the rows of chilled milk and wonders if time does heal all. That Mr. Jennings and Poor-Rachael business was a long time ago, and now he says he doesn't touch the stuff anymore. Whatever that means.

She knows for a fact that he doesn't go to AA or NA because she does and he isn't ever there. She doesn't go to these meetings to solve her own problems, to collect little medallions applauding her hard-won sobriety. She goes there to pick up men.

Some very attractive individuals collect at those venues. Clubs, their attendees call them, in hopes of making them seem more social, more palatable, more . . . optional. And these individuals are irresistible to her. She finds their pathetic determination simply adorable.

Talk about falling in love with the wrong people. Que-Linda first laid eyes on Ricky Famone at a club meeting, an Italian stallion who, in retrospect, was *sooo* emotionally unavailable. He didn't know what the hell he wanted out of life. Dick or pussy, dick or pussy: It's not really that hard to make a decision. He could have just said both!

•

Incidentally, Mr. Jennings never did hear from Poor-Rachael again. Or the kids.

•

Friday morning Que-Linda tosses about restlessly in her Egyptian cotton sateen sheets, toying with the idea of calling in sick. She stayed late at the Gold Diggers' Club last night and her nerves are still rattling and rolling beneath her skin, and the bass is still knocking around inside her skull.

She almost calls Mr. Jennings. Almost. But thinking of Javier and Benny, she peels off her eyeshades and hauls herself out of bed.

First, she wrestles what she has come to refer to as her "dinosaur" (for it is her last surviving male part) into Lycra tap pants. Then she slithers into fishnet hosiery and a pair of kitten-heeled suede pumps. Finally she buttons a scarlet silk blouse over her leopard-print brassiere. She bends in half and adjusts her silicone breasts, watching her reflection in the full-length mirror. (As her great-aunt Mimi used to say, cleavage is always in style.)

In the bathroom, guided by a surge of creativity, Que-Linda tosses her auburn tresses into a daring, impromptu flip. She clips on dangling rhinestone earrings that nearly sweep the tops of her shoulders.

•

When Que-Linda arrives at the Rite Aid, she parks in Mr. Jennings' spot, as she sometimes does when she's feeling naughty. Benny and Javier are outside by the Crystal Fresh water-dispensing machine, devouring jelly doughnuts and drinking watered-down hot chocolates. They greet her with co-conspiratorial grins and compliment her choice of footwear. Then all three of them go inside to feel the vibe.

Feeling the vibe has to do with sensing the atmosphere. The atmosphere is due largely to the unpredictable mood swings of Mr. Jennings. Some days he's riotously, inexplicably angry, and others there's a false calm over the place, a deceptive quiet that means Mr. Jennings is feeling crafty and can be found crouching in the aisles, spying on customers, nosing around employee lockers. And

"Defensive penalty! Grabbing face mask, 15 yards!"

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then there are the days when he is buddy-buddy with everyone, trying to weasel out information on other employees, bribing them with discounts, plying them with free merchandise.

All of these moods, his employees agree, are dangerous.

Today there is no vibe at all because Mr. Jennings is out sick, reportedly with some type of *potentially contagious infection*.

Trinket Rosetti is the assistant manager, it says so on his name tag, and he is behind the one-hour-photo-drop desk, reveling in the responsibility of being in command. All of his chins quiver with excitement.

Benny and Javier and Que-Linda grumble to one another. Being subjected to Trinket Rosetti is almost worse than a day of cat and mouse with Mr. Jennings. Que-Linda gives Trinket a daggered glance as she moves down the Eyes and Feet aisle, then she turns and blows him a kiss.

Que-Linda was there the day Trinket was hired, straight out of the can. Some petty crime got him time inside, but he didn't have the attitude for prison. He wasn't a tough guy or a criminal mastermind. Rumor has it that he was some big man's trinket in the joint and the name just stuck. You'd think he'd want to ditch a name like that.

On his first day at the Rite Aid, Trinket's parole officer accompanied him to meet Mr. Jennings and go over the particulars, like a parent dragging his kid in by the ear to discuss matters with the school principal. Trinket just stared like he was used to being humiliated. Like it was OK with him.

PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

First Prize: $3000
and publication in
the October 2003 issue
Second Prize: $500
and a year's subscription
Third Prize: $200
and a year's subscription

The Rules:
1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3"x5" card listing name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between September 1, 2002 and January 1, 2003. 3. Decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prizes, winners consent to the use of their names, photographs and other likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first prize–winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish winning entries in U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint or incorporate them in any electronic or print English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material without further compensation to the winners. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611.

•

Throughout the day, Trinket tries to uphold the Jennings standard by creeping around the store, keeping an eye on everybody. It's laughable.

•

A little later, Que-Linda sneaks a peek around a rack of romance novels. Trinket is on the phone at the photo-drop desk, winding and rewinding the cord around his finger. He has been talking for 40 minutes, painstakingly describing to his mother the details of Que-Linda's general bad manners. "Nobody respects me," he whines into the phone, stamping his foot. "Nobody!"

That said, Que-Linda takes the opportunity to lift a bottle of cheap champagne from the Liquor aisle, tucking it into her armpit, making her way to the black plastic double doors that lead to the dairy case. It is almost lunchtime and she suspects Javier and Benny are already waiting for her.

Then out of nowhere, Trinket is blocking her path.

"Oh, fuck. What do you want now?"

"Mr. Jennings is at home and needs you to come by."

"*Ex*-cuse me?"

"He forgot some papers in his office and would like someone to drop them off."

"What do I look like, your errand girl? Why can't you do it?"

"I'm in charge here, *Linda*. I can't abandon my post."

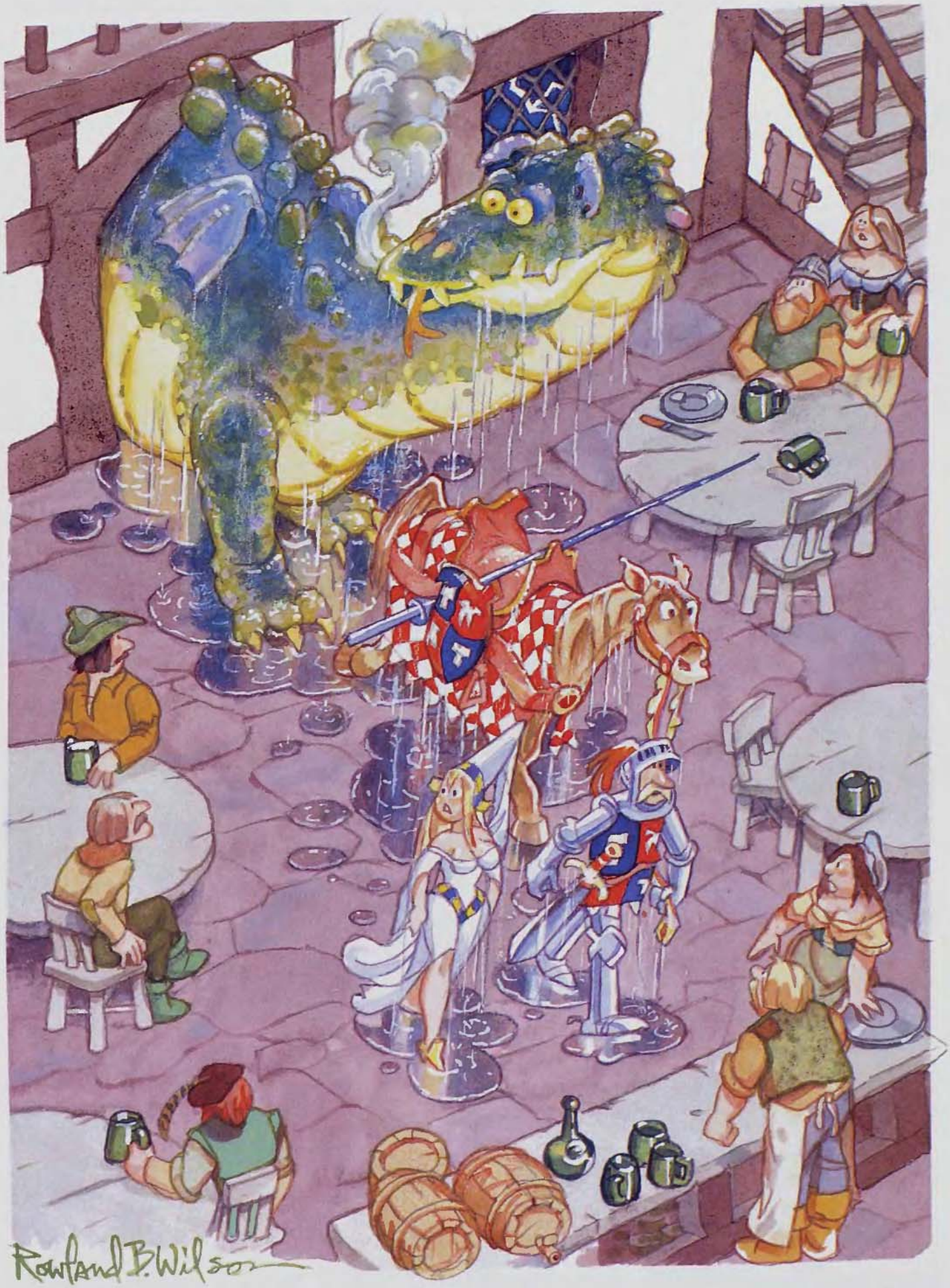
•

Que-Linda sips champagne through a tall plastic straw as she drives to Mr. Jennings' house. The directions are written in Trinket's knowing hand on a piece of crisp, white paper. In a way she's happy for the errand because even though it is a semi-nice day, it's still cool enough for her faux ermine Eisenhower. If she didn't look so fabulous, she might be in a bad mood.

Mr. Jennings' street is a suburban culde-sac, and at the end, where the road rounds, there are small children on Big Wheels, supervised by two overweight mothers wearing stained sweat suits. The mothers watch Que-Linda as she pulls up in front of Mr. Jennings' house; their stares are cold as she gets out of the car, hooking her purse over her wrist.

A shoulder-high black iron fence edges what appears to be Mr. Jennings' property. On the gate hang two different signs, fastened to the iron rungs by wires: KEEP OUT! says the first one and the next: BEWARE OF THE DOG. The latter features a menacing, apparently rabid German shepherd, saliva dripping from its exaggerated fangs.

Que-Linda is surprised to find the gate unlocked. She stands in the yard, expecting to be mauled, but there is no dog. She waits a little longer, but the dog does not come.



"'Tain't a fit night out for man nor beast!"

She turns back to find that the mothers and the children have vanished. One of the Big Wheels has been overturned and the pedals are still spinning.

•

The front room is small and dark and obnoxiously tidy. There are family pictures on the walls and knickknacks on the side tables—things normal people would have lying around. Que-Linda can't believe she's here. She can't even believe that Mr. Jennings has a house. Before now he just seemed like a ghost, like a bad dream, an evil spirit that lived at the Rite Aid.

Mr. Jennings is in bed, holding the covers up to his chest like a teenage prude. He's pale and looks different without his glasses.

"No dog?" she says.

"Dead."

Que-Linda flings the manila file folder onto the foot of the bed and turns to go.

"Linda——"

"What?"

"You look nice today."

She fingers her flip. Straightens her blouse. "I know."

"Do you want to stay for a bit?"

He pats the space on the bed next to him. His face is changed. He looks almost——

"I have cancer," he says suddenly, his eyes becoming moist.

She swallows and shifts her weight.

"And there's nobody for me to tell, if you can believe that. There's nobody left to talk to. Could you?"

Mr. Jennings pats the bed again and for a second she thinks, *I have turned hard inside*. So she sits. And crosses her legs. Tries to find a place for her hands.

"I'm so—lonely." He sounds almost relieved to admit this. In fact, he smiles a little at this confession.

"Everybody's lonely." She can't think of anything else to say.

There is a black-and-white photo hanging over the bureau, a young, dark-haired woman wearing a pale dress. Mr. Jennings nods, swinging his head sadly. His eyes, however, are still flat and focused.

•

On her way back to the Rite Aid, Que-Linda is so angry her mascara smears. Her temperature is above boiling. She feels like her face is going to melt right off her head.

Javier and Benny are waiting for her, playing jacks on the floor of the Children's Interests and Games aisle, ironically the only aisle that cannot be completely surveyed by the slanted ceiling mirrors. They stand up as she approaches, like soldiers greeting their general.

"What was it like?"

"What happened?"

Que-Linda isn't sure which part to tell first. She could begin with the striped bed sheets, the missing glasses, the cup of cold herbal tea on the bedside. Or maybe she should just get right to the part when Mr. Jennings put his hand on her thigh, *Are you lonely, too? Is that it?* How he slowly, calmly ran his hand up her leg to her crotch. *Well now, what do we have here?*

"He's worse than we thought," she says instead. "He's the worst."

Benny looks at Javier.

"What did he do?" Javier is obviously worried.

Que-Linda stands up straighter.

Who do you think you're foolin'? You aren't a woman at all. His hand was on her wrist, his knuckles turning white. She tried to shoot up and get away, but his grip held her. He pulled her closer so she could smell his breath. *You're nothing but a joke, a freak——*

"We have to get him," she says. "Today's the day."

They have been planning this over countless lunches huddled in the dairy case, and now they are ready.

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•

After Javier and Benny help Que-Linda reapply her makeup in the bathroom, they show the rest of the employees and the pharmacists to the door. Everyone gathers their things, leaving without question, not wanting to spoil this rarity. Under Mr. Jennings' regime, they never get afternoons off. Then Que-Linda, Benny and Javier go after Trinket. He is easy to subdue, and once he's scared enough, he's relatively quiet and obedient.

In no time they are into the safe that Jennings keeps in the office.

There are things in the safe that can and will get Mr. Jennings into trouble. Surprising things. And there is money, too. The armored bank truck comes at 4:00 every Friday, so at 3:30 that afternoon there is more money in the safe than there has been all week. No outrageous fortune, by any means. But it'll do.

They pack the money into a plastic bag and Trinket says, "You won't get away with this," like he's starring in a *Batman* episode. Que-Linda can almost see the lit-up *Bang! Pow!* and *Wham!* overhead as Benny and Javier lay into him.

By 3:45, they have what they want.

A ravenous fire is burning in the front of the store.

Now the overhead sprinkler system has been triggered and everything from beach balls to toilet paper is getting sooty and soggy. Everything is on its way to being ruined.

Hooligans and degenerates have come out of the woodwork, seeming to sense the Rite Aid's imminent demise. They are streaming through the automatic doors. They fill knapsacks and pockets and shopping carts with the things they have always dreamed of stealing. Everywhere it is pandemonium and Mr. Jennings' Rite Aid is a sinking ship.

•

Que-Linda is behind the wheel with Benny and Javier next to her. Trinket is hog-tied in the trunk, right where he belongs. They can hear him thump against the spare tire as Que-Linda burns rubber out of the parking lot, mercilessly whipping around the corner at top speed.

If this life were a musical, the three heroes would break into glorious song.

Second prize winner is Jannell Cross, 23, of Colorado State University, for The Funeral Bells Are Ringing. Third prize went to Matt Valentine, 23, of New York University, for Deep Under Texas.

"If it's Siegfried or Roy, tell him I'm not here."

ORGAN DONATION

(continued from page 98)

American Medical Association. In May 1996, the same month they submitted their paper, they approached the Ohio attorney general's office. They spent the next several months trying to get a straight answer from both parties. By mid-July *JAMA* had rejected the article, while the attorney general's office was giving them the "dog ate my homework" treatment, says Waithe. The following month Bargholt's contact at the pharmacy board arranged a meeting with her supervisor. They all drove separately to the Ohio boondocks. After a four-hour cloak-and-dagger session that Waithe describes as "right out of *Silkwood*," the pharmacy board representatives agreed that if procedures outlined in the protocol were taking place, they could be construed as criminal.

On September 10, Waithe and Bargholt went to see Carmen Marino.

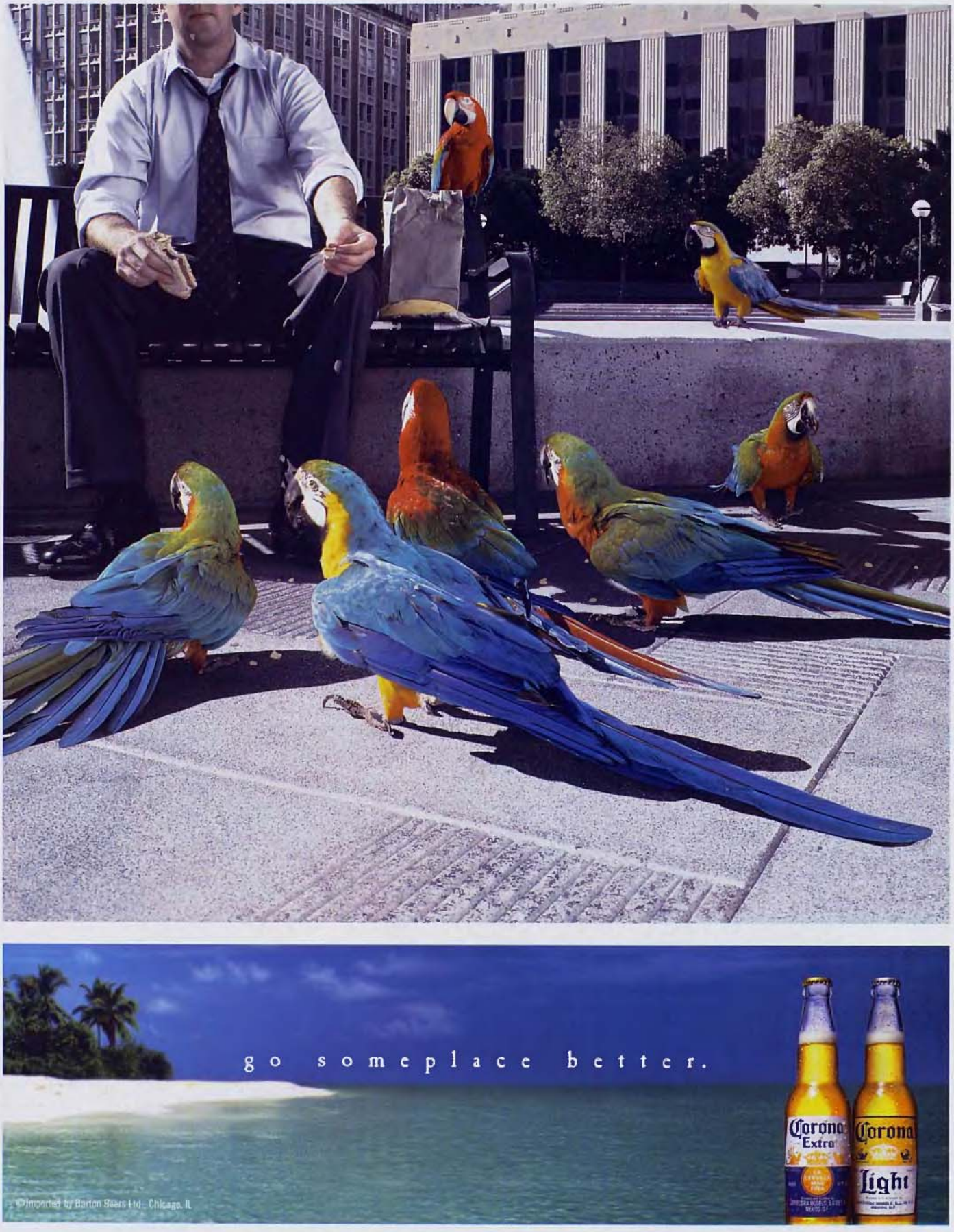
Marino and his staff spent the ensuing weeks studying trauma care and transplantation. The prosecutor discovered that the mortal enemy of internal organs was a condition called warm ischemia, or deprivation of blood and oxygen due to diminished blood flow. The longer an organ was deprived, the less viable it was. He also learned that transplant specialists measured viability in minutes, not hours. It was crucial to keep organs bathed in blood as long as possible. That explained why, in brain-dead patients, surgeons allowed the heart to continue beating even while they took other organs. It also explained the proposed use of phentolamine and heparin.

Marino contacted the prosecutor's office in Madison, Wisconsin, whose university's procedures had inspired the LifeBanc document. "That's medical stuff," he was told, "we don't interfere." Somebody else he talked to shrugged the whole thing off. "It was like, 'What's the big deal?'" Marino recalls. "'If their respirators are turned off, they'll die anyway, right?'"

Marino knew that seriously injured people often needed cardiorespiratory support while their brains healed. In time, they might return to full function. Or they might end up grotesquely impaired. Or they might die. In any case, he thought, what business did these administrators have deciding whose life was worth saving?

After satisfying himself that the protocol hadn't yet been implemented—if it had, he would have gone straight to the grand jury—Marino requested a meeting. "I know doctors and lawyers don't get along real well," he says now, "but let me tell you, there are some of the most arrogant sons of bitches you'll ever come across at the Cleveland Clinic."

Marino said that the doctors were outraged—at him, at the "traitorous"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Different in every sense.

Bargholt, at the fact that Marino's office had the balls to go snooping around without "consulting" them first. "This one guy gets up and says, basically, 'How dare you confront us on this. We're famous doctors, and this is our business. Who are you to tell us what we can and can't do?' And he says how he's going to 'challenge' us.

"I stared at him and said, 'Look, you can do that if you want. Just understand, friend, that the challenge is going to take place in a courtroom, with a charge of homicide. And any doctor who participates in operations under this new protocol will be an accessory to that homicide!" Marino remembers the way he and the doctor glared at each other until someone on the clinic side finally said, "Don't worry about it, Carmen, it's OK. We're not going to go that route."

Today, Marino says the clinic's about-face allowed him to go into retirement feeling vindicated. "Doctors shouldn't be in the business of rounding down patients' lives to a lower number," he says. "People are entitled to live until they actually die."

For Bargholt, though, it was a Pyrrhic victory. She stopped getting invitations to transplantation functions. An erstwhile friend accused her of being responsible for the death of a teen who'd been awaiting a transplant at the clinic but couldn't get one because the scandal caused donations to drop. She was even voted off the board of Family Lodge by some of the same people she'd recruited as directors. "I was blackballed," she says, "because I wanted doctors to make sure people were dead before they took their organs."

•

December 3, 1967 was when definitions of life and death began to be seen as negotiable. That was the day South African surgeon Christiaan Barnard upstaged his more celebrated American rivals by performing the first human-to-human heart transplant. Technically, the era of organ donorship had begun with a series of experimental kidney transplants at Harvard a decade earlier. But the notion that the American Express card of body parts—the one item you don't want to leave home without—could be transferred from one patient to another instantly captivated the public.

It also meant that in order for patient B to go on living, patient A had to die.

Of course, there weren't enough patient A's to feed the burgeoning demand. One of the chief stumbling blocks was the cardiopulmonary definition of death: Patient A's heart had to stop beating for him to be considered dead, and hearts could be stubborn that way. Even when protracted legal wrangling yielded authority to pull the plug, sometimes patients still didn't die (the most famous being Karen Ann Quinlan, who lived for

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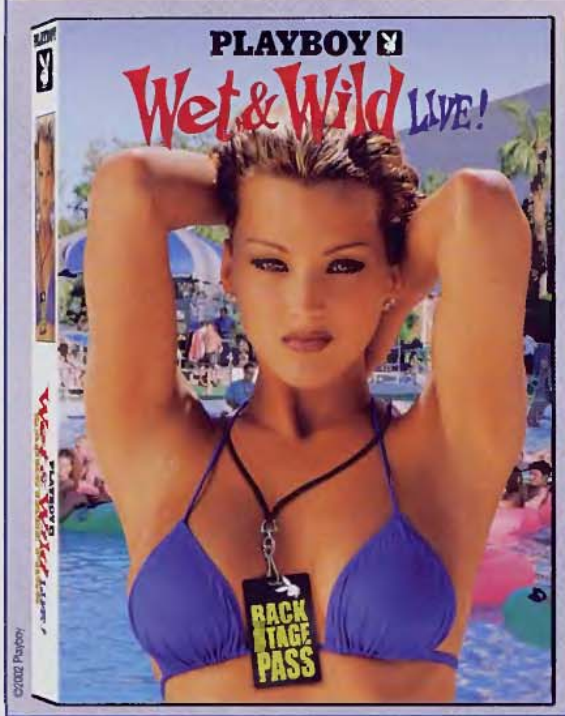

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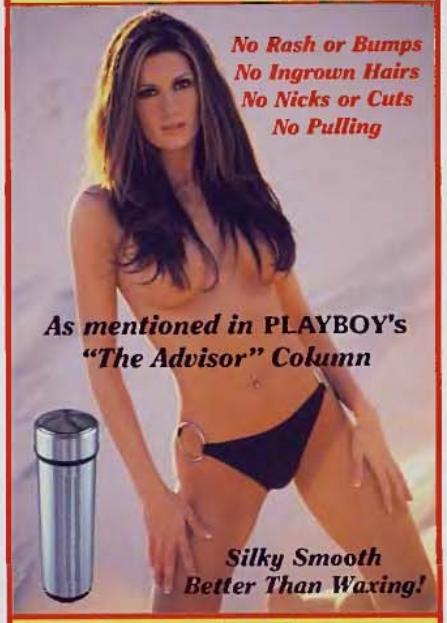

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nine years after she was taken off life support). In many cases, by the time the heart stops, most other major organs have already failed.

Finally, if the heart were left alone there'd be no way the transplantation team could be Johnny-on-the-spot with its scalpels and ice chests. "A patient who's brought into the emergency room DOA is usually not a suitable organ donor," says Dr. Ake Grenvik, founding member and past president of the Society of Critical Care Medicine. "We don't know how long he's been dead, and a stale organ is of no use."

Enter Harvard. In 1968 a committee at the venerable medical school took it upon itself to resolve questions surrounding a second type of death that had been hotly debated but never endorsed as a premise for pronouncing someone legally dead. Harvard's report, titled *A Definition of Irreversible Coma*, ended up citing two reasons to define irreversible coma as a new criterion for death: (1) "increased efforts to save those who are desperately injured," a reference to the high costs of life support, and (2) "controversy in obtaining organs for transplantation."

Cynics look back on the Harvard milestone as a case in which a far-reaching medical judgment was made largely, if not purely, for nonmedical reasons. Stuart Youngner is blunt: "The thrust of the Harvard decision was, 'Let's call them dead so we can't be accused of killing them when we take their organs.'"

Nonetheless, once Harvard officially posited the concept of brain death, somebody had to prove it existed. The most cited work in the slender literature of brain death is known to insiders as the Collaborative Study. In 1977, researchers looked at 503 patients suspected of brain death. They were tested stringently for pupil dilation, apnea (loss of the ability to breathe) and other qualities identified with brain function. If these tests left any doubt, researchers ordered cerebral blood-flow studies, or CBFs, which Dr. Grenvik calls "the gold standard" of brain diagnostics. Of the original pool of 503 patients, 187 met the criteria for brain death (as initially established by researchers), and 185 of them died. The study became the basis for brain-death standards issued by the National Institutes of Health.

But two of the 187 "brain dead" patients had survived. It seems reasonable to infer from the movement's hallmark study that even under the most exacting circumstances, such diagnoses miss the mark about one percent of the time. That's one in 100 patients. And that's if we confine ourselves to the 187 patients who "made the cut." If you work from the original 503 suspected brain deaths, the implications are scary. Waithe, for example, cites published literature on the not-quite-brain-dead patients who would have been covered under the Cleveland protocol. "Ninety-six percent die," she says, "which also means that four percent would survive. That's four homicides out of 100. If there were a nurse at the clinic who killed four patients," she says, "it would be headline news."

What's more, 226 patients were autopsied under the Collaborative Study, with total brain destruction documented in just 40 percent of them. Ten percent had no apparent brain pathology. In any case, the results were recommended for larger clinical trials.

Although we're still waiting for those clinical trials, Harvard's watershed position on brain death became codified in a terse document called the Uniform Determination of Death Act. Drafted in 1980 by the National Conference of Commissioners of State Laws, the UDDA was soon embraced by both the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association and now is the sine qua non of death determination in all 50 states. It reads as follows: "An individual who has sustained either (1) irreversible cessation of circulatory and respiratory functions, or (2) irreversible cessation of all functions of the entire brain, including the brain stem, is dead. A determination of death must be made in accordance with accepted medical standards."

It's those final three words that make insomniacs out of some observers. Leaving it to "accepted medical standards" might be fine, they'll tell you, if there were uniform standards, or unanimity about the average clinician's ability to apply them.

Thanks to the fuzziness of the concept itself, more than two dozen sets of criteria for determining brain death are used nationwide. Using these criteria, doctors apply various combinations of tests to ascertain destruction of the brain stem, which governs breathing, heartbeat, body temperature and other critical survival functions. They test for so-called pupillary response by shining a light in the eye and noting the reaction. They flood the ear canal with ice water to see if the patient flinches. At some point, they temporarily disconnect the ventilator to see if the patient takes a breath on his own. The period of time they're required to wait before writing down a negative result (thereby writing off the patient) is spelled out in the hospital's guidelines. It varies widely. So does the interval the clinician must wait, after the absence of a palpable heartbeat, before declaring the patient dead.

Tellingly, most hospitals now regard electroencephalograms (which determine the presence of brain waves) and cranial blood-flow studies as "ancillary" procedures. Neither is necessary for a formal finding of death. Of the many criticisms lodged against brain-death standards, absence of these confirming

diagnostic steps is the most serious.

Sometimes, it appears the transplant teams themselves want to hedge their bets. In Marino's investigation of the Cleveland Clinic, there was the little matter of the morphine drip: The supposedly dead patients might still be infused with morphine while awaiting transplant. Marino wondered, Now why would they give "dead" people morphine? If the guy's dead, he shouldn't be in pain, should he? Nobody offered a convincing answer, so Marino supplies one himself. "What they won't say aloud," he says, "is, 'In case we're going too fast here, the morphine will kill any pain.'"

The brain-dead patient may also exhibit movements that look suspiciously lifelike, which the transplantation community takes great pains to persuade doctors to ignore. Here's a section from the University of Buffalo's Voluntary Consensus Guidelines for the Determination of Death:

> Deep tendon reflexes including stereotypic triple flexor responses in the lower extremities are compatible with brain death. These include spontaneous slow movements of an arm or leg. Bizarre movements of entirely spinal origin may sometimes occur in brain-dead patients. Also, coordinated movements can occur with shoulder elevation and adduction, back arching and the appearance of intercoastal muscle contraction. Finally, in a few patients, the "Lazarus sign" may develop when the ventilator is permanently disconnected; the head and torso may flex and for a few seconds rise from the bed with arms outstretched.

The refusal of supposedly dead patients to just lie there and accept death with dignity caused quite a stir in the UK a few years back, leading to frenzied speculation about whether organ donors actually feel their organs being removed.

Anesthesiologist Philip Keep told the BBC that "nurses get really upset. You stick the knife in, and the pulse and blood pressure shoot up." In an effort to squelch such disturbing manifestations, many British hospitals administer anesthesia prior to harvest. As Dr. Keep noted (without apparent irony), "If you don't give anything at all, the patient will start moving and wriggling around and it's impossible to do the operation."

Is the average doctor sophisticated enough to differentiate between these ersatz signs of life and, well, life?

The annals of medicine abound with colorful stories of corpses who later prove to be less dead than doctors had thought. There's the 20-year-old Illinois man whose demise did not prevent him from coughing as a transplant team was about to excise his kidneys. And the Nashville man, "dead" for nine hours, who halted preparations to take his liver when he twitched his right foot.

Marino tells the story of the Toledo man who shot a woman in the head. "The hospital declared her brain-dead. Surgeons did the harvest. But just before they made the decision to cut, a neurosurgeon had examined the woman. When he found out later about the harvest, he was furious. He says, 'This woman might have been blind in one eye or had other problems, but I think we could have salvaged her!' So when the man is charged with murder, the defense had the neurosurgeon and other experts testify that what actually caused the woman's death was not the gunshot but the harvest. Now they got the guy on felonious assault, but they didn't get him for murder."

Even when working with kids, whose brains are far more resilient than adults', clinicians slip. One recent study of 16 random pediatric intensive care units showed that key tests for brain death went undone 20 to 50 percent of the time.

The demand for organs isn't likely to ebb. With people living longer, chances are one or more of your parts will wear out before your chassis goes. And more people living longer means fewer people dying and donating organs. Something has to give.

The emphasis may shift to living donations, which, in fact, already supply about half of all organs for transplant. This became a trend once doctors realized that the liver, unique among human organs, could regenerate itself, reaching near-normal size in both donor and recipient in six to eight weeks. Yet that picture has been clouded by a recent high-profile living-donor death at New York's elite Mount Sinai Hospital.

Others advocate a switch to a "presumed consent" system, whereby organs are subject to harvest unless the patient has explicitly refused. Though the practice is common in Europe, many observers find its application unlikely here. "We're so strongly committed to individual freedom that we don't want the government making those decisions for us," says George Agich of the Cleveland Clinic. The AMA and the American Society of Transplant Surgeons express qualified support for compensating donor families in some token way. Likely incentives could include tax credits, or the approach taken last year by the Pennsylvania legislature—a $300 stipend for funeral expenses. However, the latter measure was never enacted because of charges that it skirts the 1984 law barring sales of organs. Organ selling has proved to be a dirty business overseas, where, apparently, the donor isn't always asked first. A cover story in *Insight* about organ harvests in China quoted an informant: "'In order to preserve the eyes, the prisoner was shot in the heart. If they need the heart, the prisoner would

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be shot in the head.'"

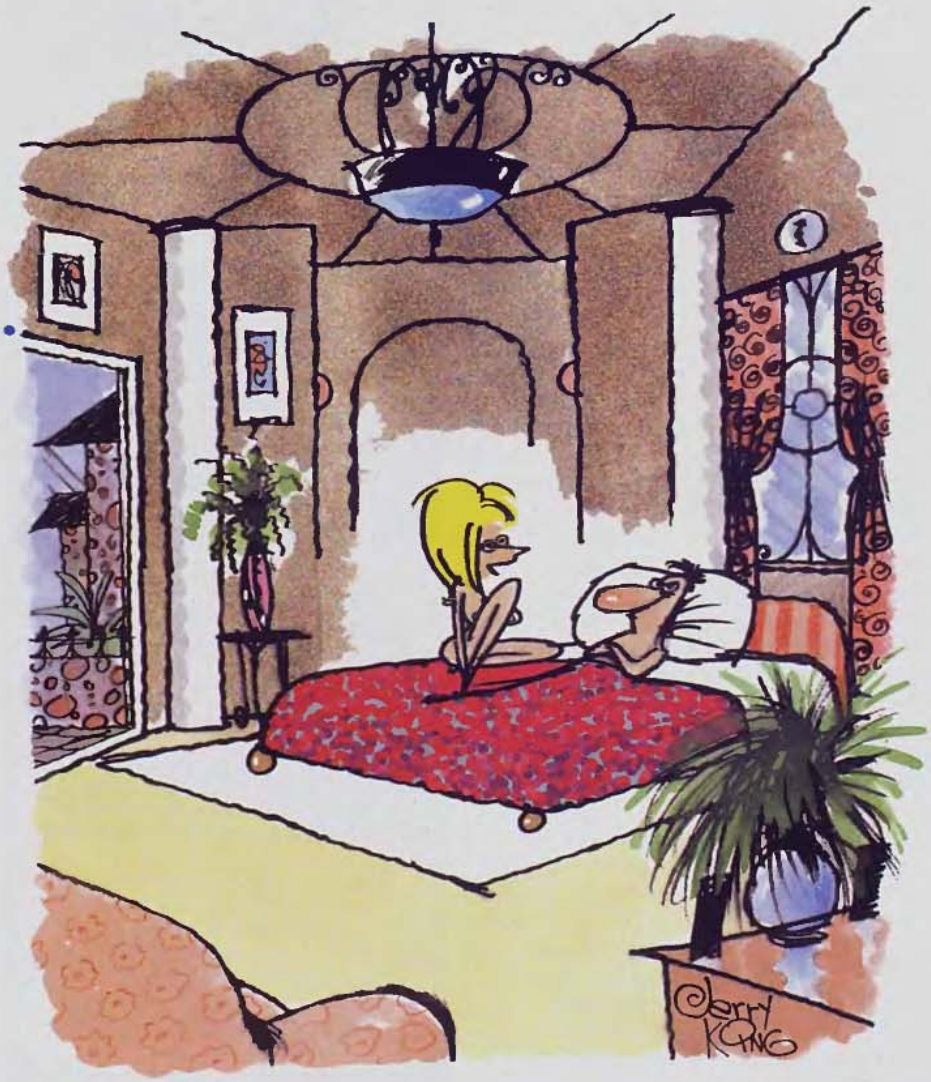
Many look to research and development for long-term solutions. Cloning, cryogenics and stem-cell research show promise. Dr. Truog believes that within a generation or so, xenotransplantation—using organs from other species, notably pigs—may make the current controversy a quaint memory.

In the meantime, he'd like to see more effort put into public education about organ transplants. He's taken his share of heat for such candor. As Peggy Bargholt also learned, the transplantation movement isn't known for tolerating dissent. Still, there are times when even the most zealous industry insiders reveal in offhand speech what they go to extraordinary lengths to deny in the cold print of their protocols. A transplant surgeon will tell the family of a patient, "Your brother is brain-dead, but we're keeping him alive on a respirator." A trauma nurse will tell her replacement during a shift change that a patient is "dead, but not *dead*-dead." To Truog, the semantic confusion highlights the flaws of today's contrived standards for closing the book on patients. "The trouble is," he says, "there are things we don't know that we're pretending we do know."

With medicine steadily extending the boundaries of life, saving people once thought unsalvageable, does the word hopeless still have meaning? If it does, should it be applied as liberally as the transplantation community would like? You'd think not. Yet, if anything, transplantation's advocates would have us pull the plug on more people, not fewer.

Many doctors reduce such arguments to an analysis of the odds. They'll tell you, "One kid came back after being frozen for a couple of hours. But what are the odds for everyone else?"

The question is whether you're comfortable playing the odds when the bet is on your life.



"I can't remember the last time I had sex this good. Actually, I can remember—it was last Saturday while you were playing golf."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 126)

over a moribund program only three years ago, his Sooners have won a national championship and two bowl games and have compiled a 31–7 record. Despite the loss of All-America Rocky Calmus and Roy Williams on defense, Oklahoma will again knock on the national championship door. Vying for the starting quarterback spot are Nate Hybl, who started 10 of 12 games last season, and talented Jason White, who missed most of last year with a knee injury. The Oklahoma offensive line is young but talented, and its defense should be one of the best in the nation. Speed kills, and the Sooners have it. Tackle Tommie Harris and end Jimmy Wilkerson are high-impact players. 11–1

(4) TENNESSEE

The Vols have finished in the top five in three of the past five seasons. This year should make it four out of six. Quarterback Casey Clausen has already totaled 37 touchdown passes in two seasons. The junior may not break Peyton Manning's total of 89 TD passes, but he has two seasons to get close. Playboy All-America wide receiver Kelley Washington, who surpassed 1000 yards receiving in his freshman season, should snare a fair share. A lot of good players are gone from last year, including wide receiver Donte Stallworth, defensive ace John Henderson and running back Travis Stephens. But coach Phil Fulmer has a roster of talented players on tap. Watch for offensive tackle Will Ofenheusle, running back Cedric Houston, placekicker Alex Walls and punter Dustin Colquitt. SEC rivals Florida and Alabama have to come to Knoxville, along with last year's national champ Miami. 10–2

(5) WASHINGTON STATE

Our pick as the best college quarterback you've probably never heard of and best team you won't likely see on the tube—unless you live on the West Coast: Jason Gesser and the Washington State Cougars. Gesser is on track to break every career passing record at the school, set by the likes of Mark Rypien, Drew Bledsoe and Ryan Leaf. And it appears that coach Mike Price hit pay dirt when he searched the junior college ranks for running backs to put behind Gesser. Jonathon Smith, Jermaine Green and Lionel Arnold will put teeth into a Cougar running attack that has faded. Junior Rien Long, dominant on the defensive front, should be even better this year. The Cougars won 10 games last year. No reason they can't do double digits again this time. 10–2

(6) FLORIDA STATE

The Seminoles suffered a rare falter last season. They finished 8–4, their

worst record since 1986, and lost to both in-state rivals, Florida and Miami. The irrepressible Bobby Bowden is not bowed: "We're going to be disappointed if we don't get right back into the middle of the national championship race." To be sure, Bowden will have plenty of horses to ride. Seventeen starters are back, including quarterback Chris Rix. Bowden expects Rix' field awareness to be much improved. "That comes with experience. You can't coach it," quoth the preacher. With Playboy All-America Brett Williams and several other returning linemen, Rix should have time to make good decisions. Bowden liked what he saw this spring from wide receiver Willie Reid. Entering his 37th season as a head coach, Bowden will have his team ready for a 13-game regular season that began August 24 against Iowa State. 9–4

(7) VIRGINIA TECH

The talent is in the genes. Michael Vick was a top college quarterback, and coach Frank Beamer thinks brother Marcus could be his match. However, the highly recruited Vick is not going to win the starting job without a challenge. Senior Grant Noel, who had the job last year, isn't ready to give it up, and there are other young and talented candidates waiting their chance. Whoever takes the snaps will have excellent running backs to feed the ball to. Playboy All-America Lee Suggs hopes to regain his form of two years ago, when he led the nation with 28 touchdowns. Suggs suffered a knee injury in last season's first game, which sidelined him for the year. Kevin Jones, Big East Rookie of the Year with 957 yards rushing, is ready. The defensive picture is muddled: Some positions return proven talent, while others are looking for new players to step up. Under Beamer, the Hokies have become a substantial national football power. A 13-game schedule gives them more chances to prove it. 9–4

(8) OHIO STATE

Last year was a mixed bag for first-year coach Jim Tressel. The Buckeyes finished a disappointing 7–5 but managed to beat archrival Michigan 26–20. OSU loses lots of experience and talent from last year's team. The entire offensive backfield is gone, including quarterback Steve Bellisari, running back Jonathan Wells and fullback Jamar Martin, who combined for more than 3500 yards in total offense last season. Rimington Award–winning center LeCharles Bentley, tight end Darnell Sanders and cornerback Derek Ross are early NFL departees. That leaves lots of room for newcomers. The starting quarterback will likely be Craig Krenzel and the tailbacks are Lydell Ross and Maurice Hall. Playboy All-America Mike Doss will anchor a defense that returns seven starters from last season. Tressel got a bye last year because it was his first season and because Ohio State beat the Wolverines. But another four losses this year will bring out the boo birds in Columbus. 9–4

(9) NEBRASKA

How can a program that has won at least nine games for 33 consecutive years and played for a national championship last season be perceived as a team in crisis? How can a coach who enters his fifth season with a record of 42–9 be on the brink? This is Nebraska, the perennial football powerhouse, and that devastating 62–36 loss to Colorado at the end of last season poked a gaping hole in Husker invincibility. The 34–17 loss to Miami in the Rose Bowl created another. Now no one remembers Tom Osborne's bowl struggles. But the memory of those national championships linger, as do questions about whether Nebraska's passing schemes are complex enough to conquer formidable defenses. The question hanging over coach Frank Solich is how well quarterback Jammal Lord can fill the quarterback spot vacated by Heisman Trophy winner Eric Crouch. And are there enough blue-chippers on defense to stop the firepower of Texas and Colorado? Could this be the end of a football dynasty? 9–4

(10) GEORGIA

First-year coach Mark Richt wasted no time getting the Georgia Bulldogs back on a winning track last season. Georgia beat Tennessee in Knoxville for the first time since 1980 and then ended a three-year losing streak to in-state rival Georgia Tech. Richt was previously offensive coordinator at Florida State, where he groomed two Heisman-winning quarterbacks—Charlie Ward and Chris Weinke. David Greene, who blossomed under Richt in his freshman season at quarterback for the Bulldogs, figures to be even better this year, especially with a formidable offensive line and some outstanding wide receivers. Playboy All-America tackle Jon Stinchcomb provides the glue up front, while Terrence Edwards and Fred Gibson seemingly have glue on their hands at the receiving spots. The team's defense is strongest at the linebacker positions, where Boss Bailey and Tony Gilbert lead the way. The Bulldogs are good enough to beat anyone, though a tough SEC schedule will certainly take its toll on them. 8–4

(11) MARSHALL

There aren't many teams that could sit 12 players for as many as three games each last season due to NCAA sanctions and still post 11 victories on the season. The Thundering Herd had the offensive potential to do just that, an offense that put an exclamation point on the season by outscoring East Carolina 64–61 in double overtime in the GMAC Bowl. The bad news for opponents this year?

Ten offensive players are back—including quarterback Byron Leftwich, who threw for 4100 yards and 38 touchdowns last season. Also returning are receivers Darius Watts, Josh Davis and Denero Marriott, each of whom totaled more than 1000 yards in receptions last year. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America Steve Sciullo at left tackle, will push around most defensive fronts. The Herd is definitely the stuff that top 20 teams are made of. If the defense finds itself, Marshall could easily land in the top 10. 11–1

(12) WASHINGTON

It will be a question of defense for the Washington Huskies this year—as in, Will there be one? Coach Rick Neuheisel's crew was outscored 323–310 last year despite posting an overall record of 8–4. And things really got messy toward the end of the season. Washington gave up 49 points to Oregon State, 65 points to Miami and 47 points to Texas. Admittedly, none were powder-puff offenses. But you can't have visions of a national championship or even a Pac Ten title unless you put the defensive screws on your opponents. With the loss of six defensive starters, Neuheisel has his work cut out for him. He's tinkering with schemes and personnel, but more than anything else, he's looking for a change in attitude. In the meantime, the Huskies offense appears to be in great shape. Junior quarterback Cody Pickett returns, as do receivers Reggie Williams and Paul Arnold. Running back Rich Alexis should be fully recovered from a shoulder injury that hurt his performance last year. 8–4

(13) COLORADO

There was a moment last season, right after Colorado handed Nebraska a 62–36 drubbing and then beat Texas 39–37 in the Big 12 championship, when the Buffaloes looked ready to claim best-team-in-the-nation status. But, alas, Oregon quarterback Joey Harrington snapped coach Gary Barnett and his team back to reality as he picked apart Colorado's secondary in a 38–16 loss for the Buffaloes in the Fiesta Bowl. Junior Craig Ochs, who missed the second half of last season after suffering two concussions, will handle the reins at quarterback. Chris Brown, the back who ran roughshod over the Cornhusker defense, is only a junior. Colorado needs to establish a strong pass rush to take the pressure off an unproven secondary. Colorado played the nation's second-toughest schedule last season, and this year's could be worse. 8–4

(14) FLORIDA

The Florida Gators were one of college football's dynasty programs under coach Steve Spurrier. They won a national championship in 1996, ranked in the top 25 for 202 consecutive weeks, appeared in seven of the 10 SEC championship games since 1992 and played in a bowl game in each of the past nine seasons. But after 12 years, Spurrier decided it was time to try his hand in the NFL. A new coach at Florida has only one direction to go—down. So Oklahoma's Bob Stoops, once the Gators' defensive coordinator, said no to the offer. So did Denver's Mike Shanahan. A bevy of talented Florida underclassmen—including wide receiver Jabar Gaffney and defensive back Lito Sheppard—had already decided to take an early leave to the pros. Defensive end Alex Brown, linebacker Andra Davis and tackle Mike Pearson were finished as well. And it appeared almost certain that star quarterback Rex Grossman, who led the nation last season in passing yards, would leave for the NFL. Enter optimist Ron Zook, a

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE AWARD

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as excellence on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, is given a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY contributes $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

The competition was particularly keen this year as there were several deserving candidates. This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Dan Dyke from Georgia Tech University. Dan is a 5'11", 185-pound senior who punts for the Yellow Jackets. He has a three-year career punting average of 42.3 yards per kick. He is a three-time first-team Verizon Academic All-America and a member of the National Society of Collegiate Scholars, the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers and the Georgia Tech Flying Club. His major is electrical engineering, and his overall grade point average is 3.9 on a 4.0 scale.

Honorable mentions: Rob Turner (Central Michigan), Brooks Bahr (Utah), Chris Tuminello (Toledo), Josh Thomas (Syracuse), Judd Davies (Nebraska), Kliff Kingsbury (Texas Tech), Jason Johnson (Arizona), Jon Stinchcomb (Georgia), Andy Avery (Buffalo), Thomas Hammock (Northern Illinois), Andrew Lightfoot (Iowa), Casey Bramlet (Wyoming), Skylor Magee (Southern Mississippi), Matthew Walters (Miami), Austin King (Northwestern), Curtis Head (Marshall), Damon Duval (Auburn), Brian Simnjanovski (San Diego State).

24-year journeyman assistant coach at the college and pro levels. This is his big chance. To his credit, he persuaded Grossman to stay in school. He assembled a new coaching staff and installed his own offensive and defensive schemes. He recruited the state of Florida with a vengeance, if not with the same results as Spurrier. It remains to be seen whether Zook can keep the Gators in dynastyland in years to come. 8–4

(15) OREGON

Quarterback Joey Harrington and the Ducks offense received most of the press last season, but it was the defense that held Colorado to 49 yards on the ground in the Fiesta Bowl. And with Harrington gone to the pros, the defense must do the job early if Oregon is to challenge for the Pac Ten title. Coach Mike Bellotti's defense is well equipped to meet the challenge. The Ducks are two deep or better at each defensive line position and return standout performers at the two inside linebacker spots. While the defense keeps the Ducks in games, it will be Playboy All-America running back Onterrio Smith's job to win games. Smith gained more than 1000 yards last season while starting only one game. Jason Fife is Harrington's likely successor. How well he plays will determine if Oregon will be good or very good. 8–4

(16) MICHIGAN

No football season with four losses—including a Citrus Bowl drubbing (45–17) by Tennessee—is a successful season for the Wolverines. True, coach Lloyd Carr had to deal with the early defection of quarterback phenom Drew Henson to the Yankees baseball farm system, but expectations run high in Ann Arbor. With a year of experience, quarterback John Navarre should be improved, and Carr has promising junior Spencer Brinton as a backup. Defense will be the strength of this year's squad until the offense gels. Michigan's front four, led by end Shantee Orr, will be exceptional. 8–4

(17) LOUISVILLE

Looking for a long shot to break into the top 10? How about Louisville, which capped off an 11–2 season last year with a 28–10 Liberty Bowl win over Brigham Young? The Cardinals have one of the best quarterbacks in the nation: 6'4", 250-pound Dave Ragone, whose strong

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Ken Dorsey (Miami), Rex Grossman (Florida), Dave Ragone (Louisville), Byron Leftwich (Marshall), Jason Gesser (Washington State), Casey Clausen (Tennessee), Kliff Kingsbury (Texas Tech), Chris Simms (Texas), Ben Roethlisberger (Miami–Ohio), Philip Rivers (North Carolina State).

RUNNING BACKS: Anthony Davis (Wisconsin), Chance Kretschmer (Nevada), Avon Cobourne (West Virginia), Mewelde Moore (Tulane), Earnest Graham (Florida), LaBrandon Toefield (LSU), Dwone Hicks (Middle Tennessee), Torence Williams (Wake Forest), Jeremi Johnson (Indiana).

RECEIVERS: Andre Johnson (Miami), Teyo Johnson (Stanford), Roy Williams (Texas), Kevin Curtis (Utah State), Sam Aiken (North Carolina), Dan Stricker (Vanderbilt), Shaun McDonald (Arizona State), Brandon Lloyd (Illinois), Michael Jenkins (Ohio State), Arnaz Battle (Notre Dame), Darius Watts (Marshall), Ryan McGuffey (Wyoming), Chad Bartoszek (Buffalo), Ronnie Ghent (Louisville), Trent Smith (Oklahoma).

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Austin King, Jeff Roehl (Northwestern), Kwame Harris (Stanford), Adam Goldberg (Wyoming), Ed Wilkins, Brett Romberg (Miami), Mike Saffer (UCLA), Jeff Faine, Jordan Black (Notre Dame), Justin Smiley (Alabama), Brian Rimpf (East Carolina), Cedric Williams (South Carolina), Vince Manuwai (Hawaii).

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tommie Harris, Jimmy Wilkerson (Oklahoma), Ian Scott (Florida), Eric Manning (Oregon State), Elton Patterson (Central Florida), Kindal Moorehead, Jarret Johnson (Alabama), Andrew Williams, Jerome McDougle (Miami), Tim Anderson (Ohio State), Greg Gathers (Georgia Tech), Dewayne White (Louisville), Terrell Suggs (Arizona State), Darnell Dockett (Florida State).

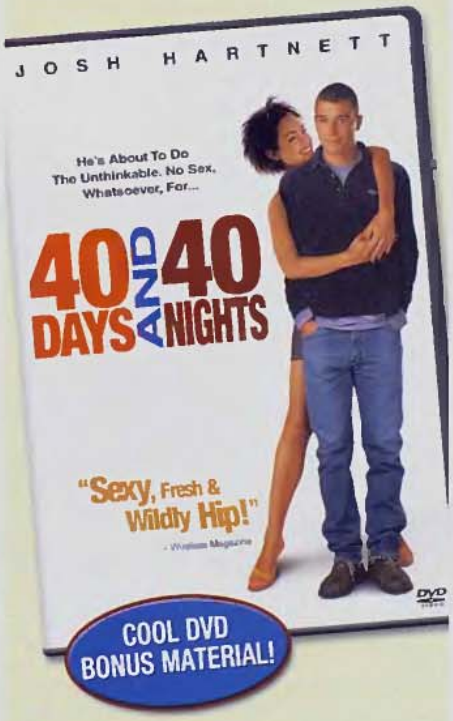
LINEBACKERS: Terry Pierce (Kansas State), Lawrence Flugence (Texas Tech), Mario Haggan (Mississippi State), Terrell Jones, Matt Robillard (Miami–Ohio), Brooks Daniels (Alabama), Richard Seigler (Oregon State), Jonathan Vilma (Miami), Lance Briggs (Arizona), Sheldon Deckart (Utah).

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Stuart Schweigert (Purdue), Terence Newman (Kansas State), Michael Waddell (North Carolina), Willie Pile, Ronyell Whitaker (Virginia Tech), Todd Johnson (Florida), Bob Sanders (Iowa), Ricky Manning (UCLA), Rashad Faison (South Carolina), Anthony Floyd (Louisville), Dennis Weathersby (Oregon State).

KICK RETURNERS: Keenan Howry (Oregon), Chad Owens (Hawaii), Luke Powell (Stanford), Derek Abney (Kentucky), Julius Jones (Notre Dame).

PLACEKICKERS: Seth Marler (Tulane), Todd Sievers (Miami), Kevin Miller (East Carolina), Luke Manget (Georgia Tech), Nate Kaeding (Iowa), J.D. Wallum (Wyoming).

PUNTERS: Freddie Capshaw (Miami), Nate Fikse (UCLA), Mike Shafer (Syracuse), Andy Groom (Ohio State), Brooks Barnard (Maryland), Glenn Pakulak (Kentucky), Steve Mullins (Utah State).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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 36, 49–50, 92–97, 120–122 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

MUSIC

Page 34: *Aftermath*, interscope.com. *Basic Channel*, basicchannel.com. *Burning Heart*, burningheart.com. *Capitol*, hollywoodandvine.com. *Deutsche Grammophon*, universalrecords.com. *Ffrr*, londonrecords.co.uk. *Greensleeves*, greensleeves.net. *Mammoth*, mammoth.go.com. *Mantra*, mantrarecordings.com. *Nitro*, nitrorecords.com. *PIAS*, www.pias.com. *Quarterstick*, 773-388-8888. *Spin Art*, spinartrecords.com. *Swami*, swamirecords.com. *Victory World*, victoryworld.net.

WIRED

Page 36: *Microsoft*, xbox.com. *Namco*, namco.com. *OQO*, oqo.com. *Texas Christian University*, lifesafer.com. *Visiosonic*, pcdj.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 49–50: *Budget Car Rental*, 800-227-7117. *Chronicle Books*, chronbooks.com. *Headblade*, 877-427-2067 or headblade.com. *Nespresso*, 800-562-1465 or nespresso.com. *Phat Cycles*, 877-884-7428 or phatcycles.com. *Rail Ventures*, 250-368-9535 or railventures.com.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Pages 92–97: *Abercrombie and Fitch*, abercrombie.com. *Aldo*, aldoshoes.com. *Avirex*, 800-2-AVIREX. *Bisou Bisou*, bisou-bisou.com. *Ron Chereskin*, chereskin.com. *Clarks*, clarksusa.com. *Columbia Sportswear*, columbia.com. *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. *Dowling College*, dowling.edu. *Ecko*, ecko.com. *Enyce*, enyce.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 800-445-1874. *Fila*, fila.com. *Fubu*, fubu.com. *Girbaud*, girbaud.com. *Gran Sasso*, gransasso.it. *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-TOMMY-CARES. *K-Swiss*, kswiss.com. *Kangol*, kangol.com. *Mecca*, meccausa.com. *Necessary Objects*, 212-334-9888. *NY Based*, nybased.com. *Pelle Pelle*, pelle-pelle.com. *Playboy*, playboy.com. *Polo Ralph Lauren*, polo.com. *Reebok*, reebok.com. *Rocawear*, rocawear.com. *Sisley*, 800-535-4491. *SnoopDogg*, 212-840-6655. *Under Armour*, underarmour.com. *Union Bay*, unionbay.com.

BOTS INCREDIBLE

Pages 120–122: *Evolution Robotics*, evolutionrobotics.com. *Friendly Robotics*, friendlyrobotics.com. *Fujitsu*, fujitsu.com. *Honda Motors*, world.honda.com. *Irobot*, irobot.com. *Kawada*, kawada.co.jp. *Sony*, sonystyle.com or us.aibo.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 167: *Aladdinpower*, aladdinpower.com. *Colibri*, colibri.com or 800-556-7354. *Excalibur Electronics*, excaliburelectronics.com. *Leatherman Tool Group*, 800-762-3611. *Magellan*, 800-669-4477. *Motorola*, motorola.com or 800-331-6456. *Ortlieb*, ortliebusa.com. *Palm*, 800-881-7256. *Petzl*, petzl.com or 877-807-3805. *Spyderco*, 800-525-7770. *Suunto*, suuntousa.com.

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arm and coolness under fire earned him Conference USA Offensive Player of the Year honors. Louisville also had the conference Player of the Year on defense: end Dewayne White, who was second in the nation in sacks last season (15) as a sophomore. With 15 more starters from last year returning, the Cardinals appear solid on defense. If coach John L. Smith manages to come up with a running game to complement Ragone's passing, Louisville should have another successful season. 10–2

(18) SYRACUSE

The Orangemen exceeded expectations last year with a record of 10–3, including a lopsided 26–3 victory over Kansas State in the Insight.com Bowl. Defensive end Dwight Freeney set an NCAA single-season record for sacks (17.5) and fumbles forced and recovered (11). Freeney has gone to the pros, but linebacker accomplice Clifton Smith, a Playboy All-America, is set to emerge as SU's next dominant defensive stopper. On offense, 11-year coach Paul Pasqualoni returns only two starters, one of them quarterback R.J. Anderson. But there are several players with experience who appear ready to step into starting roles. Wide receiver Johnnie Morant, a 6'5" junior, should be one of them. 8–4

(19) OREGON STATE

Great things were expected of Dennis Erickson's team last year, but nothing happened. When good teams go bad, the explanation is either injuries or a lack of chemistry. With OSU, it was clearly the latter. Erickson has more than enough talent to get things right this season. His defense, led by lineman Eric Manning, should be one of the best in the conference, if not the nation. Sophomore Derek Anderson, whom Erickson calls the best prep quarterback he's ever recruited, is ready for stardom. The Beavers have plenty of depth across the board offensively. Erickson is strong on running back Steven Jackson. With a soft early schedule, expect OSU to come out of the gate strong. 8–4

(20) PENN STATE

Look for Joe Paterno and his team to rebound from a disappointing and uncharacteristic 5–6 season. Reason one: His players don't want to let Papa Joe down again. Two: Joe's got a young sophomore quarterback named Zack Mills who has the potential to be a star. Mills was instrumental in three comeback wins last season. Reason three: the defensive line, led by Playboy All-America Jimmy Kennedy, may be the best in the conference. And four: The Nittany Lions play an unprecedented eight home games. 8–4

To see if your team is predicted to finish in the 21-to-40 range, go to playboy.com/current.

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TALK SEX

(continued from page 90)

to her, aren't you?

Flatter

Somewhere early in the conversation, point out one of her strengths. Stay away from comments about her physical self. Every dope she's ever met has told her she has beautiful eyes. Instead, pick out a behavior or something she said: "I'm so glad I met you, because you are by far the most interesting person at this party," or "That comment about Bush was intriguing," or "I've never thought of commercials that way before." Something that reflects her image of herself.

The flattery line can be a good opener, but usually it's better if it comes a little later in the conversation. It'll seem more sincere, probably because it is.

Empathy, by the way, is also flattering. If she's talking about some family or office situation, and you can drop in an anecdote that shows you know just what she's talking about, she'll edge a little closer to you. Even if the unspoken communication between you is "We're just flapping our gums until we find the moment to start making out," she'll know you respect the fact that she's going along with the game.

The men who got into her pants knew something. Either by accident or design, they made a fast, sure journey straight to the center of her mind.

Make her feel secure

This is the reverse of flattery. If you've perceived she's a little insecure about talking to some guy in a bar, put it on yourself: "I almost never talk to someone in a bar like this," or "I have to admit I didn't know what the hell that curator was talking about." Make sure you can back it up. For instance, don't then yell to the bartender, "Billy! The usual!"

Ask if available

If she's not wearing a ring, go ahead and ask her, "Are you seeing anybody?" If she is wearing a ring, and you have a strong feeling, ask what she's up to later. She won't mind. In fact, she'll appreciate it. This way, you're declaring at least part of your intention. It's also an out for her if she wants to lie and say she's taken. Oh, and if she was wearing a ring and has taken it off? Brother, skip the next round of drinks and ask the bartender for a condom. Make it a double.

Size it up

Many women say the urge to fuck a

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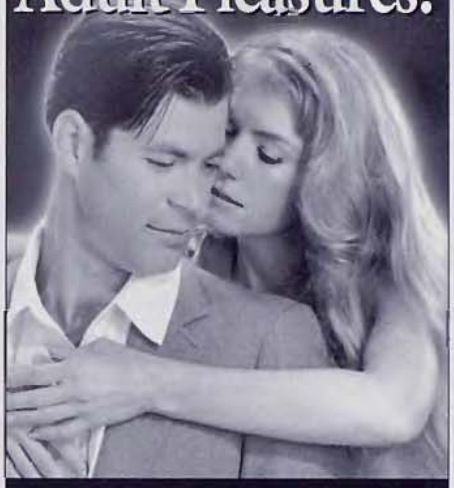
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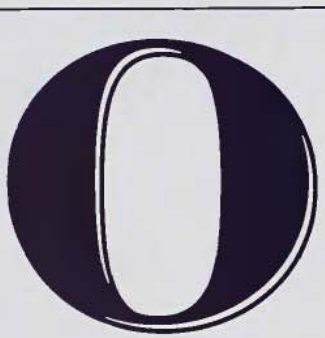

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3. One winner will be selected in each random drawing to be held on or about the following drawing dates: September 16, 2002, October 28, 2002, and December 2, 2002 from among all eligible entries received by an independent judging agency, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. To be eligible for the September 16, 2002 drawing, your entry must be received between 3:00 p.m. CT on July 1, 2002 and 11:59 p.m. CT on September 13, 2002. To be eligible for the October 28, 2002 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on September 14, 2002 and 11:59 p.m. CT on October 25, 2002. To be eligible for the December 2, 2002 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on October 26, 2002 and 11:59 p.m. CT on November 30, 2002. Entries received for previous drawings will not be carried over to subsequent drawings. Winners will be notified by mail. Winners may not substitute or transfer prize but sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with a prize of equal or greater value. Limit one prize per household.

4. All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. Winners will be required to complete, sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability and publicity release within 10 days of prize notification. Winner's travel companion must be at least 21 years of age and will be required to complete, sign and return a liability and publicity release prior to receiving travel documents. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Any prize notification or prize returned to the sponsor or its agencies as undeliverable will result in disqualification and the awarding of that prize to an alternate winner.

5. Employees and the immediate families of employees of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc., Anheuser-Busch, Inc., their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, distributors, and individual retail licensees are ineligible. This sweepstakes is void in California and where prohibited by law, and subject to federal, state and local regulations. Taxes, if any, are solely the responsibility of the winner.

6. Acceptance of prizes offered constitutes permission to use winner's name, voice, biographical information and/or likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation in all media now known or hereafter discovered world wide and on the World Wide Web without notice or review or approval as permitted by law.

7. Prize (3): trip for two (2) to the Playboy New Year's Eve party at the Playboy Mansion (in Los Angeles, CA) on December 31, 2002. Trip includes round-trip coach air transportation (from gateway city nearest winner's home) to Los Angeles, CA, and two (2) nights double-occupancy hotel accommodations and limited ground transportation including a limousine ride to and from the party. Winner will also have the opportunity to escort a Playboy Playmate to the party (subject to availability). Travel Dates: December 30, 2002-January 1, 2003. If winner cannot take a trip as specified, prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. Travel subject to availability and change. Trip cancellation insurance, ground transportation, meals, gratuities and all other expenses not specified herein are solely winner's responsibility. Approximate Retail Value (ARV) $5,491 each. Total ARV of all prizes $16,494.

8. By accepting a prize, winners and their travel companions agree to release and hold the Group harmless from any and all losses, damages, rights, claims and actions of any kind resulting from acceptance, possession or use of any prize, including without limitation, personal injuries, death and property damage. By participating in this sweepstakes, participant agrees to be bound by all the Official Rules of the sweepstakes.

9. For a list of winners, hand print your name and complete address on a 3" x 5" card and mail in an envelope to: 2002 Michelob Light Playboy Triple Platinum Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 3449, Young America, MN 55553-3449. Requests must be received by February 2, 2003. Winners' names will also be posted on Michelob.com after December 16, 2002.

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guy can take them by complete surprise. You'll hit a button and she suddenly feels powerfully attracted to you. Don't botch this by talking about it. If you see that light come on, don't take it for granted, and don't hesitate.

Check the physical signs. When a woman has made up her mind, a strange glow comes over her. Maybe it's the heat coming off her skin, or maybe it's a mist of pheromones. She moves imperceptibly closer, her eyes soften, her voice lowers, her breathing seems deeper, an intimation of a smile flits over her reddened lips.

Even if you don't see these signs, you may have a perfectly good chance. Men miss the most obvious plays. If she hasn't said no, you're still on the field. Take stock. How long have you been talking? Will another round of drinks just make you sloppy? Is that what she wants? Does she seem to be waiting for you to say something? If you still have some doubts, ask her how she is feeling. Edge into a break from talking to action, but stay away from the negative. Don't say, "I'm tired of this place, let's go somewhere else." Instead, try "I want to talk more about this; you want to go somewhere?" (If you use this, have in mind someplace that's cool and more intimate.)

Take control

There's no way to eliminate all risk when you are making your big move. Eventually you have to do something. If the girl is aggressive, she'll suddenly give you a significant look, or want to kiss you, or just tell you outright that it's time to make it. But a vast majority of women want you to make that first move. Women are geniuses at assessing their own emotional lives—past, present and future—and she's going to protect herself. If you make the move, she won't have herself to blame. You talked her into it. You seemed interested. You tricked her. *This can happen even if she was the one who accosted you.* That way, she lessens any feelings of being judged, either real or perceived, by herself or by other women.

Some women need to believe that sex is nasty, that bars are a place where people do dirty things, or that they should not go home with someone they just met. She's not a ho, she doesn't want to feel like a ho, and you have to help.

Make physical contact. Kiss her. If she's shy, take her by the hand and lead her out the door, to a dark hall, to your car. If she says she has to go to the bathroom and it's out of eyesight, go with her. If you have to go, take her with you. This is where so many good lays go bad. The time away from you is just enough for her to reconsider, or to be intercepted by her girlfriends or a better-looking guy. Be honest. Say, "I'm enjoying this, I don't want to leave you right now."

If she's young and resists, ask her again. If she's older and more experienced and resists, it's OK to ask if she's sure. Give her the love eyes, but don't push it. Don't be a dick and ask her why. If you're cool about it, chances are she'll remember when you see her again. Often it's the second or third time two people meet that they end up satisfying all that unconsummated flirtation.

If the girlfriends intervene, try to get a message through. Pull her aside and whisper that you'd like to stick with her or see her later. At the very least you might get a number and, if things had been going hot and heavy, you'll probably hit it quick next time the two of you are alone. And if you're out with a buddy who's got one on, don't salt his game. How many times have you seen the friend come up and say, "So, what's up?" and blow the whole thing? Give your man the high sign and disappear.

Be a good sport

In the postlib era, men feel some amount of shame for having to coax a woman into the sack. The helpless-female archetype brings out the caveman archetype in men, and we have been taught to believe this is foul. Don't wimp out. Be a man. It's what she wants you to do. As long as she's not dead drunk, she's placed herself and her decision in your hands. (If she is, do everyone a favor and just make sure she gets in a cab or her girlfriends get her home, then try again some other night.) If you attempt to protect her and second-guess her intentions, she'll feel rejected and angry.

This is especially true after the deed is done. When you walk out from behind the building, or she gets up in the morning and looks for her skirt, don't be surprised if she doesn't want your number. You played a role for her and now it's over. She might not want to think of herself as having been easy. She might have been using you, or she might have seen something in you she didn't like. For her own comfort, she might need to believe that she threw her pearls before swine, and now she's taking her pearls back. Is your pride so fragile that you can't get some good hot quim and then just walk away whistling? We didn't think so.

Try, try again

Run through what worked and what didn't. Be analytical. Talk it over with close friends, male and female. Get feedback. One caveat: Don't ask a girl who didn't sleep with you to tell you why. All talk between men and women is foreplay. She'll know you're still trying, and that's pathetic. Instead, go over what was successful and build on that. Sexual negotiation between men and women is our life's work. Be proud that your quest for pussy is also fostering more honest communication between men and women. Doing the dog makes the man, and every dog has his day.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWER: MURRAY FISHER

On a Chicago afternoon in 1962, Hugh Hefner told PLAYBOY's then–Editorial Director A.C. Spectorsky he wanted to launch an interview feature that would treat subjects in unusual depth. In the office inventory was a half-finished interview with Miles Davis, a sometimes raging document about being black in America. It was originally commissioned for *Show Business Illustrated*, an entertainment magazine Hefner had recently folded. The interviewer was a struggling writer named Alex Haley.

Spectorsky assigned a young associate editor, Murray Fisher, to see what he could do with the Davis manuscript. Murray assigned Haley to go back to Miles and finish the interview. Haley returned to Chicago several weeks later with many hours of tape—great stuff, more than any publication would have run under prevailing protocols.

At the time, most interviews served as source material used in articles or profiles. When Hefner suggested running it as a straight Q. and A., Murray pressed his boss, Spectorsky, for as much space as he could get. Beginning that month, and every month after, Fisher generally got it, with subjects that ranged from Vladimir Nabokov and Jean-Paul Sartre to Malcolm X and George Wallace.

Murray, a relentless line editor, insisted on clarity and narrative, weaving verbatim starts and stops into a seamless, probing conversation drawn from as many as 30 hours of conversation with a subject. He gave shape to what became the preeminent interview in print, one the *Los Angeles Times* said "elicited remarks that made headlines."

"Celebrities are used to being interviewed," Murray told *The New York Times*, when it took note of the interview's 30th anniversary. "They have a ready-made set of answers to questions they've been asked before. So you ask those, but then you don't leave. You let them exhaust their repertoire of defense mechanisms, and after three or four hours you're down to bedrock. That's when it gets interesting." Murray said he thought the form was equal parts psychoanalysis and trial by jury.

In his book on PLAYBOY, *Reaching for Paradise*, Tom Weyr singled out Murray Fisher for making the *Playboy Interview* "a form of literary expression that neither looser models—from the *Paris Review* to *Redbook*—nor the television version ever matched. It became one of the most vibrant and important public opinion forums in the U.S."

Murray left PLAYBOY in the mid-Seventies to work with his favorite interviewer, Alex Haley. He became the editor of Haley's classic work, *Roots*, and spent the rest of his life on freelance projects. Murray was always available as a mentor to those who served the *Playboy Interview* after him, spinning war stories, giving editing advice and continuing to suggest subjects we ought to pursue.

Murray was leonine, with a head like Churchill's and the shoulders to go with it. We can't imagine what his childhood might have been like, but he started out his young adulthood driving around college in a vintage Rolls-Royce. Later, when Murray was crossing the Atlantic aboard a luxury liner—first class, of course—he consulted the *Larousse Gastronomique* before placing his dinner order each night. He drove the kitchen wild, but the chefs, we suspect, outperformed themselves. He saw himself as a role model for what the PLAYBOY reader should be—worldly, witty, a tireless pursuer of the best in life. He had big appetites and strong convictions. He knew his way around wine, women and a pool table. The secret of Murray's success was that he was a vigorous proponent of his own enthusiasms. No one else could have convinced Alex Haley to interview America's number one racist, George Lincoln Rockwell—or could have convinced Rockwell to sit in the same room with Haley. Murray embraced problems, and solved them with style. This year, an insoluble problem got him. He died May 31 after suffering from Alzheimer's disease and a series of strokes.

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AL MICHAELS

(continued from page 76)

turnover, is far less consequential than it is in John's sport. Elway had to avoid interceptions——

PLAYBOY: You don't want seven points going the other way.

MICHAELS: Right. But for Michael, a mistake is momentary. If you lose the ball, you get it back and score. If you miss the green, you chip up and save par. And there's something else about Jordan: his vision. One day we played golf in Hawaii. We're having a couple drinks in the clubhouse, sitting 50 feet from this little 27-inch TV set over the bar. Up pops a panel on the screen. It's a blur to me, but Michael, without so much as squinting, says, "Sosa, two-for-three with a double and a home run." Imagine how the rim looks to someone with vision like that.

PLAYBOY: How long has it been since you've seen O.J. Simpson?

MICHAELS: Five or six years. I wasn't one of O.J.'s party friends, but we worked together a lot at ABC. We were pals. I knew his wife Nicole very well. And no, I never saw an explosive or violent side of O.J.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he killed Nicole and Ron Goldman?

MICHAELS: The evidence seems to indicate he did. For a while I was doubtful about the timeline. I had made enough trips with O.J. to know he had a certain traveling anxiety. He'd figure out how long it would take to pack, when we should leave for the airport—lots of worrying and planning. So when that story broke I had a different reaction from anyone else. But as it all plays out, the evidence against him looks overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: NFL coaches—they're robots, aren't they?

MICHAELS: They're like CEOs. They're intelligent, organized and interested in control. I deal with them on a weekly basis. During the week before a Monday night game I'll meet with both coaches. We talk strategy, but they know I won't discuss what I know before the game. The point is that as a strategy plays out I can say, "This is what he's been working on all week."

PLAYBOY: Are they more secretive before big games?

MICHAELS: I've done four Super Bowls. The first was Denver and Washington, Dan Reeves and Joe Gibbs. Dan was straight with me. Joe played it closer to the vest. My second Super Bowl was Giants–Bills, with Parcells and Marv Levy. Marv's the best, but Parcells was secretive. He'd even throw you a curveball.

PLAYBOY: He'd lie to you.

MICHAELS: He would say a player was healthy and then the guy wouldn't play.

PLAYBOY: Because he thought you'd leak the news?

MICHAELS: No, it's just a power trip. "I'm controlling the information." I think Bill saw things differently when he went from the Giants to NBC.

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite player?

MICHAELS: Brett Favre isn't just an MVP, he's a joy to watch because he's so expressive. And tough? He's a guy who keeps sticking his head in the middle of the action to own the record for consecutive starts by a quarterback. That's phenomenal. Randy Moss is wonderful to watch—nobody can do more from the wide-receiver position—but we all know the baggage he brings. He says that he doesn't run hard all the time; he wants to conserve his energy. But did Jerry Rice conserve his energy? Did Steve Young?

PLAYBOY: You're sounding nostalgic.

MICHAELS: I'm not. I recognize that today's athletes are better than ever. I like the guys who go all out, that's all.

PLAYBOY: What's your most memorable blooper?

MICHAELS: Reds on the radio. One night we're playing our Triple-A affiliate in Indianapolis. I tape my pregame show with Sparky Anderson and give our tape recorder to my partner Joe Nuxhall, who's still in the Reds radio booth today. But Joe thought his career was over that night. He tapes his "Turfside" show by the batting cage, gives the tape to me and I hand it to our engineer. Now it's 25 minutes before the game. I take a walk with my transistor radio and pick up our station, WLW, clear as a bell. Joe's show comes on and I hear this: "Hi, everybody, this is Joe Nuxhall. The Reds are in Indianapolis playing their Triple-A—*get out of here, you son of a bitch, you cocksucker*. Five, four, three, two, one. Hi, everybody, this is Joe Nuxhall." Mother of God, he didn't erase his original tape. Nuxie comes bounding up the stairs and I say, "Joe, we've got a little problem." When he hears it, he's suicidal. He's sure he'll be fired. Sure enough, we get a call from Dick Wagner, the club president. *Get back to Cincinnati. Meet Mr. Wagner in his office*. Now, Wagner had an impish quality even though he was a prick. I could tell he thought this was cool, but he had to crack down. "Tonight," he says, "you're going to apologize." Joe breathes this huge sigh of relief—he's saved! But that night he says, "Geez, Al, I don't know what to say." I said, "Joe, it's simple. You say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry I said cocksucker.'"

PLAYBOY: Nuxhall pitched for the Reds in 1944, when he was 15—the youngest player in big league history. Now he's 74, still signing off with his trademark line, "Here's the old left-hander——

MICHAELS: "Rounding third and heading for home." Nuxie wasn't sure he'd get home safe that night.

PLAYBOY: Your Emmy awards—where do you keep them?

MICHAELS: At home. They're in closets.

PLAYBOY: With coats and hats and the Emmy you won for your work that night with Ted Koppel?

MICHAELS: It's not that I'm unappreciative. But I've been in TV long enough to see people accepting Emmys who are basically banana peels. Everyone who worked with them says, "That guy was in the way. We had to avoid slipping on that banana peel, and he gets the Emmy."

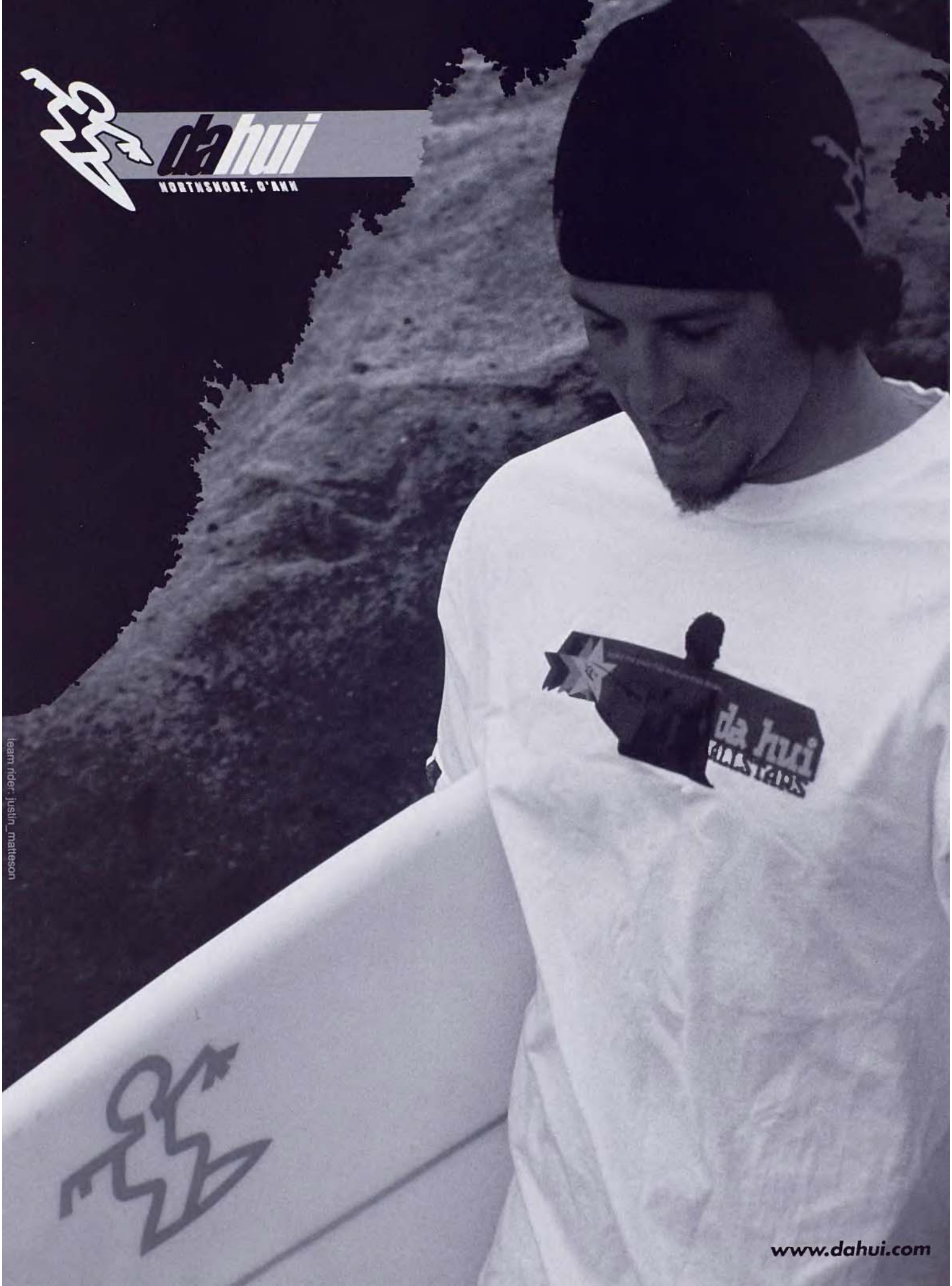
PLAYBOY: We've heard some stories about your IQ.

MICHAELS: Don't believe them.

PLAYBOY: How high is it?

MICHAELS: I don't know, but the trend is worrisome. My golf handicap's going up, my IQ is going down.

GASP! I WONDER WHAT MY MOTHER WOULD THINK IF SHE KNEW WHAT WE ARE DOING? OOH!
DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW EVERYTHING YOU DO?
OH GOODNESS NO! IT'S MY DAMN HUSBAND WHO IS SO SUSPICIOUS!
MEN'S
Myths
LOVER'S LEAP
HORMONE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PLAYMATE NEWS

ANNA NICOLE GETS REAL

Before you call the new reality TV series featuring Anna Nicole Smith a rip-off of *The Osbournes*, know this: E Executive Vice President of Entertainment Mark Sonnenberg says Anna Nicole's show was conceived when *The Osbournes* was merely a glimmer in MTV's eye.

"I'm sure no one will believe it, but we started thinking about this project before *The Osbournes* hit," Sonnenberg told *Daily Variety*. "Obviously, when that show hit, ours became a much better idea. Five minutes of life through the eyes of Anna Nicole is more fascinating than an entire lifetime for some people." Anna Nicole stopped by *Larry King Live* to promote the series, which follows Anna Nicole, her teenage son, her attorney and her assistant. "The E cameras are watching everything I do," she said. "Every day something happens to me. A dark cloud hangs over my head. My lawyer is mean—he made the cameramen follow me to my dentist's office. I never get to go on dates because I'm always in court. I've got to go to some bars." When asked if reports that she had kissed Roseanne were true, Anna Nicole replied, "Probably. I'm always kissing everybody." For more glimpses of her not-so-everyday life, watch *The Anna Nicole Smith Show* on E.

Left to right: Anna Nicole in PLAYBOY; talking with Larry King on CNN; hamming it up for the press at the Guess anniversary party and fashion show in Los Angeles.

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

You would never guess it from her pictorial, but 1983 Playmate of the Year Marianne Gravatte was one of the most bashful Centerfolds in PLAYBOY history. In her Playmate story, she confessed to being terribly shy. "There was a time when if I didn't know a phone number, I would be too embarrassed to call information," she said. "Being the center of attention makes me nervous." Thankfully, Marianne emerged from her shell to become PMOY. Decades before Britney Spears, she made knee socks sexy.

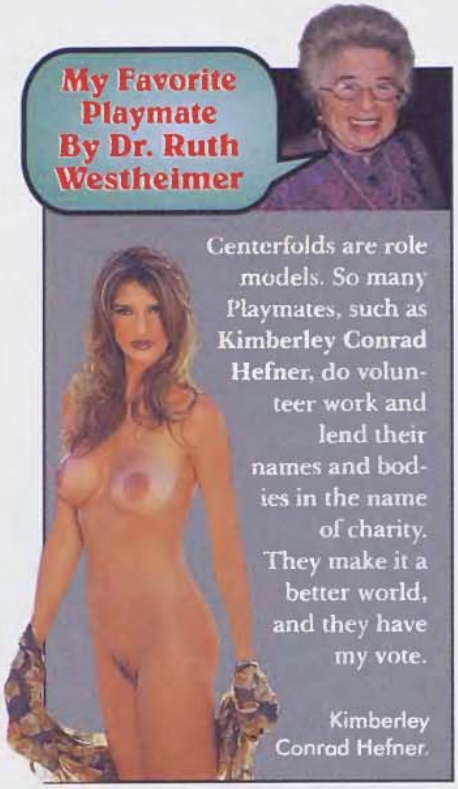
Marianne Gravatte.

SCENES FROM GLAMOURCON

They're called girls next door because they're accessible. Fans flock to meet their dream Centerfolds in the flesh at Glamourcon, an autograph convention held in Los Angeles, Chicago and other major cities throughout the year. If they're lucky, devotees get to meet Hef, too. Here's what happened at the most recent California Glamourcon. Left to right: Julie Ciolini can't contain her excitement; Donna Perry and Deanna Brooks share a display table; Nicole Lenz; Hef with Shannon Stewart and Jodi Ann Paterson; Natalia Sokolova shows off her PLAYBOY goodies.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Dr. Ruth Westheimer



Centerfolds are role models. So many Playmates, such as Kimberley Conrad Hefner, do volunteer work and lend their names and bodies in the name of charity. They make it a better world, and they have my vote.

Kimberley Conrad Hefner.

SUMMER ALTICE:
"It's a beautiful name, but it sucks because gift stores never have personalized items that say Summer. I get totally shafted."

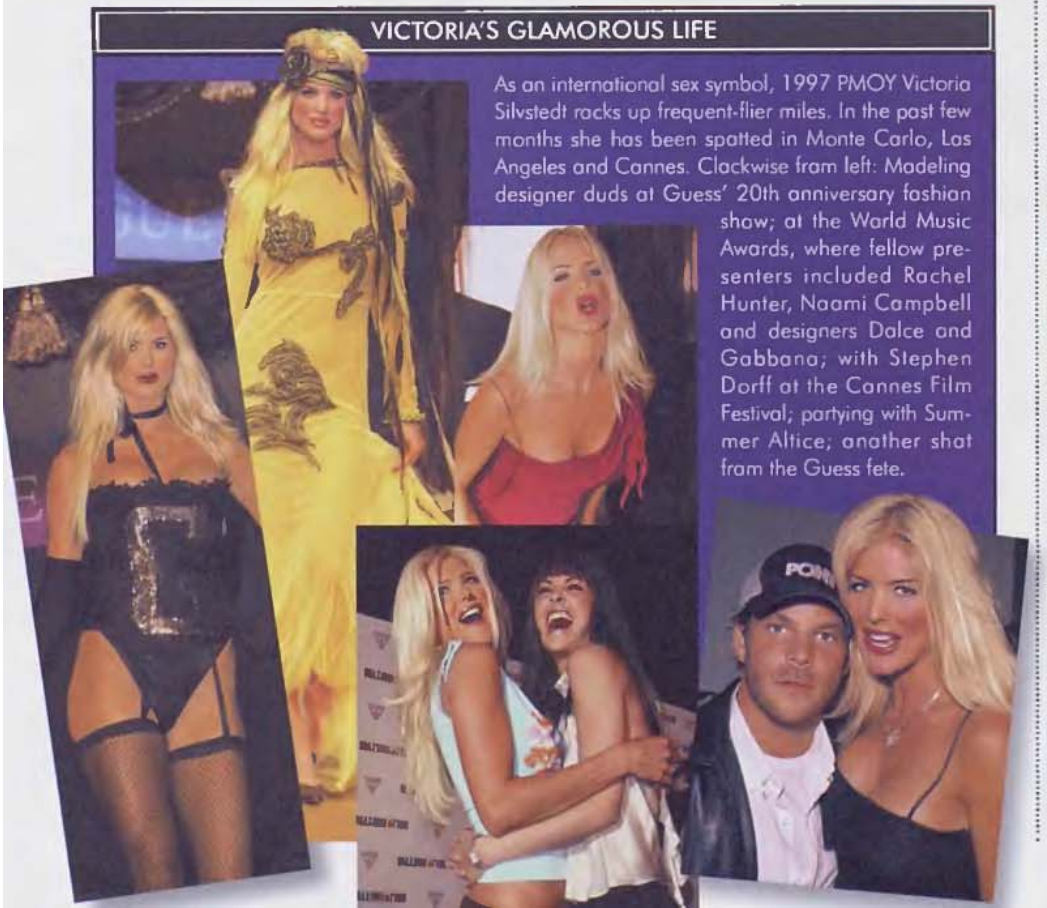
CORINNA ON FILM

After years of production, Playmate turned independent film producer Corinna Harney reports that her feature *The Road Home* is in the can. The movie spans more than two decades in the lives of a minor league baseball player and his muselike best friend (Corinna), who overcomes problems caused by a troubled home life and becomes Playmate of the Year. "We're so proud of Corinna. It's an impressive independent feature," says Playmate Promotions' James Gonis. "*The Road Home* is polished enough that it has the look and feel of a studio movie. It's very ambitious." Look for Corinna's flick in movie theaters near you.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

October 1: Miss August 1974
Jean Manson
October 5: Miss October 1961
Jean Cannon
October 7: Miss March 1986
Kim Morris
October 18: Miss June 1988
Emily Arth
October 23: Miss June 1979
Louann Fernald

VICTORIA'S GLAMOROUS LIFE



As an international sex symbol, 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt racks up frequent-flier miles. In the past few months she has been spotted in Monte Carlo, Los Angeles and Cannes. Clockwise from left: Modeling designer duds at Guess' 20th anniversary fashion show; at the World Music Awards, where fellow presenters included Rachel Hunter, Naomi Campbell and designers Dolce and Gabbana; with Stephen Dorff at the Cannes Film Festival; partying with Summer Altice; another shot from the Guess fete.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson's hit TV series *V.I.P.* has been canceled. "It's been a fun four seasons and we kicked butt!" she says. How will she pass the time now? For starters, she'll pose in ads for Pony, including a racy Times Square billboard (shown). Pamela has also designed a Swatch watch called Rhythmic Gymnastics. . . . Much love to **Bebe Buell,** who recently married musician **Jim Wallerstein.** . . . **Kelly Gallagher** was profiled in *Condé*

Pam does the Pony.

Nast Traveler as a premiere hotel interior designer. . . . **Lauren Hill** hawks bourbon in ads for Evan Williams. . . . Look for the long-awaited TV special *Baywatch: The Reunion* in time for fall sweeps. . . . **Victoria Fuller** and **Ava Fabian** hung out with **Judd Nelson** (pictured) at the Playboy Scramble golf outing. . . . *Port Charles* star **Kelly Monaco** presented at

Victoria and Ava with Judd Nelson.

the Daytime Emmy Awards. . . . Did you catch **Julia Schultz** in the movie *The New Guy*? She played one of **Tommy Lee's** honeys. . . . **Alexandria Karlsen** has released a 16-month lingerie calendar and appears in the Shirley of Hollywood lingerie catalog. . . . **Jessica Lee** and **Layla Roberts** pop up in the Papa Roach video *She Loves Me Not*. Their rock-and-roll hookup? Jess is engaged to band member **Jerry Horton.**

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KSHE
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Syracuse
WTKW
Radisson Greens
New York
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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

I WILL SURVIVE

Here's cool save-your-ass-in-the-wilderness gear that can function in the boonies and keep you on top in urban jungles, too. Aladdinpower's handheld generator will resurrect a dead cell-phone battery in Patagonia or at your bedside back home. It also can revive an MP3 player, a PDA and most other devices powered by rechargeable batteries. No need to charge Excalibur Electronics' Forever Flashlight. Shake it for 15 to 30 seconds and you'll have a bright beam for five minutes. Small titanium knives are lighter and stronger than some full-size blades. Spyderco's Titanium Salsa is great outdoors and light enough to carry in your suit-coat pocket. Rain is no fun when you're camping, and getting lost is worse. The five-mile range of Motorola's Talkabout T7200 two-way radios can keep you and your hiking buddies together, and the weather-reception feature offers storm and emergency alerts. Suunto calls its watches "wristop computers." The X6 HR tracks your heart rate and has an altimeter and barometer. Leatherman's Juice XE-6 is a pocket-size toolbox equipped to open beers or saw kindling, while Colibri's Quantum GPI lighter features a compass and thermometer. Your Palm Pilot can double as a global positioning system device with vehicle navigator capabilities if you use the Magellan GPS attachment and software. Each of these items will fit easily in your pocket, but if you want to tote them, use Ortlieb's padded, waterproof Sling-It bag.

—LARRY OLMSTED

GEORGE GEORGIOU

Left: Aladdinpower's hand-squeezed generator charges cell-phone or radio batteries and doubles as a flashlight ($60). The Magellan GPS Companion turns any Palm m500 series PDA into a turn-by-turn vehicle navigation device ($200). The buoyant, waterproof Forever Flashlight by Excalibur Electronics generates power when shaken ($40). All fit in the Ortlieb Sling-It, a waterproof messenger-type bag ($110).

Above: The Suunto X6 HR combines a watch, compass, altimeter, barometer, heart-rate monitor and more ($429). Colibri's Quantum GPI lighter has wind-resistant ignition, a compass and a thermometer ($50). The Juice XE-6 multitool by Leatherman includes a variety of implements ($100). Spyderco's Titanium Salsa knife opens one-handed ($150). Above right: Petzl's Zipka headlamp is tiny but bright ($45). A five-mile range distinguishes Motorola's Talkabout T7200 two-way radio ($175).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

Grapevine

Special Curb Service

ALEXIS THORPE plays Cassie on *Days of Our Lives*, but in this outfit, she's not playing at all.

Busting Out

If MONIKA HERMANN came in second in the Miss Denmark Bikini Contest, who was first? Monika is a lingerie model—as if you couldn't tell.

Back to the Garden

Model BOBBY EDEN has appeared in the Dutch edition of PLAYBOY and starred in a hotbody.com production, *The Underwear Must Go*. It's almost gone.

Nina's Covered

NINA KACZOROWSKI hangs out with ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons in a motor oil commercial and foils Mike Myers in *Austin Powers III*. Keep it under your hat.

No Nerds Here

The NEPTUNES are production stars, giving Britney Spears and Gwen Stefani a synthetic pop makeover. Now, under the moniker N.E.R.D., they blend hip-hop with real instruments, which isn't nerdy at all.

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© JAIME RODRIGUEZ/JIII

A Case of Lace

Maybe you don't recognize SUSAN WARD. She played Psyche in both *Hercules* and *Xena*. This year, she appeared as Olivia on the big screen in *Would I Lie to You?* She doesn't deceive us here.

Back Atcha

MARTINA COSGRAVE is in a video called *I'll Pay You to Get Naked*. We didn't have to.

© HUGH FRAZIER JR

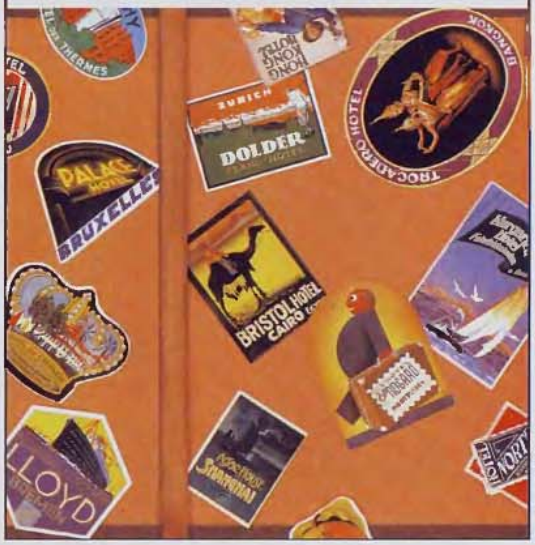
Potpourri

LOVE KIT FOR SALE

The Inara organic body-care line from Wild Earth includes luxurious soaps from Brazil. But our vote goes to the company's Sexy Mood Kit, which includes a jasmine-scented amaté bark candle, babassu bath oil, sugar rub and lip balm. (The babassu is a Brazilian nut that moisturizes.) As the candle burns, its bark exterior gradually becomes a romantic lantern. The price for the kit: $110, including a red lacquer box. Call Wild Earth at 888-688-7565 to order.

TRAVEL SHTICKERS

Vintage luggage labels capture the romance of travel and adventure. Too bad originals have gone the way of the steamer trunk. But if you want to jazz up your suitcase or carry-on with reproduction images of faraway places, order a boxed set of 40 self-adhesive labels from Things Deco at info@thingsdeco.com. The price: $21, including a pamphlet on label history by luggage maven Harold Darling.



UP FROM THE GRAVE THEY AROSE

Don't you love Halloween? All that free candy and you get to scare people, too. Our four full-head masks from Death Studios definitely are candidates for a session at Brite Smile. At far left is Anubis ($75), who's no relation to the Egyptian deity. Death's Anubis is uglier. Next to him is Briney Deep ($75), a pirate with a weird-looking hat. The Thang ($75) above Briney has a face no mother could love. We think it should have been named Cheap Gin Hangover. Last, there's Sardonicus ($65), who could use some eyewash. Don your mask and then dress up the yard with one of the company's cadavers, puppets or other props. To order, call 219-362-4321 or go to deathstudios.com.

RED'S HOT

Licorice-flavored sambuca, a clear after-dinner liqueur, is traditionally served in Italy with coffee. Black sambuca, which is downed in one gulp, has enjoyed Stateside popularity in the past few years. Now, the shooter set drinks red clouds—a shot of Zambello Originale Sambuca Rossa in a glass topped with a dollop of whipped cream. Price: about $20 a bottle.

LOADED FOR LIME

There's nothing better than a cold beer with a wedge of lime. But getting the lime into the bottle can be more trouble than it's worth. A bartender either does the job (who knows where his fingers have been?) or you get lime juice on your shirt. Instead, bomb your next brew with the Lime Bomber—a two-part plastic gizmo (a loader that sits atop your beer bottle and a plunger you push down into the loader) that pushes a citrus wedge into your bottle. Neat, eh? Price: $10, from limebomber.com.

DAN CLYNE

GOING BUGGY

A lighter is a statement about your sense of fashion and taste. That's the opinion of bugstores.com, a website that sells designer lighters at peasant prices. A waterproof and windproof model in a clear plastic case costs $8 and, if you really want to splurge, a cigar lighter with a blue torch flame and a built-in cutter will set you back $15. Our favorite is Lady Luck, the female torso model pictured here, with strategically placed red LEDs that light up when the green-colored flame is released. Price: $15.

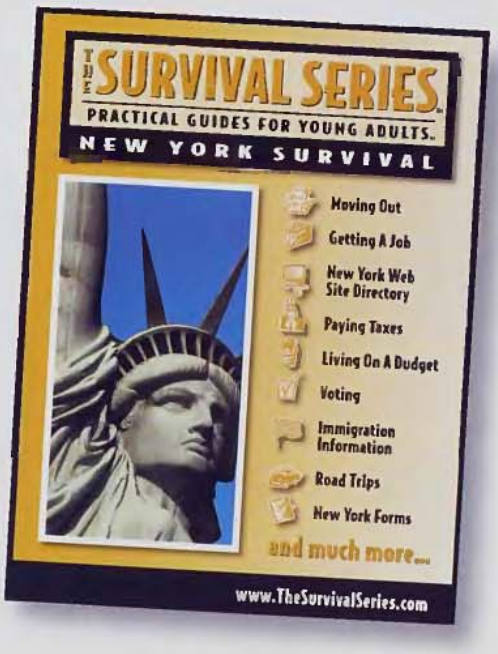
BACHELOR BAEDEKER

Skinny-dipping etiquette ("Glance but furtively upon disrobing others"), cooking tips ("a dessert salad is transformed by a splash of cognac or triple sec") and proper behavior in a gentlemen's club ("look into the dancer's eyes and inhale the muse, not just her ass") are included in *The Modern Gentleman: A Guide to Essential Manners, Savvy and Vice* by Phineas Mollod and Jason Tesauro. At $14.95, it may be the best investment you can make in your manners this year. Ten Speed Press is the publisher.

DAVE CALVER

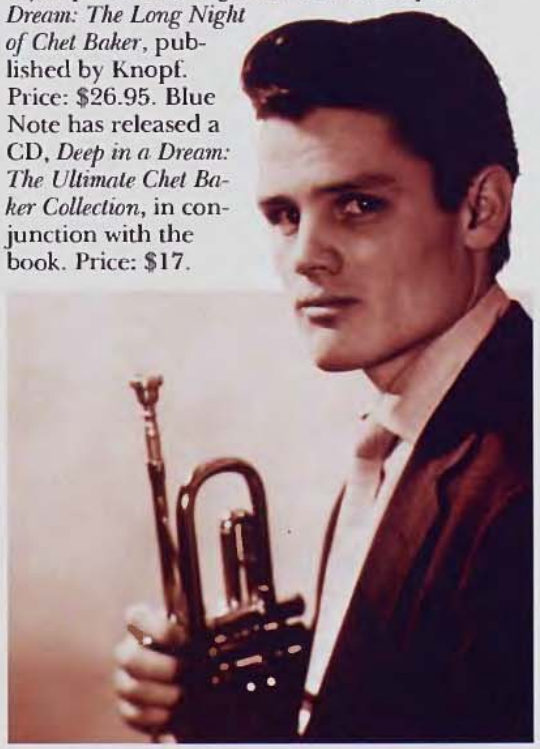
NOT ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

The Survival Series is aimed at 16- to 24-year-olds, says Westwood Press. But we know plenty of recently relocated friends who could benefit from these practical guides. The latest, *New York Survival*, clues you in on everything from leases to driver's licenses. Connecticut and California are also available, with other states in the works. The price: $14.95, from TheSurvivalSeries.com.



BAKER'S WORLD

Chet Baker has been called the James Dean of jazz. His melancholy trumpet, fragile singing voice and good looks created a prince of cool mystique. It's all in James Gavin's *Deep in a Dream: The Long Night of Chet Baker*, published by Knopf. Price: $26.95. Blue Note has released a CD, *Deep in a Dream: The Ultimate Chet Baker Collection*, in conjunction with the book. Price: $17.



Next Month

KRISTY

SWALLOWING

LOU'S MONEY

SEX IN CINEMA

KRISTY SWANSON—SHE'S BEEN IN *THE CHASE*, *BIG DADDY* AND *DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR?* BUT WE THINK OF HER AS THE ORIGINAL BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER. BUFFY IN THE BUFF? YOU'LL BE SALIVATING

THE TERRORIST NEXT DOOR—AL QAEDA IS OUT OF ITS AFGHAN CAVES AND PAKISTANI MADRASAHS. THEY LIVE DOWN THE BLOCK. THEY'RE AMERICAN AND THEY DON'T WEAR KAFFIYEH. THE FRIGHTENING LOWDOWN ON THE DANGER AT HOME IN A CONVERSATION WITH **ROHAN GUNARATNA,** THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AL QAEDA EXPERT

WILLIE NELSON—THE COUNTRY MUSIC ICON IS ON THE ROAD AGAIN WITH THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW. **DAVID SHEFF** GETS THE GRIT ON DIRTY JOKES, WILLIE'S 200 GIGS A YEAR, WAYLON JENNINGS, BARBRA STREISAND AND WHETHER MARIJUANA AFFECTS MEMORY (HE CAN'T REMEMBER)

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25 PARTY SCHOOLS—YOU CAN ALWAYS RETAKE A TEST, BUT YOU CAN'T RELIVE A PARTY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS WE RANK THE COUNTRY'S CRAZIEST CAMPUSES. NUMBER ONE? IT RAGES WITH ALL-NIGHT KEGGERS, FOAM BASHES, GIRLS IN BIKINIS AND SEX IN PUBLIC. PLUS: STUDENT CONFESSIONS FROM CALI TO FLORIDA. BY **ALISON PRATO**

SWALLOWING—FOREPLAY DOESN'T USUALLY LEAD TO HOSPITALIZATION. BUT TIFF WAS UNUSUALLY TOUGH IN BED. SHE WAS INTO HARDWARE. FICTION BY **STEVE AMICK**

LOU DOBBS—THE STOCK MARKET DEFINITELY GETS US DOWN. IS IT TIME TO WITHDRAW WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR SAVINGS AND STASH IT UNDER THE BED? DOBBS DISSECTS WALL STREET, ENRON, E-COMMERCE, DAY TRADING AND 401(K)S. A MUST-READ BY **DAVID SHEFF**

SEX IN CINEMA 2002—LEO, KIRSTEN, CATHERINE, CHARLIZE AND DENISE STEAM UP THE BIG SCREEN. YOU BRING THE POPCORN

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE—HALF A DOZEN MATH GENIUSES FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY DECIDED TO BLITZ LAS VEGAS—AND WALKED AWAY WITH MILLIONS. THEIR SECRET? IT'S ALL IN THE CARDS—AND THE COUNT. A TRUE STORY BY **BEN MEZRICH**

MARSHALL FAULK—IF FAULK WERE A SUPERHERO, HE'D BE TOTAL-YARDAGE MAN. THE NFL'S MVP AND RAMS' OFFENSIVE PLAYER OF THE YEAR IS GAME FOR 20Q WITH **MARK RIBOWSKY.** TACKLED: LOSING THE SUPER BOWL, SURVIVING THE MEAN STREETS, WATCHING PORN AND WAITING FOR HALLE BERRY

PLUS: THE FASHION OF RAPPER **DMX,** TOYOTA CAMRY VERSUS HONDA ACCORD, **FORUM HOT BUTTONS:** ZERO TOLERANCE, HIGH SCHOOL DRUG TESTING, THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE, **JODI ANN PATERSON'S** SEX TIPS, FOUR WEALTHY JOCKS SHOW OFF THEIR TRICKED-OUT CARS, AND MISS NOVEMBER **SERRIA TAWAN**